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Boston of the Future

MY UNITED STATES

BY F. J. STIMSON
Author of "Boston—the Ebb Tide," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY N. C. WYETH

Hurt because Mr. Stimson, a tried and true native, criticised Boston in his previous article, the Boston *Herald* called for "literary boosters" who would offer constructive suggestions. Mr. Stimson makes no pretension to boosterism but he accepts the challenge and tells Boston what it can do.

IF the closing sentence of my recent article, "Boston—the Ebb Tide,"* does not disqualify me to write about the rest of the United States, I will now approach New York—New York City—if, indeed, it be part of them. But in 1861 it was. In 1886, when I lived there, it still was. And New Yorkers were delightful people in the eighties. To one coming from the critical, belittling atmosphere of Boston the cheerful open-mindedness, open-heartedness, take-you-at-your-own-value,-come-on,-we'll-all-get-rich-together spirit made of them, if sharp competitors, most agreeable folk to live with and do business for. Why then did the whole country beyond the Orange Mountains consider New York a foreign city?

Well, to begin with, it was British throughout the Revolution. When Washington went into it he had to get out in a hurry; and, though Washington, on the eighth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, proclaimed the end of the war which Massachusetts had begun, it was not until seven months later, November 18, 1783, that he ventured to cross the Harlem River as Clinton was leaving Wall Street. And, before the city could be fumigated and Americanized, Astor and other European proletarians or international financiers began to throng in.

But "Wall Street" is really the answer. No country likes the counter through which all its wares and works,

*See "Boston—the Ebb Tide," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, March, 1928.

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its labor and its dreams, its inventions and its discoveries, must be sweated and sold. To the Westerner the New York banker or jobber was simply a man who sat and got his rake-off on all they did —and then turned up his nose at them. And we were told—travelling in private cars over our railroads in those wide-open spaces where men are men —to pull down the shades of our dining-car over the oysters and champagne lest the native take a shot at them.

New York seemed to stand for economic centralization and monopoly. And there was some basis for the prejudice. Even more than now the fate of any enterprise big enough to need New York's assistance—or attract New York's notice—lay in very few hands. The American people gave their savings to the life-insurance companies; they put them in their own banks and trust companies; thus the whole financial energy of the country was wielded by very few men. Hughes's reforms did a little to remedy this abuse; the Federal Reserve Act (against which New York is already kicking) did more; but your honest Westerner, coming to New York for money for his railroad or his mine, would go from the A Bank to the B Trust Company, from C Brothers to D & Sons, from Mr. G. G. H. to Mr. J. P. M., from Mr. J. S. to Mr. G. F. B. —and back to the Gotham Bank, on whose executive committee was Mr. G. G. H. again—and only then begin to realize that he was meeting the same man all through. They agreed on everything, even to the size of the rake-off.

Then New York had no American individuality. It had no public spirit such as Boston had—civic spirit in plenty, very sharp to the main chance, the fortunes of its port, its commerce—but little sense of national duty. The Dutch farmers grew rich by keeping asleep; they never did anything, nor thought it a duty to educate their children. Nothing struck a New Englander so much as the absence of books from their houses. When they woke up it was to horses—or making money. Yankees were thought sharp; but a whole book could be made of extracts from writings or diaries of outsiders, before and after John Adams, describing the solely commercial attitude of the New Yorker—and very funny it would be. This time lasted from the Dutch till the Civil War; to-day the New Yorker is of course different—but then, he is now a synthetic being.

Yet no one could live in both cities for the twenty years beginning 1884 without seeing why it was that New York had so outdistanced Boston. True, it was bigger, and it had the Erie Canal, and we had lost our railroads, and the tariff took our ships; but it was bigger principally because of this spirit—which I should describe as enlightened public self-interest conjoined with enterprise, big vision, and unity of action. Size did not alarm it. When one of our Boston & Maine railroad presidents was approached with a plan to consolidate that system with the Maine Central, the Fitchburg, the Nickel Plate, and so through to Chicago, he objected that it was too large! Then in all things—business, antislavery, literature, politics, art—Boston was critical, New York (when it knew anything about them) constructive. It really seemed as if its blood of the old days of commercial supremacy had been transfused to the brain of New York (the fact that a vast preponderance of them came from New England, the South, and later the West, is immaterial; for the very first

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day they walked down-town they *were* New Yorkers; how long does it take for a Howells or a Ford to get acclimatized in Boston? that is just part of New York's spell; its seal is so quickly impressed). And soon she began to emulate Boston's public spirit in charitable, artistic, educational things. When, in Boston, could you collect an audience of a thousand leading business men *and* their wives, "leaders in society," to crowd the Hotel Astor and listen for four hours to an abstract discussion of the advisability of federal incorporation of business companies? But now New York's business leaders were of a higher class, educationally and socially, than the "down-town" men in Boston; this abandonment by educated men of business, and so of them *by* business, I have spoken of in the earlier article. Yet together New York and Boston made a perfect blend.

Now it is obvious that you cannot be constructive without first discovering the faults, the past mistakes; some of them, of course, irremediable. Boston couldn't—nor should—prevent the Erie Canal or the barge lines; nor deprive the metropolis of its geographical situation or its wonderful harbor—but it might foster its own, in some ways better still. Metropolis—the dictionary gives it "a parent city, a chief city"; well, claiming the former, we must yield New York the latter. Philadelphia passed Boston in size in 1770, New York in 1820, Detroit—so the census says—in 1925. Centralization, of course, is inevitable, irremediable—especially since the "trusts" began. In 1880 there were ten thousand healthy local industries in New England; each little town had its own—a mill, or but a workshop, some trade begun by some clever Yankee in 1700, in 1800, carried on by his children and great-grandchildren, supporting worthily a continuing family; making a little light of civilization, feeding a prosperous community where it was; now probably a small incorporation—it might be crackers, or whips, or pails, or hats, or pink jewellers' cotton—or shovels, locomotives, or battle-ships—the trust came down and swallowed them, to the vast profit of that henceforth idle family, with nothing left to do but to "get into society," and perhaps without much harm to the workers—but the company disappeared from Maine or Massachusetts, its offices were moved to New York, its lawyers lost a client, its banks their accounts, it was unlisted from the Boston Stock Exchange—but, worst of all, its home touch was gone. For practical purposes it had disappeared from New England. And, though there is a limit, even with skyscrapers, to the number of human bodies you can stack into New York, there is no limit to the number of corporation souls you can lodge there.

All this is unavoidable. We might improve things a little by lightening our corporation taxes—but Massachusetts is committed to a high civilization and we would have her stay there—it may cost more to live in the old Bay State, but it is worth more! Not, however, to a corporation, for all our social, educational, and æsthetic advantages; and it is possible for a legislature to impose reasonable taxes and philanthropic regulations without being a d— fool. But to the necessary consequences of centralization Boston must, like the provincial capitals of all other countries, reconcile herself.

Can anything be done about the railroad situation? Besides the practical impossibility of building a new railroad,

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we are now controlled by the I. C. C.; and, even if we got one, it could not fix rates favoring Boston without their consent. But, if we really had a railroad, run in Boston and New England interest and not solely for the purpose of making what they could out of us, much could be done in the routing of freight-cars, in mere direction of business, to give Boston port its share. And we do not exert the financial power that we have, but are content to lie down and take our 4 per cent. About half of the New Haven stock is owned in New England; yet no railroad has been more inimical to its interests in the past. For many years it fought strenuously against the Cape Cod Canal —the greatest—nay, the only—internal improvement Uncle Sam has ever taken on in the interest of New England—and for several successive legislatures prevented its charter. The Boston & Maine, New England's only other remaining trunk line since the New York Central took the Albany (it has just received a dividend of fifty per cent in cash on one of its subsidiaries whose stock it owns, the Michigan Central, the very first road that Boston built), is still owned in New England; we all remember the political fight when the New Haven tried to swallow up that too; but it is, however, choked off by another New York Central subsidiary at Rotterdam Junction, N. Y. But something might be done there with the Delaware & Hudson, if not with the Nickel Plate; while the New Haven actually owns a line from Boston to the Great Lakes—the Ontario & Western —and makes no use of it. Then there is the Grand Trunk of Canada, and its competitor the great Canadian Pacific. No; it is not too late, even for the railroads, if Boston and New England get together. But they must be managers, not mere investors.

Boston, half the year, is the natural port of Canada. Canadian reciprocity would be our greatest benefit. Yet we suffer the Republican party (and we New Englanders are mostly Republicans) to be against it. Even the sacred tariff is no longer in the interest of New England—what we want is free raw materials, trade with South America. A correspondent has pointed out to me that our industries to-day the most prosperous are precisely those which have no tariff protection. I would not touch politics; but here again we have not pulled together, exercised our legitimate power. We alone, with other older States of the North, ask for nothing at the national crib; yet it is common knowledge that we get nothing, even of those federal expenditures which are, constitutionally, legitimate. There are a score of harbors, a dozen inland rivers, on which Uncle Sam spends more than on the port of Boston.

But it does seem as if there were certain things which could be done by the Bostonians themselves, without the necessity of appealing to outside governmental agencies, which would go very far toward improving the competitive situation of the port.

The terminal situation itself puts Boston very seriously at a disadvantage in competition with other north-Atlantic ports. The petty rivalries between the Boston & Maine, New York, New Haven & Hartford, and Boston & Albany (New York Central) prevent any real railroad aid, without which no port ever gets very far.

On grain moving for export through the port of Boston, if the car moves for example over the Boston & Albany road consigned to the terminal of the Boston

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& Maine, a charge is made to the consignee for switching. If, however, the car moves on consignment straight to the Boston & Albany terminal at East Boston and upon arrival there is reconsigned to the Mystic terminal of the Boston & Maine Railroad at Charlestown, the switching charge is doubled.

In no other port on the coast does the consignee have to pay any such charges, since the switching charges are absorbed by the railroads in the line haul rate. The railroads in Boston have been appealed to repeatedly to remedy this, but in vain.

From the New Haven freight terminals at South Boston to the Boston & Albany terminals at East Boston, the distance is less than three-quarters of a mile in a straight line across the harbor. Since there is no car-float service or lighterage service whatever in the port, freight arriving at the New Haven freight terminal destined for export via steamers sailing from the Boston & Albany terminals must move thirteen and one-half miles through the most congested part of the metropolitan district, via the Grand Junction Railroad, a small terminal line owned by the Boston & Albany. The railroads have all been repeatedly requested by various interests in the port to establish a lighterage service, but have always declined on the ground that there was not enough business to warrant such a service. One is prompted to ask how many transcontinental railroads would ever have been built if the same reasoning had been followed.

The New Haven Railroad has the finest terminals of any port in the country, absolutely free of all charge: viz., the army base, which cost the federal government $24,000,000, the State Fish Pier, which was built at a cost of $1,100,000, and the Commonwealth Pier, built by the commonwealth of Massachusetts at a cost, up to date, of over $4,000,000.

Despite these wonderful facilities the New Haven shows less interest in moving freight through the port than either of the other two railroads. It has no grain-elevator, in spite of the fact that through its ownership of the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad it has a through line from Oswego, N. Y., direct to tidewater at Boston, and could therefore of its own volition put Boston immediately on the Baltimore basis for export grain, which is essential to attract steamship-lines.

Since the development and improvement of the Welland Canal, Oswego has commenced to assume great importance among the lake ports.

Boston has no port authority as such, since all the public-owned port works are under the control of the Department of Public Works, which is the largest of the State departments, having charge of the maintenance and construction of highways, registration of automobiles(!), and many other functions in no way related to port matters.

Every sizable port on the north Atlantic has a port authority which is concerned with no other duties than those relating to the regulation and development of the port and its facilities. Some if not all of these port authorities have very great authority and responsibility, such as the power to issue their own bonds for the purpose of building bridges, tunnels, etc., without the necessity of appealing to the legislature for permission—it is so in New York.

At present the port of Boston is in reality three ports, since there is no cooperation worthy of the name among the various terminals and no physical

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connection except by the slender and antiquated Grand Junction Railroad and that anomaly the Union Freight Railroad, which runs along the public streets from the New Haven freight terminals to the Boston & Maine freight terminals.

A unified terminal in Boston is imperatively needed, and it is immaterial whether it is publicly or privately owned. It should own all the freight-terminal facilities in the port and have the duty of handling all freight on a uniform basis as to charges, without reference to the piers at which the freight arrives or departs. These functions are all performed by one unified terminal at Montreal and other ports, profitably, whereas, with three terminals operating independently, the cost to the shippers is high and the return to the railroads is little or nothing. An examination of the unified freight terminals of Chicago and Kansas City (which, if memory serves, were both largely financed in Boston) would repay.

Furthermore, the burdensome switching charges current in Boston are not the only reason for complaint, for the delays which occur in moving any volume of freight over these narrow lines of communication are so great that shippers whose plants are located within easy railroad distance of Boston oftentimes find it much quicker to send their freight direct to New York than to try and move it across the city.

In New York freight arriving on one side of the river to be exported by steamer departing from the other side is lightered free of all charge to the consignee, since the lighterage is absorbed by the carrier.

It should be noted that if a shipment originates on the Boston & Maine Railroad, having for its destination some point in New York harbor within the lighterage limits, a stated charge is immediately deducted from the total freight to be received, for the purpose of paying terminal charges at New York, and the balance of the freight is apportioned between the two roads; but on freight originating on the New York Central Railroad, destined for some point on Boston harbor, no charge is deducted for terminal service, thereby penalizing the Boston shippers by the amount of the terminal costs.

Railroad differentials operating in favor of Baltimore and Philadelphia as against Boston have existed for many years, but prior to the war the foreign steamship-lines operating to the port of Boston absorbed this differential in their own freight-rate. This practice was, however, discontinued during the war and has never been resumed. This in itself is not so important as might be imagined, except in so far as it is the practice of the railroads to maintain a differential on ex-lake grain for export in favor of Baltimore and Philadelphia against Boston. This rate could be changed by any railroad of its own volition without violating any differential agreement, since the grain rate is always open, but the New York Central and the New York, New Haven & Hartford decline to make this adjustment.

Since it appears from the financial reports that nearly 40 per cent of the New Haven Railroad is owned within the commonwealth of Massachusetts, it would seem as if the stockholders might, if they cared to, have something to say about the policies of the road.

In all these matters Boston must wake up if it intends to develop and progress as its population and natural facilities warrant. For every dollar that has been spent by the public authori-

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ties, State or municipal, in improving the port facilities of Boston, many thousands have been spent by much less important ports in other localities.

How many people realize that, for instance, Houston, Texas, is to-day a thriving seaport, made so entirely by the enterprise of the State authorities in making a deep-water ship-channel out of what was a muddy little river incapable of floating anything except small river craft?

The city of Philadelphia has created most important port works in the shape of piers and grain-elevators at a cost of many millions; and the same is true of Baltimore.

The port of New York, which certainly does not appear badly in need of business at the present time, since it conducts approximately 65 per cent of all the commerce of the country, has spent and is to-day spending many millions in the improvement of its port facilities.

The writer does not recall any port expenditures by Massachusetts or the city of Boston since the creation of the two Commonwealth Piers at South and East Boston respectively and the Boston Dry Dock. In connection with the latter it is worth while noting that at its completion the commonwealth apparently lost its nerve and sold it to the federal government. This has practically destroyed its usefulness to the port, since it is entirely without machine-shops necessary for doing work on steamers which may use the dock, and, under the paternal administration of the naval department, presumably the construction of any private enterprise in that vicinity would not be permitted.

The Lord helps those who help themselves, and Boston should get busy and give the matter of port-development careful study without further delay, unless it expects to be relegated to the limbo of forgotten ports. My Boston readers complained that my last article was not "constructive"—let them be constructive here—and not forget the matter of ocean freight-rates. Until Boston gets consideration of its geographical advantages (being, with Portland, a day's run for a tramp and half a day's for a liner nearer Europe than New York—more, really, for it takes five hours to get out of New York harbor and from Boston twenty minutes) the present conditions will continue — when we see the New York liners landing every day at Boston to take or put down passengers but not a ton of freight. Closing the port of Boston by King George brought on the Revolution: yet now New York would leave it for Montauk Point! And we should get our differential—on ocean freight-rates —and suffer no Atlantic conference to force us up to the level of New York, Baltimore, or New Orleans. That city has posted on every billboard the legend "Second Port in the United States"—we are something like the twenty-third and don't seem to care a d—. That is the inferiority complex of which I complained in the article which some short-sighted critics complained was "knocking Boston!"

One kindly lady wrote that we could not call Boston at the ebb while we had the symphony concerts and the Arnold Arboretum. Well, she was quite right. The educational metropolis we still are; the literary, the artistic—we have no opera, and no baseball team (?), and you can't expect papers like *The Times* and *The World* to be published in a city of eight hundred thousand people—"Metropolitan Boston two million," you say? Yes, but you *don't* say so!

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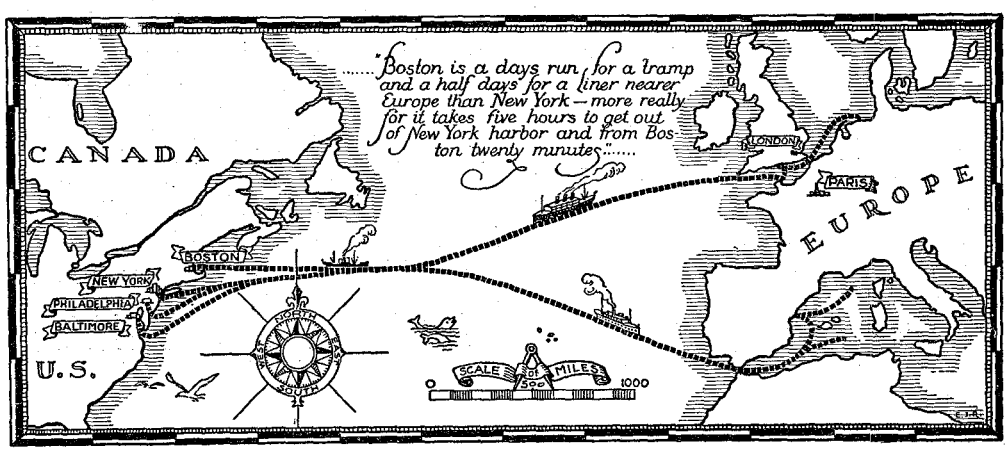
Boston has suffered materially from having ideals; while the country, as I said, has ebbed away from them. During a generation while New York and Philadelphia were making money and themselves solid at Washington, Boston was thinking of antislavery, popular education, belles-lettres, and civil-service reform. It was too introvert. And idealism has its peculiar dangers. It breeds cranks. Cranks in thought are all right; but cranks in government are dangerous. Still more when they hold the purse-strings; more yet when they pay themselves. Boston's, Massachusetts's, present danger seems from excessive local taxation. And as I write a law is pending in the State legislature to have the government own and operate the whole Boston street and elevated system. I shall not argue the point further than to say that it needs but the slightest observation of other cities and other experiments to show that such socialism is ruinous to a city not only financially but, far worse, to the morale of its citizens, to the purity of its government. Without dwelling upon the cases of Australia, West Ham, Hamilton, Ohio, Poplar—Glasgow has done a little better; only a Scotchman can be trusted to save a sixpence—I would merely relate that, before the days of Mussolini, a leading Italian statesman assured me that it was now impossible to get pure politics or an honest election in Italy because in every precinct a majority of the voters received their wages directly from the government.

I have tried to be "constructive"—though it is hard to be constructive of things already destroyed—but the final remedies are, after all, very simple. They are largely psychological, consisting of a state of mind and of a mode of action. To New England one would say: "Get together! Assert yourselves!" And to Boston (speaking always only of materialities—in the spiritualities she is all right): "Get into business! And don't sell out!"


"Boston is a days run for a tramp and a half days for a liner nearer Europe than New York—more really for it takes five hours to get out of New York harbor and from Boston twenty minutes"
CANADA
BOSTON
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE
U.S.
LONDON
PARIS
EUROPE
SCALE OF MILES
500
1000

* * The four pages following and also the frontispiece, mural paintings by N. C. Wyeth, are reproduced by courtesy of the owners. The frontispiece and pages 10 and 11 are part of a group depicting the sea and some of its ships, painted for the First National Bank of Boston. On pages 9 and 12 are reproductions of two panels painted for the Junior Bankers Lobby of the Federal Reserve Bank, Boston, commemorating two outstanding events in the history of national finance.

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MURAL PAINTINGS BY N. C. WYETH

© *The Federal Reserve Bank of Boston.*

Salmon P. Chase conferring with Lincoln in the cabinet room of the White House about the National Bank Act of 1863.

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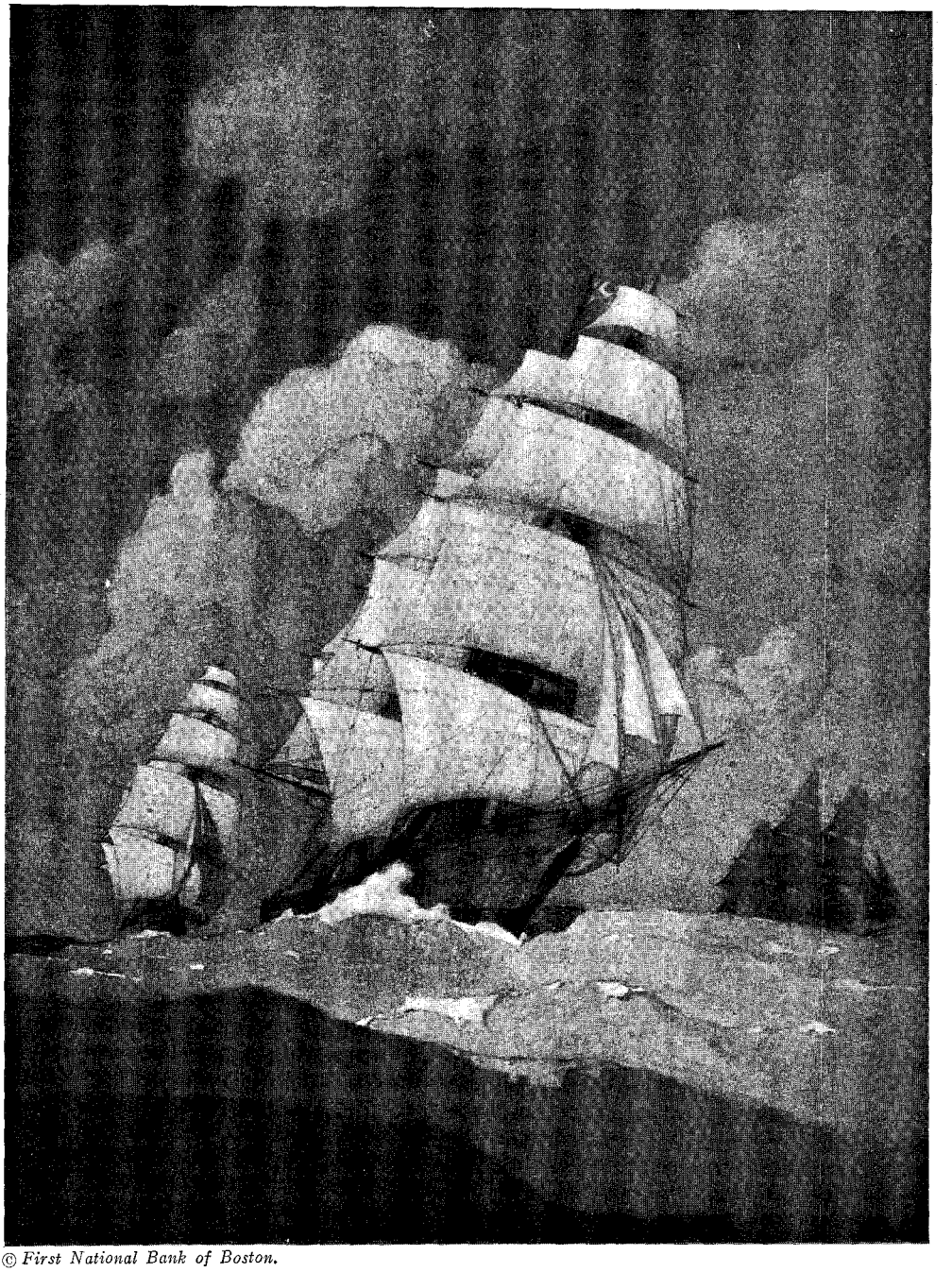

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The Clippers—1843–1870.

"The period of the clipper ship forms perhaps the most important epoch in maritime history. This era witnessed the highest development of the wooden sailing ship in construction, speed, and beauty. One might say that the clipper type represents the swan-song of the master designer and builder. It is significant that New England was in the forefront of designing these splendid craft and reached the maximum of production just as steam navigation was made practical."—N. C. WYETH.

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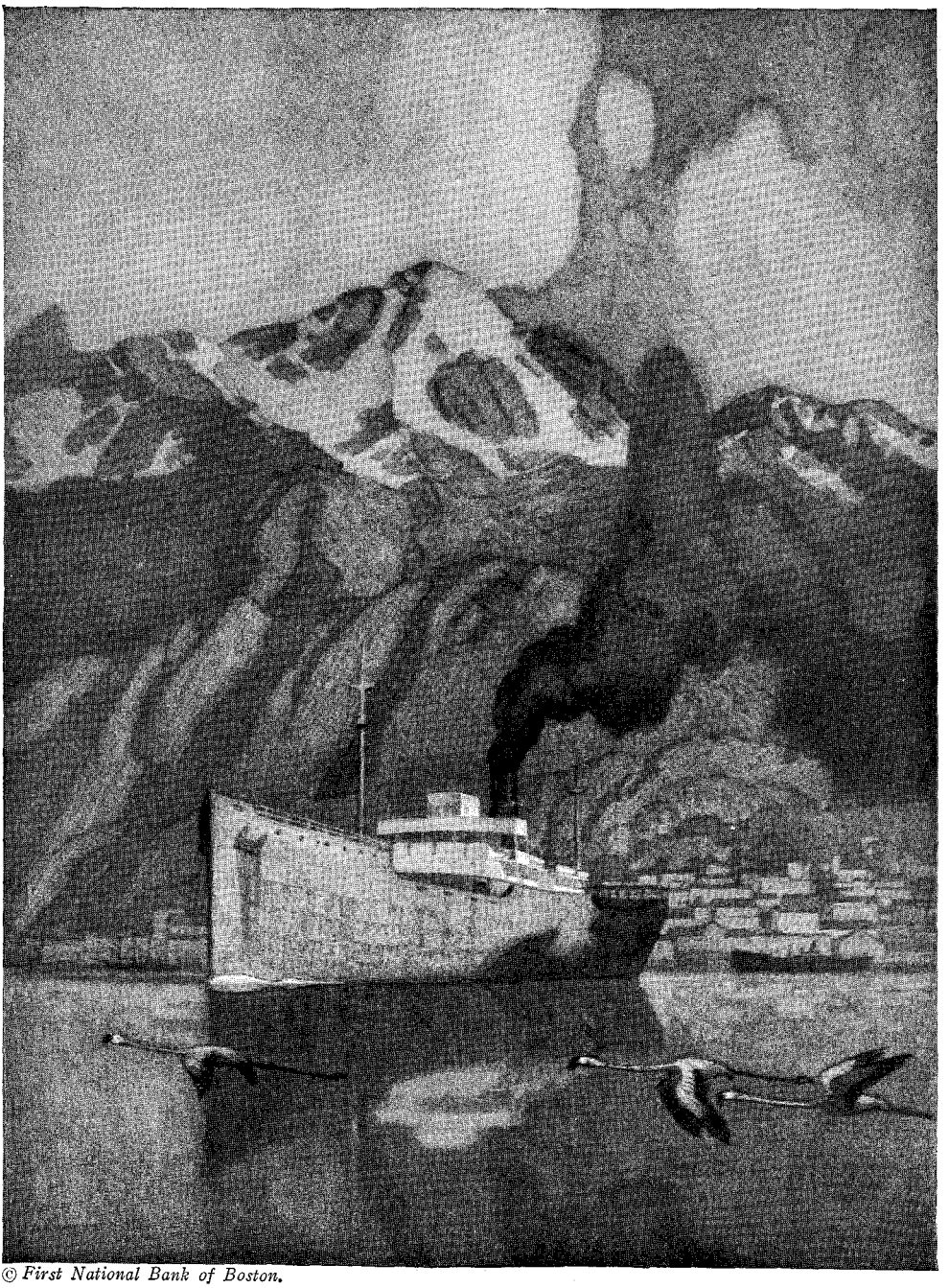

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The Tramp Steamer.

"The modern cargo carrier, the dependable, patient, colossal pack-mule of the sea! A craft that has suffered much in the eyes of all who refuse to read beauty and romance into her daily toil and majestic bulk.

"Wandering alone over the water wastes of the world, steaming quietly into remote and unheard-of ports, opening her gaping hatches, swallowing vast quantities and varieties of the world's merchandise, steaming away again, stoically meeting storm and sunshine, high seas and calm."—N. C. Wyeth.

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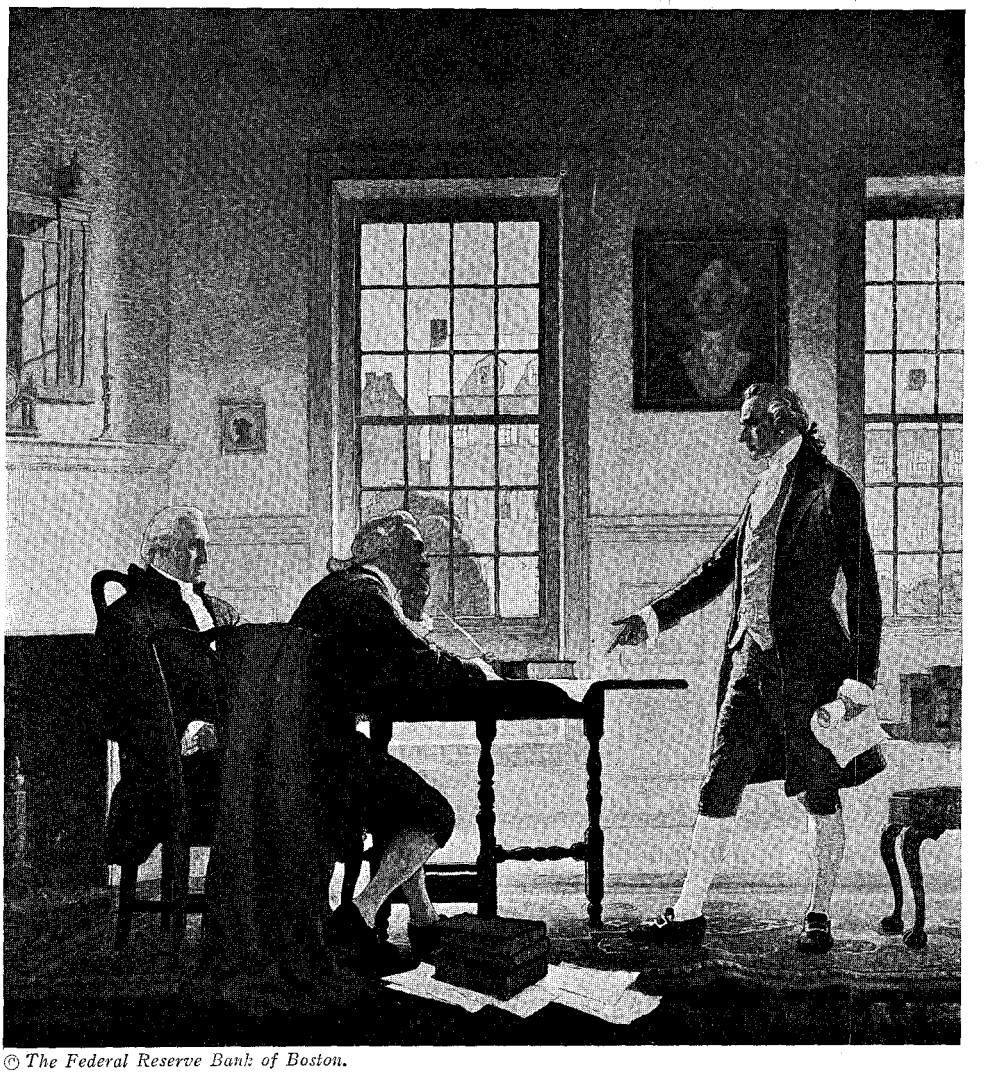

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A conference between three friends, Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, President George Washington, and Robert Morris, in Washington's Philadelphia residence—a house built and owned by Robert Morris and given over for Washington's use while in office.

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Nigger to Nigger

BY NED ADAMS

Author of "Congaree Sketches"

These sketches are typical of the negroes of lower Richland County and the great swamps of the Congaree. This section is in the heart of South Carolina and within a few miles of the capital city, Columbia. It is remarkable that so definite a survival of the negro of Africa as modified by white relationships should be maintained in such purity in the very midst of so exclusive a white culture.

These stories show the influence of slavery, the dread of the overseer—escapes and capture—things that have lived and will live in the memory of the negro. These memories, combined with superstitions brought from Africa and terror created by the cane-brakes and jungles of the Congaree, with its lakes, streams, guts, mysterious shadows, and yellow waters, with its old fields and dikes, relics of slave days, all make up what may be called the psychology of the negro of these sketches.

The dialect is of course English shot through and influenced by the traditions and sentiments of the African slaves. Very few genuine words are distinguishable, but there is a marked influence of the African sense of melody and rhythm. This gives to every word, even if otherwise good English, a peculiar dialectal sound and significance.

It needs to be remembered that this particular dialect, while pure nigger, is neither the dialect of the coast nor of the northern part of the Black Border, but is absolutely distinct, and is the product of the soil, race, and environment. In other words, it is English as adapted to the needs and knowledge of these primitive peoples. Sometimes a word that is pronounced correctly has several dialect meanings, and several sounds of the same word may be found in a single sentence. There is no rule.

Some of the poems are fragments of sermons in which the preacher or prayer-leader has worked himself into a chant and in which he swings and sways, and members of the congregation repeat words or lines that impress them.

Many of the negroes themselves are of an unusually high type. Some are black and many have white and Indian blood.

A Damn Nigger

Tad: I been to a trial to-day. It been some er dem bootlegger for killin' Jake.

Voice: Who dey have?

Tad: Three on 'em.

Voice: I hear dere been four.

Tad: Dere been four, but dey ain' have but three on 'em up, an' dey ain' try none on 'em.

Voice: Why ain't dey try 'em? Ain't dey murder Jake?

Tad: Dere's more reason dan one.

Voice: Wuh reason?

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Tad: Jake was a nigger. De judge were a kind judge—a good man—wuh ain' b'lieve in too severe punishment for white folks when a nigger is kilt, ain' matter wha' kind er white folks. An' de solicitor wha' prosecute an' see dat de criminal git he full jues is a merciful man. An' he got great ideas er bein' light in punishment of dem white mens who wored de uniform er dere country in war.

Voice: You say you been to de trial, an' den you say dere ain' no trial.

Tad: Well, I been to de court, an' dere been some argiment an' private compersation an' head noddin', an' dis reason an' dat reason. An' den dey 'gree to luh 'em plead guilty to manslaughter.

Voice: Ain' Jake been a great friend to dem white folks?

Tad: Raise up together. Sleep in de same bed. But dat ain' make no diff'ence. Dey been friend ever since dey been chillun. Jake wait on 'em an' follow 'em 'round like a dog.

Voice: An' dey kilt Jake?

Tad: Wuh de diff'ence? Jake ain' nothin' but a damn nigger. I hear 'em say dat.

Voice: How come dey kilt Jake?

Tad: Dey say he stole dey liquor. An' dey find Jake an' put him in a automobile an' tooken him wey dey had de liquor, an' dey guin him all kind er punishment. An' dey say 'fore dey kilt him dey fix him so he ain' neither man nor ooman. Ef he'd er lived, he wouldn't been nothin'.

Den dey took him an' lead him out in de woods an' beat he brain out, an' dey had hole in he head wey he brain was ooze out. Den dey leff him, an' dey come back an' git him an' th'owed him in a automobile an' tooken him back in de swamp an' th'owed him in a ditch. An' later on somebody find him an' de news git out who kilt him. Several niggers seen it, but dey was feared to tell it till some white folks started to pushin' 'em.

Voice: Why ain't dey 'rest all on 'em?

Tad: In de first place, a nigger was kilt. An' de next place, dey says one on 'em had friend on de police force, an' ain' nobody do nothin' 'bout it. It were jes a damn nigger.

Voice: An' dey luh 'em plead guilty to manslaughter?

Tad: Dey say dere were some white mens wid a conscience, an' dey was feared of de jury.

Scip: Somebody were a fool to luh 'em plead guilty, an' de solicitor must er sho' God been atter 'em an' wants 'em punish, or else dere would er been a great cry 'bout dese men must feel de hand of justice. Ef dey has taken human life—de life of a poor helpless nigger—an' a heap er talk like dat, an' den dey would er been free.

Voice: Dey plead guilty to manslaughter. Wuh is dey do wid 'em?

Tad: 'Fore de judge pass on 'em, dere been so much tender feelin' in de court, dat de judge were axe:

"May it please you' Honor, owin' to de fine war record of dese mens who serve dey country in time er 'stress, I guh do de onusual thing an' axe you' Honor to be lenient wid dese mens accordin' to dey merits."

Scip: An' I reckon de judge do de usual thing an' were lenient, an' a nigger was kilt.

Tad: It were a merciful solicitor an' a feelin' judge.

Voice: Is de court been lenient?

Scip: Fools like you is one reason it

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ain' make no diff'ence ef a nigger is kilt. I'll axe you a question: Who been kilt an' who de court?

Voice: A nigger were kilt an' white folks de court.

Scip. You done answer you' ownt question.

Hatchet: I been settin' here an' listen to wuh you all say. I listen to all dis roundabout talk an' ain' no talk guh git you an' me no wey. From de way I looks at it, a nigger hab white friend he raise up wid. He work for him. He live wid him. He follow him. He do he biddin'. An' den de nigger git de white man's justice. He were kilt like a beast, an' dat were de end er de nigger. An' justice jes look up an' laugh an' grin.

Dey go in de court an' dere's a great to do about dis sad an' unfortunate affair—'bout dese poor white boys wha' serve dey country bein' in great trouble an' dey must be hoped. An' atter dey go through a little form wid dey own lawyer pleadin' for 'em, an' wid de aid of a merciful prosecutin' attorney, de law is satisfy. A nigger is dead.

Dere ain' no use. De courts er dis land is not for niggers. Ain' nothin' for 'em but a gun an' a knife in a white man's hand, an' den de grave, an' sorrow an' tear for he people. De Bible say, "De Lord watcheth de fall of every sparrow," an' I says: Why ain't He take He eye off sparrow an' luh 'em rest some time on bigger game?

It seems to me when it come to trouble, de law an' a nigger is de white man's sport, an' justice is a stranger in them precincts, an' mercy is unknown. An' de Bible say we must pray for we enemy. Drap on you' knee, brothers, an' pray to God for all de crackers an' de judges an' de courts an' solicitors, sheriffs an' police in de land, for we must er been all er we livin' in sin. We stands in fear of de avengin' angel, for he's here an' we is surrounded. Drap on you' knee, brother, drap on you' knee, jes a nigger—a damn nigger—was kilt.

Old Mammy

Tad: I been to some meetin'. A nigger tickles me wid he fool ideas. Ef he ever gits up in de world, his breeches starts to bu'stin' right now. Dere ain' never been a pair er pants big enough to hold a nigger, ef he ever rises up; he gits 'side he self right now. Notions runs all 'round inside he head an' has a wuss time 'an a bug crawlin' 'round on de outside. He head kinky inside an' out. It's wusser inside.

Scip: Tad, wuh you have on you' mind?

Tad: I jes been thinkin' 'bout all dat big-doin's, fancy-talkin' nigger say.

Voice: Wuh he say?

Tad: He been talkin' 'bout de advancement of de nigger race, an' he read all kind er things 'bout niggers writ by white folks, an' talked 'bout de great onderstandin' de author—he call 'em—have of the negro. He read a heap in a book 'bout ole mammy.

Voice: Wuh is a ole mammy?

Scip: Ole mammy ain' nothin' but a ole ooman wid a han'k'ch'ef tied 'round she head. Dere's all kind er ole 'ceitful niggers gittin' dey self called ole mammy—more'n you can shake a stick at. Dere's all kind er white folks runnin' 'round lookin' for ole mammys wuh been in dey fam'ly an' tooken care on 'em ever since dey was born—an' afore. An' Lord! some on 'em carries on at

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sech a rate 'bout "my ole mammy" till it jes natu'ally makes a respectable nigger sick on he stomach.

Tad: Dat nigger say a ole mammy is a respected, lousy ole ooman dat knows her place.

Scip: All dese white folks dat got ole mammys from 'way down south! Oh, Jesus!

Tad: Scip, you oughter hush you' mout'. Them de white folks—the ole istockacy from 'way down south. Oh, Lord!

Scip: Cash money is de istockacy. It gees de right to a ole mammy. Let a cracker git a little money an' he edecate he chillun, an' dey always has ole mammys ef dey git far enough from home.

Tad: Ain' us white folks have ole mammy?

Scip: Is we talkin' 'bout us white folks?

Voice: Wuh else is dat nigger talk about? Is ole mammy hold all he compersation?

Tad: No, he have a heap to say 'bout edecation an' 'gainst white folks. He read from books an' papers 'bout white folks, an' all on 'em is dog to him. Dat nigger's mind jes natu'ally stinks.

Scip: Luh him go 'long. All I hates 'bout dem kind er niggers is ef dey ever starts to stretchin' dey necks, dey is liable to git mient stretched 'long wid dey ownt.

Tad: Dat nigger read all kind er thing wha' he call literature 'bout womens an' frettin' 'bout dey havin' chillun, an' 'bout dey been tooken agvantage of in dey ign'ance.

An' he say it depick de humble condition of a depressed people. An' ef you listen to dat nigger, you'd think dat every lousy, slew-footed ole nigger 'round here oughter be president of de Nunited States. Sound like God forgit 'em, an' when He find 'em, He guh prove dey's better dan white folks.

Scip: Luh dat nigger go on wid he edecation talk. Look like everybody frettin' 'bout niggers' private business wusser dan de nigger, cepen dem edecated, trouble-makin' niggers. I jine him wid he ideas 'bout ole mammys, but I ain't think too much 'bout de rest er wha' he say.

Tad: Dat nigger say us race ain't kin accomplish nothin' wid out edecation. Edecation is power.

Scip: Dem edecated niggers losses dey manners, an' goes 'round reared back wid dey thumbs stuck behind dey galluses wid seegar cocked up in dey mout' like it guh scorch de rim er dey hat, makin' dey self disgustin' an' stirrin' up trouble an' leffen when de fire gits good an' hot. An' den de white folks starts holdin' us foots to de fire.

Edecation is power, an' when dey gits too powerful, dey sometimes gits on de gang, an' a educated nigger on de gang is a power, sho' 'nough; an' when some er dem white folks gits to rompin' on 'em, dey swings a pick like dey loves it, an' dey's always tested out to see ef dey hide is natu'al, or ef dey got alligator hide.

Voice: De moest on 'em hates dey self.

Scip: No, he ain't.

Voice: Ole Cuffy is still feelin' 'round in de dark. Gee him a chance. He'll see de light bum-bye.

Scip: Ef he ain' careful 'bout how he feels 'round white folks, he'll see de light—it guh be a mighty dim light, an' it guh flicker out.

Le's we talk 'bout sump'n interestin'.

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Bur Rabbit in Red Hill Churchyard

I pass 'long one night by Red Hill churchyard an' I hear all kind er chune. I stop an' look an' my eye like to jump out er my head at wha' I see. De ground was kiver all over wid snow, an' de palin's on de graveyard fence was cracklin', it been so cold. De moon was shinin' bright—mighty nigh like day. De only diff'ence been it ain' look as natu'al. An' I look an' listen—an' ain' nothin' been de matter wid my eye an' ain' nothin' been wrong wid my hearin'—an' I seen a rabbit settin' on top of a grave playin' a fiddle, for God' sake. All kind er little beasts been runnin' 'round, dancin' an' callin' numbers. An' dere was wood-rats an' squirrels cuttin' capers wid dey fancy self, an' diff'ent kind er birds an' owl. Even dem ole owl was sachayin' 'round—look like dey was enjoyin' dey self. An' dat ole rabbit was puttin' on more airs dan a poor buckra wid a jug er liquor an' a new suit er clothes on.

Well, sir, I jes stood dere wid my heart in my mout' an' my eyes bu'stin' out my head. I been natu'ally paralyze, I been so scared. An' while I were lookin', Bur Rabbit stop playin', put he fiddle under he arm an' step off de grave. He walk off a little piece an' guin some sort er sign to de little birds an' beasts, an' dey form dey self into a circle 'round de grave. An' dat was when I knowed sump'n strange was guh happen.

You know a rabbit is cunnin'. He got more sense dan people. He sharp. My brother, he ain' trust no mistake.

Well, I watch an' I see Bur Rabbit take he fiddle from under he arm an' start to fiddlin' some more, an' he were doin' some fiddlin' out dere in dat snow. An' Bur Mockin'-Bird jine him an' whistle a chune dat would er made de angels weep. Even dem ole owl had tear drappin' from dey eye. Dat mockin' bird an' dat rabbit—Lord, dey had chunes floatin' all 'round on de night air. Dey could stand a chune on end, grab it up an' throw it away an' ketch it an' bring it back an' hold it; an' make dem chunes sound like dey was strugglin' to git away one minute, an' de next dey sound like sump'n gittin' up close an' whisperin'.

An' as I watch, I see Bur Rabbit lower he fiddle, wipe he face an' stick he han'k'ch'ef in he pocket, an' take off he hat an' bow mighty nigh to de ground. Bur Mockin'-Bird stop he chune an' all de little beasts an' birds an' dem ole owl bow down.

An' wuh you reckon? While I been watch all dese strange guines on, I see de snow on de grave crack an' rise up, an' de grave open an' I see Simon rise up out er dat grave. I see him an' he look jes as natu'al as he done 'fore dey bury him. An' he look satisfy, an' he look like he taken a great interest in Bur Rabbit an' de little beasts an' birds. An' he set down on de top er he own grave, an' carry on a long compersation wid all dem animals. An' dem owl look like dey never was guh git through. You know dem ole owl—de ole folks always is say dey is dead folks.

But dat ain' all. Atter dey done wored dey self out wid compersation, I see Bur Rabbit take he fiddle an' put it under he chin an' start to playin'. An' while I watch, I see Bur Rabbit step back on de grave an' Simon were gone.

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The Sixth Hangar

A TRUE TALE OF NIGHT BOMBING

BY JOHN J. NILES

This tale is a grim and ironic comment on the supposed omniscience of the German intelligence service. Lieutenant Niles was with the American air forces and is the author of "Singing Soldiers."

Not very far from the little city of Collombey les Belles, France, where the American Aviation Supply Base was located, the British Independent Air Force (under the command of "a flying British General") had constructed several hangars for the protection of their bombing-planes. They were big, roomy hangars, necessarily so because of the immense planes they housed. Bombers have always been the "ice-wagons" of the air, both in size and control. The roofs of the hangars were made of corrugated metal and treated in such a way as to make them look rusty and old, particularly from the air. This was done, of course, to throw the German aerial observers off in their hunt for bombing-targets.

The British Independent Air Force had been organized with one very definite idea in view, namely, that of bombing the industrial centres in the Rhine towns. It was believed (and later found to be true) that, as soon as the Independent Air Force became an established menace to the interior cities, a considerable lot of the enemy's front-line fighting air strength would be withdrawn to protect the centre of this new attack.

Just over the hill from Collombey les Belles, in the direction of Vaucouleurs, lay another airdrome—an American outfit—and off to the south and east an Italian squadron was getting on with the war, flying some very highly improved bombing and chasse equipment. But of all the air fields in the vicinity, the Independent had most luck with the enemy night-bombing raids. The American field at Collombey was often attacked, although not seriously damaged. Once the Germans left a long row of ugly holes right down the middle of the landing-field. Another time they smashed some automotive equipment for the Italians, and several times damaged the rail connections with Toul and Nancy.

As time passed we began to believe that the British field had been laid out in exactly the right quarter of the moon. For the Boche night bombers never went near it. They came over night after night and dropped their pills on everybody else. And next morning the photograph-planes would slip across the lines to check up on the accuracy of the previous night shots and to detect the existence of any new targets.

Every night the Independent Air Force men would take off and come back with great stories of their exploits. We concluded that they were running

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in too much luck. The gunners in the French Unit Aircraft Battery near by thought there was some magic about it. Or perhaps it was a gentleman's agreement. Perhaps the Independent Air Force had agreed not to bomb German air parks, etc., but this was unbelievable.

All our calculations were entirely defeated one morning when some very startling news reached us at mess. The Germans had bombed the Independent Air Force's hangars the night before. One direct hit had been achieved. Originally there had been six hangars. Now there were only five. But for the lucky hunch of spacing them about two hundred and fifty feet apart the entire outfit would have gone up.

We had hardly gotten up from mess when we received word from a French observation-post nearer the lines, telling us that two German planes were coming over, and from the description they seemed to be photographers. They proved to be two-place Rumplers. Two men from our squadron were immediately in the air. Our Spads climbed very rapidly. By the time the Rumplers were over their objective the Spads were ready to meet them. A few moments after the combat began one of the Rumplers fell off on one wing and began descending. It was not out of control. The pilot had been wounded and the observer had been killed. The victorious Spad followed the Rumpler all the way down, to see that the German pilot was not playing possum.

The other Spad had a gun-jam after the first few bursts, and, by the time he cleared his guns and was ready to carry on, the second Rumpler was safely on its way back to Germany with the necessary photographs.

Every clear night after that the bombing of the Independent Air Force hangars went on. Once a night chasse outfit (flying Monosaupape Camels) went into action and brought down a German bombing-plane. But night chasse was never much of a success on that particular part of the front. In ten days the Germans had finished off five of the six hangars. After the second one had been hit the English officials took to parking their spare planes out in the open—staking them down to the ground—or putting them in hangars a few kilometres away. So, after all, the Boche didn't actually destroy much flying-equipment. The hangars were very valuable, though, made of strong wooden construction, all except the roofs, which, as I told you before, were of corrugated metal.

By this time the Rumpler we had captured on the day of the first photographic mission had been repaired and the boys were having great sport flying it around. We had advised all the outfits near by not to be excited if they saw a German photographic Rumpler, with crosses, etc., and all usual markings, flying about. We also asked them not to shoot at us more often than was absolutely necessary. We knew they couldn't refrain from a little sport.

Finally, some one higher-up in the Independent Air Force came to a very definite decision. For, during the night of the eleventh day after the first raid on their field, they moved all their gear except the remaining hangar about six kilometres away and established themselves in a little wooded section, where, to the end of the war, they were never molested again.

We expected the Boche to come over the next clear night and finish off the remaining hangar, but we were mistaken. The bombing raids were appar-

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ently over for the present. Every one concluded that the German spy system was a good one—to have such information as the movement of a bombing-squadron passed on so quickly was something of a master-stroke.

At that time all the main roads leading into Toul and Bar-le-Duc were crowded with heavy traffic. Gangs of road-menders worked day and night trying to keep the highways in condition. The stretch of roadway immediately in front of the lately abandoned Independent Air Force hangars was being repaired by a battalion of German prisoners. They worked slowly but thoroughly, without seeming to care particularly if school kept or not. They were being well fed and were quite safe from hand-grenades and rifle-fire. The thought of this latter advantage was no doubt the reason for their philosophical state of mind.

The officer in charge of this particular detachment of German prisoners was a man of ideas. The thought of losing two hours' time every day marching the Heinies from their barracks to the rock pile and back began to worry him. He eyed an unused building near by. It was a strong building with a metal roof. All of a sudden he had a flash, and three days later the German prisoners moved from their distant camp to a newly equipped shelter. The one remaining Independent Air Force hangar had been equipped inside with bunks and enclosed outside with barbed wire. Sentry posts stood at the corners. After that the prisoners lost no time marching to and from the job in hand. It was considered to be a very efficient move.

But fate is a queer, persistent thing—an element that seemed to work quite well in the hands of the methodical German. For after we had (by what appeared to be logical deduction) assumed that the air raids in our neighborhood were passed, the Germans came back for one last lick. They foolishly avoided the American field with its plane-loaded hangars, and dropped their pills on the remains of the English field near by. The hangar occupied by the German prisoners was struck by two bombs simultaneously. The wooden portions of the building immediately caught fire, and then plane after plane went over, bombing the brilliantly lighted target.

We didn't think so much of the German intelligence system after that. Of course German spies didn't go to much trouble, perhaps, to watch the movements of German prisoners of war. But just the same their intelligence system came in for a goodly lot of raspberrying by the military people in the neighborhood of Collombey les Belles.

It took several days to clean away the débris and dig the graves. In the future the road-mending was done by an American negro labor battalion. It is said by well-informed observers that not one negro in the entire outfit ever went near the charred remains of the Independent Air Force hangars, and that the black boys would go a considerable distance out of the way to miss the sixth and last of the destroyed buildings—the one in which a large part of a battalion of German prisoners had gone west.

[Laurence Stallings, author of "What Price Glory?" "The Big Parade," and "Plumes," will contribute the next of the series of big moments of the war as seen by those who were there. It is entitled "Esprit de Corps."]

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"Seven Days Whipping"

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.
Author of "Demigods"

JUDGE LA PLACE had spent the afternoon in an attempt to secure the honey in a natural beehive in the old Fouracre house while Margaret, his wife, slept. La Place was worried about her condition, and had expected to find in manual labor alleviation of his anxiety. He had been interrupted by a suddenly rising storm, out of the heart of which, to his horror and consternation, had emerged the enigmatic and terrifying figure of an Indian bearing the carcass of a deer upon his shoulders. In the hours that followed, despite the storm, the Indian had beleaguered La Place's own home. Margaret's condition had then become such that it was necessary to drive to town for a doctor at once. This La Place determined to do, despite his fear of the Indian's threatening presence.

IV

PERHAPS five minutes had elapsed; perhaps more. La Place could not tell. He said to himself: "There's a screaming in my ears, but Margaret has not made a sound." He realized that he heard the beating of blood through his ears. The lights in his room seemed dim. The objects before him, the chairs, his bed, seemed out of place. He went directly to the bureau and secured the revolver. Forthwith he went down-stairs. His actions seemed to him to be almost automatic. All fear had departed from him. Its going left a vacuum which, instinct informed him, was about to be filled. Grimly he waited for the tide of his anger to sweep him up.

He paused before the door leading to the courtyard. Was he storing up reserves of strength, or playing with his emotions? Was he waiting for a gust of anger, hot, strong, to sweep him out through the door? He knew that some such feeling was about to come to him. In the meanwhile the muscles of his legs seemed beyond his control. His hand found the door and flung it open. He went out into the darkness as a swimmer might put his body into a current.

The fog had thickened since he had seen it last. The earth about him was like a land under water. In the diffused light from the house only the drive was visible. Down it seemed to sweep a current of mist, heavier than that which encompassed the terrain. Doubtless the pull of the river was moving it down the hill. The river itself brawled like an angry dog. He was sure that the lower meadow was under water. Somewhere upon it lay the remainder of his hive of bees! Odd, that his mind should revert to this triviality at such a time as this.

He took a step forward, then another, and another. The steps, he realized, were halting, like those of a child who had just learned to walk. The garage was barely a hundred yards away,

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yet to reach it one was forced to pass down a tunnel of darkness. He had planted too close to the garage. He appreciated this now. A dark circle of bushes ringed its entrance. What slender threads his mind was running on! What an extraordinary thing was a man's mind! Incapable of control; weak when it should be strong; consumed with trivialities when it should be most acute. He could not bear, however, to think of Margaret.

He was half-way down the darkness. There was something which he had forgotten. Oh! that was it. The sight of him naturally recalled it to his mind. The Indian stood squarely in the path before him. Automatically, for a few steps only, La Place kept on. Obviously, he recalled to mind that this was what he had feared; this was what had caused him to tremble so. The dog to stand there like that! He himself was subject to some sort of enchantment. His movements stopped. For an extraordinary instant he faced the man.

"Get away! Be gone!"

"No."

"I tell you to be gone!"

"No."

Even in his frenzy, La Place realized that the fellow's voice was placating, pleading.

He was around the man now, attempting to sidle past him. The fellow moved as he did, keeping himself between La Place and the garage. The hound! It was as if he had divined his purpose. He was attempting to keep him out of the garage.

"I tell you to get away! I shall do nothing to you if you do.

"You must get away! Out of my way!"

How incredibly undignified all of this had become! He was not attempting to walk past, to force his way past. His progression was like the sidling of a crab. This, he felt more bitterly than anything else. His dignity was gone, his manliness was gone. He was no longer a man, but a child, and hopeless at that. The revolver was a heavy weight in his pocket. He could not bear the thought of killing even this savage. Of what good was the revolver? Should he put steel into the fellow's legs, his arms, his body? He would fall down at his feet, might die before his eyes.

In desperation—"What do you want?"

The man was placating, pleading, but inexorably kept himself between La Place and the garage door, finally barred it with his body. It was like the working out of a puzzle. With the Indian before the door, the last piece clicked into place. Nothing could break it apart.

" 'Em says my father——"

"I don't care about your father! Let me into the garage!"

The fellow's answer was simple, almost quiet.

"My father for the deer."

It was a statement of a fact of some sort. La Place could not comprehend it, did not even try. The man's arms were outstretched against the door, his back to it. Tenaciously, unbending, he clung to his purpose whatever it was.

"My father for the deer. My father for the deer." La Place had never heard such pleading in a human voice, such a quality of excitement mingled with purpose.

"Take the deer! Take the deer!"

La Place struck at him, hit him, he believed, in the face. The blow hurt his hand. The Indian winced, moved not an inch from his position. La Place struck at him again. The man returned no blow. Even as his fist fell, La Place

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found himself thinking: "I'm a coward to do this. I'm a coward to do this!" No matter. The void of his emotion was filling up. He struck at the fellow again and again. The man's arms fell. He turned this way and that to avoid the pain of the blows, but retained always his place before the door.

La Place heard himself speak.

"I must go to town at once. I must get a doctor. My wife is sick! Do you understand?"

His voice, he thought, was very queer. A tone ran through it that he had never heard before. It was like listening to another person speak.

"No. My father—my father! Now!"

La Place answered: "I don't care about your father. I've nothing to do with him! Get out before I kill you!"

He thought: "This is enough. More than enough! Shall I shoot him now?"

An odd thought came to him. "It's getting late." He would not have been surprised to have seen the sun rise over the hills.

Curious how his excitement was mixed with calmness; how his fear and hate were intermingled with a clear tide of rage. Back of it all rested his thought of Margaret, rock behind haze. It seemed the strata upon which his feet rested, the one solid fact in a world so chaotic and painful that mere examination of it was torture. The light, he thought, was fading fast. There would follow darkness, complete, abysmal. The light! What a fool he had become! It would not change. There was no light other than that reflected from the house. That was enough to kill a man by!

He was aware that his hand was upon the stock of the revolver. He drew it out, partially concealed it within the flap of his coat. It was like a venomous insect in his hand. It seemed to possess a singular life and animus of its own. The impulse seized him to throw it as far from him as he could, out into the circle of the fog. There was a quality to the steel which seemed to divest the nerves and muscles of his hand of the authority of his will. His hand rose before his eyes. He pointed the revolver squarely at the Indian's breast.

There followed an interim in which the darkness, the fog, each blade of grass upon the ground seemed frozen to immobility. He thought that silence composed a part of this, and, as if in contradiction to his thought, heard forthwith the steady drip of rain from the garage roof. Plainly the Indian was aware of the purpose that was forming in his mind. Was the fellow keeping his face averted from him because of this? His pose was almost theatric. Was he saying to himself: "I can't be shot because I won't look at you. I can't be shot when I won't look at you!"? Was he turning toward him now?

La Place heard his own voice.

"Please go away now. You cannot stay before that door. Get gone; get gone before the world falls down on you!"

He could not hear the Indian's voice because of the roaring in his ears. The air seemed full of sound, as if he and the incredible visitant before him were swinging toward the brink of a cascade into an abyss into which light could never penetrate and only the dim mist of their emotions would be left.

He spoke again.

"Please get away now. Get away before it is too late. I cannot wait!"

The fellow looked pinioned. He looked as if he had been nailed to the door. In God's name, why did he not move or speak? La Place waited in a si-

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lence so oppressive that it seemed to press him toward the earth.

But two words came to the fellow's lips, chokingly, haltingly — "My father." By heavens! It was as if he were seized in some vast galvanic power that turned him sideways, put the trunk of his body at a right angle to the ground while he clutched his throat, lifted his feet in short stampings from the ground as if he were a juggler balancing the tottering weight of his body. La Place perceived that he had shot him at that angle where throat met neck, perceived the tear of the bullet into his flesh. The man's hands dropped. He screamed, spun along the ground like a twisting top, fell, lifted himself to his feet again. He turned, surveyed La Place in one brief look of intolerable pain and reproach; thereafter, tumbled into the garden. La Place fled after him. Some phrase came to his lips which he could never after recall—something about "I'm sorry—I'm very sorry." The Indian in his torture ran bent double across the garden, lifted himself for one brief instant upon the parapet upon its farther side, toppled from it. La Place heard the crackle of the bushes beneath the wall as his body fell into them. There followed silence, a stillness incredible after such bitter, vivid action. Said La Place to himself briefly, as if he were putting cold steel to his own heart: "I've killed him. Help me! I've killed him."

He turned his back and moved from the garden. He could not tell how he walked. His feet he knew were moving and he was aware that they stumbled over irregularities of the ground. His hand he thought still clutched the revolver. His palm and fingers were burned and blackened. It was curious that he had not felt the pain of the flame at the time he had fired. Upon his shoulders, upon his throat and heart, pressed such weight as he had never felt before. The sky above him was black as lead; the earth beneath his feet was a plane of metal; and he was inexorably pressed between the two. He thought: "I can't see. I can't breathe. If only there were some way out of this!" The pain that he felt seemed acute and physical. The figure of the Indian, pictured terribly as he fell into the darkness at the garden's end, remained in his mind. He remembered the speech of Paul: "O Lord, deliver me from the body of this death."

His sight, too, was bad. The lights in the windows of the house seemed a run of color, merged into one yellow totality. He was over the crest of the hill now, stood once more within the circle of the drive between the house and the garage. He searched in his pocket for the key to the garage door, found it and fitted it to the lock. Here, the man had stood; himself, here. From this position he had fired, his finger upon the trigger of the revolver. Shudderingly he looked for blood upon the ground, could discern none, but perceived a scrap of torn, yellow fabric caught in the stucco of the wall. There the man had reeled against the angle. *There* he had fallen, twisting to the ground. From *there* he had risen and fled, and now lay dead in the darkness. *Dead*. What an incredible word. What an incredible fact, yet the most realistic of this grotesque, dreadful night. The shot, the tortured flight of the Indian, his final tottering into the darkness, seemed to have taken place hours ago, to be lost, like himself, in time and space.

He opened the door of the garage—how heavy his arm was—switched on the light. He opened the outer doors,

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laboriously pushed his car from the floor of the garage into the drive. It would be easy for him to push it the few feet that now lay between it and the edge of the hill. No need to suffer the noise of the starter. Any sound was out of place. He felt that he could not endure the firing of the cylinders as the car started. *Curious that he had not heard the shot!* He must have heard it, subconsciously have rejected it, assured himself that it could not have been so.

It would be easier to start the car by simply pushing it down the drive. The fog would take it, would wipe all clean behind it. The grade was steep. He swung his body over the door. There was no sound from the engine. No light before him. If he could only be obliterated in this darkness, see nothing, hear nothing, be swept so into the end of his life! He was alone. The scarlet in his mind was slowly spreading to the rest of his brain. He could watch its rising tide. Incredible that he should suffer so! The words of the Indian, spoken after he had been shot, beat like cudgels upon him—"My father." It had been like a prayer. The old phrase, which illusion had caused him to hear in the court-room, sprang up. "You were as a stone to his weeping. You were as a stone to his weeping." Repeated again and again. Imperiously, it demanded his answer.

"You were as a stone to his weeping."

"I did what I could. Margaret——"

"I care nothing for weeping."

His own answer, cold as a stone, granite from the quarry behind the house. Haste was necessary. Madness or not, he could remember that. He was over the bridge now. The river had lifted itself out of its banks. It was within a few feet of the bottom of the bridge. It was like a live thing, raving, cursing, black. *The Indian lay in the darkness.* The fog was thicker here. He threw on his lights. Now up the hill. The car responded to the pressure of his foot upon the accelerator. The first turn, that which skirted the gorge, lay clear. He shot down the slope. *The Indian lay at the bottom of the garden.* The thought was like the solemn tolling of a bell.

At the place where his road crossed the pike he perceived a small car, halfway up the hill, partially blocking the road. It was like an arrow across the path which he would have to cross. He blew his horn loudly. From it descended a man, shabby as the car, lanky, spindling, badly dressed. The man waved for him to stop, and perforce he had to. The fellow was munching an apple; gestured with it as he spoke.

"Can you tell me the way to Brindley's Mill? I'm lost an' it's gittin' kinda late."

The fellow had a pleasant, stupid face. No harm in him. The apple waved again.

"Seems like I've seen you before somewhere. But I can't recollect how or where."

Said La Place shortly: "I'm Judge La Place."

The man said: "Oh, I'll move out of your way at once." He got back into the car and forced it partially up the bank. La Place drove past, shouted: "Keep up the pike. It's straight through."

Only a few minutes had been lost. The conversation in some curious fashion had steadied him. Almost he had shouted to this stranger: "Get out of my way. I've killed a man!" What, he wondered, would have been the effect? Would the man have fled or simply have stared stupidly at him? Probably

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the latter. "I'm Judge La Place and I've just shot a man."

"Where did you shoot him?"

"In the neck and he's dead. Margaret is very sick, too."

Fantastic sentences! The car was now well up the long hill upon the pike. He could hear the other automobile droning up that portion of the hill that lay beyond the stream. A rattle-bang affair. One could not deem such a car as that to be safe. Safe! For an instant he found himself laughing hysterically, horribly. What a jangle his nerves were in! He felt sick at the pit of his stomach. "Judge La Place. You have just killed a man." The scarlet of his mind was welling up again. That would never do. What could he do to prevent it? "Tie something around his throat." The voice was even, as solid as the car in which he rode. The fog was thinner here. The lights of Wilmington were a bright glow upon the horizon. Only a few more miles. This talk of throats. The deer's throat had been cut. He had shot the Indian in the throat. Time was moving rapidly, but it would never come to an end! Was it possible that he had a fever? Why not? The wind was very cold against his face. Unnaturally so, he thought. His clothes? He still had on his dinner-coat. His tie and collar had disappeared. The stiff white shirt was bulging, streaked with dirt. He had not been upon his face in the garden. Why should it be caked with mud? His hands, his feet, his whole body ached. Would he never get to town, never bring this agony to an end? The wheels of his car had a singular sound. It was as if they spun upon glass, turning, wheeling, spinning furiously.

There passed the old forge; there the Landenburg road. Beyond lay Thompson's cut and his great field of wheat. The heads were hidden in the darkness, but the stalks seemed down, like slender bodies slain in the night. If he could but plunge into that forest of grain, lie near its roots as if the felled wheat were a sea above him. The Indian lay so, quiet, done. It was strange how his conception of death had changed. It was not a condition of body but of mind. One struck a blow, pulled forward a bit of steel, and a man died. Death did not consist of words, as in a court. He found himself laughing hysterically. "Judge La Place conceives death, deals death." Impossible! He must keep that feeling down.

He crossed the causeway that led to the city line. The road was rougher here. He recalled a suit heard before him to decide whether the city or county should keep this very surface in repair. The recollection was plain in his mind. He had decided in favor of the city. To remember that now! It had been, he thought, at least fifteen years before. Few lights were visible in the houses at Lincoln Gardens. It was beyond belief that he had been upon this road before to-day—a few hours before. The streets were wet. The trolley-track glittered down the dark pavement in a loop of steel. No one was visible upon the streets. At the corner where the Boulevard began, however, he passed two men hurrying in opposite directions. Going home, probably. Had they met and talked? Had they quarrelled and parted? Himself and these two. Could this juxtaposition be deemed to be significant? Impossible. What a trick of mind to feel that these figures and himself were clicking into the same sort of inexorable puzzle as that which had fallen before him when the Indian had thrust his body into the checker space before the door. Were all things part of

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an intricate and deadly pattern through which one fought dealing death as a prize? "Judge La Place likes death, deals death!"

The car sped down the hill. Seven blocks from the corner of Fourth Street, turn north. Seven blocks upon Broome. Again a pattern, almost geometrical. Himself at one end of a triangle; the doctor at the other. He driving down the base. "If the light is out in my office, use the night-bell. I sometimes don't hear the telephone." The night-bell. Which was that? At the front of the house, of course. He found it, pressed down upon it. The windows of the house were blank eyes. The number *1408* was plain above the lintel. The damned number should be in cubes to carry out the design of his mind. He rang again. "La Place is at the door. Judge La Place is at the door!"

He thought that he heard footsteps coming down the stairs—could not be sure. The door was opened.

La Place said briefly: "Margaret has been taken. I want you to come at once."

Doctor Clark answered: "Mrs. Smith can be gotten out in a few minutes. Come in while I telephone her."

He saw the doctor turn down the hall, pick up the telephone, later heard him say: "We'll go out at once. Yes. He's here now. Doctor Millbury can follow me."

How calm the man was, how utterly unperturbed. Clark turned into his office. La Place heard the clicking of steel upon agate as the doctor packed a bag. He thought to himself: "Shall I tell him when he comes back? *I must tell!*"

"Doctor, I've just killed a man." How unnatural the words sounded. He could not tell whether he had spoken or not. He must try again. The doctor returned, pulling on an overcoat. In his hand he carried a heavy leather bag.

"Is it raining out?"

Surely the question was addressed to him. He must answer it. The physician was regarding him intently. He heard himself say: "It's stopped, I think." As he spoke there came to his mind the inevitable conclusion that he could not go back, could not return to Rivervale. Margaret or not, that was the case. He struggled with this obsession, failed to master it. Somehow the word *rain* had recalled to his mind the whole incredible vista of the night, the soaked earth and the Indian prone upon it, the yellow lights of his house through the rain-washed darkness. He could not return to that. He could not endure to smell again the wet grass of the lawn, see once more the black outline of the bushes that ringed the garden!

In some way he had gotten out again upon the pavement. He felt the doctor's arm upon his elbow, urging him toward his car. A preposterous pressure was upon him, forcing him to live, to breathe. The doctor exemplified some force of nature which he could not combat. He heard him speak again.

"You can drive. We'll get the nurse at once. Millbury's probably on his way out already."

They turned at the corner and drove west. The street was as black as jet. Bits of leaves, débris, lay in the gutter, down which still ran thin rivulets of water. He could not go back to Rivervale. He could not do that. He prepared to speak.

"A hard storm."

The doctor's interjection paralyzed him for a moment. He heard himself answer shortly: "Yes."

He must tell the doctor before the

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nurse had gotten into the car. He could not bear to speak of it with more than one person present. The words were forming like a torrent in his throat. Of this he must relieve himself.

"Doctor, I've killed a man." His voice was far away, seemed scarcely to belong to him. To his surprise, he suddenly heard himself add as part of the same sentence: "And a God-damned good thing it was too!" The oath shocked the habits of a lifetime, seemed to destroy the last vestiges of his reserve. He felt that he did not retain sufficient strength to hold the wheel. The doctor gave no heed to his astounding declaration, seemed not even to hear it.

"Turn here. It's five blocks down. I know the house." The doctor was now peering from the car, looking at the houses.

"Doctor, I've killed a man."

He was sure that the physician turned his head slightly to look at him, that his equanimity was disturbed.

"Now. The fourth house on the right. There!"

"Doctor, *I tell you I've killed a man.*"

"So have I."

Then that was the answer; in some way as incredible as the deed which he had perpetrated.

The car was stopped. In some fashion he had done that. The doctor ran up the steps, was now ringing the bell. A light in the second story of the house was switched off. A globe shone for an instant in the hall. The nurse appeared. La Place perceived that she was a small, quiet woman, entirely undisturbed. She put herself in the back of the car.

Hours, of course, had passed, such a torture of time that he could not even contemplate it. He was surprised to hear the nurse say: "It was just eleven when you called me, doctor." Some remark that she made was lost to La Place, though he realized that it was addressed to him. Something about Margaret, he thought. She repeated it. "She will be quite all right." What a spectacle he must be making of himself! He must be marked with fear, look disorderly, almost drunk. This was shame. Still, these people must be used to such things, but not under such circumstances as these. He directed his attention to the street. The city came to an end in a circle of diffused light. Beyond lay the pike, tunnelled into the darkness. He had to go out that, go back the same way that he had come. Was it in fact the same way? Did anything remain unchanged, even the granite of this road? Was death itself eternal? Did not one lie fallow for a time to spring again into life as a field is freshly sown?

These thoughts were occupying him, he realized perfectly, as a reflex from his fear. The darkness into which he was passing was like a cloud. Sanctuary came to an end with the city's lights. In the night which now rimmed him lay the Indian. The persons with him were unaware of that. By their very presence he was subject to a control which he could not endure. He should say to this nurse and doctor: "Get out! Get out of my car. I'm not going back." He could picture the amazed reaction of the nurse, was aware in anticipation of what the doctor would say: "Come now, you don't mean that. We'll be there in a few minutes." He would persist: "I mean just that. I can't endure this any longer. Get out or I'll kill you." He could almost hear the crisp admonitory tones of the physician: "You take his hands, Mrs. Smith, and hold him in. You can

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control him. This is no time for foolishness." He found he had not spoken. Thank God for that! They would have ejected him from the car.

The darkness was like a solid surface before him through which the lights of the car shone in broad yellow bands. The engine was running steadily but at a fantastic speed. The car was like a beast which he rode, struggled with, fought. *"Put a bit in its mouth and hold it back!"* He looked quickly at the doctor. It was plain that he had not spoken. The nurse remained a vague shadow of white in the back of the car. Again came the voice: "Turn and flee! Turn and flee! You cannot go back. Plainly you cannot go back." This time he answered it: "I can't go back. I shall turn around here." His hands refused to obey the demand of his will. The car continued to rush down the road. The familiar lights that he passed were like torches of despair. There lay the Carson greenhouses, hills of ice under darkness. The Willow brook boiled beneath the road. The whole countryside seemingly had lain helpless beneath the whip of the storm. The road was wet with leaves and twigs. Now came the first crossroad.

His fingers, he felt, were entirely numb, and this numbness was extending through his wrists into his heart. Though this was a matter of no importance, oddly he felt impelled to tell the doctor of it. A loquacity which he had never endured before was coming over him, and with it, strangely, came a horror of speech. He was like a man who, being under torture, must talk. On whom should he begin? Upon what subject? There must be something which he could say.

The doctor, he perceived, was crouched over in the seat, staring straight ahead of him. He seemed to be oblivious to the noise, to the swaying of the car, to any contingency which affected La Place. He thought: "Not a word has passed his lips since he got in here. I should make him talk." This vexation, he realized, was childish, futile. Why should he be irritated at this man's silence? Was it not, in fact, what he most desired, what he most deserved? As if in response, the doctor's head was now turning toward him. Would the nurse join in this conversation? "Stay out! Stay out! Stay out!" What would she say—all of them say!

He could not clearly see the doctor's face—the position of the dash-light was responsible for that. To his surprise he discovered that the physician was hiding a yawn with the palm of his hand.

"Yes, doctor." He had not heard a word, though the man had spoken almost within his ear. He must try again.

"What was that?"

"I said that I'd just killed a man."

"Where? Oh, back there—" He found that he was able even to designate direction with a wave of his hand. What an incredulous look was upon the doctor's face.

"Why? Oh, he was on the place—" He could not go on. Why had he killed that savage, that incredible barbarian who had been hurled upon him with the storm? Should he not, in fact, have given himself up to the police when he went in town? By some fantastic sleight of hand, death, not birth, had taken the uppermost position in his mind. For the time he had forgotten even Margaret.

"He's dead in the darkness. It was down in the garden." Had he, in fact, spoken these last sentences? Why would not this accursed doctor take his eyes from his face? Was he to trust Margaret

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to this fool's hands? Why could he not understand? Was it necessary to endure this questioning endlessly!

"I shot him. I shot him, I tell you! He's lying out in the garden. I had a revolver and I killed him."

The doctor, he suddenly realized, had not spoken for some time. It was too dark to see clearly the expression upon his face. The nurse, he thought, stirred uneasily in the back of the car.

The physician said suddenly: "That's incredible. I can't believe it."

La Place said: "He was an Indian with a deer."

He thought he saw the doctor glance quickly back over his shoulder toward the nurse as if to say: "Do you hear?"

La Place went quickly on: "He wouldn't leave. The deer's throat had been cut——"

The doctor suddenly interrupted him: "Watch the road, man! There's your turn."

With a wrench he got the car back on the road. They were, in fact, at the turn. The road led around the shoulder of the hill, following the line of the river. How deeply the surface had been scarred by the storm. Had the trees withstood the wind? He had not thought of that before. He had planted seven maples in the year that he had brought Margaret to Rivervale. They had been planted at the corners of the house. Had the storm destroyed them? He had not thought to look for them as he had come down the drive.

In the hollow where the road ran down to the bridge lay a lake of mist. As the car plunged into it, there came the first sound of the river to his ears. The bridge rolled like a beaten drum as the wheels of the car came upon it. There lay Rivervale, his home. There was the Fouracre house and the long ridge of the hill beyond it. He was returning to his own land. For the time being he was sentient only to this.

The sweep of the drive was like a bow, partially obscured by the mist. Into it he put the car. For an instant the headlights swept into the graden, showing with fleeting emphasis the break in the mulberry-bushes beside the wall. Through that gap the Indian had plunged. Might he not see again the brown moth of his hand upon stone? "The Indian is dead. You'll not see him again." He answered defiantly: "So be it. I'll answer for what I have done." There ensued a period in which he seemed blind, his eyes obscured by the dark winds which blew from the hill.

He was aware that the doctor was speaking to him, perceived that he had stopped the car at the rear door of the house. Before it stood Cissie, wringing her bony hands in the excitement and fear that possessed her. "Hurry," she cried. "Oh, hurry." And in the same breath she added to La Place: "A man was shot in our garden. They came to see you about it." She turned toward the stairs.

Said the doctor: "Ask Millbury to come up as soon as he arrives. Wait down-stairs. I don't know whether your wife will want to see you or not—Mrs. Smith——"

La Place called after them: "I want to see Cassie. Ask her to come down." He went through the hall and entered the library. For a moment he thought: "I should have a drink. I need a stimulant badly." The trouble required to get it seemed excessive. He selected a chair and sank into it. His fatigue was so extreme that he could scarcely hold his back against the curve of the wood. His

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The Evolutionist and Death

BY VERNON KELLOGG
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What has evolution to say to the eternal riddle What comes after death? Doctor Kellogg raps spiritism but suggests certain possibilities of life after death, apologizing as he does so to his more conservative scientific brothers for daring to speculate.

EVOLUTION is change. The evolutionist studies change. Whether he be special student of physics or chemistry or geology, or student of biology, the phenomena he studies are all witnesses to the unceasing change that goes on in cosmos, earth and life. The everlasting hills do not endure; erosion by air and ice and water continually changes their contour. The continents lift and subside; they shift restlessly on their beds; their crusts crack and readjust themselves along the fault lines, as the earthquakes attest. The oceans ceaselessly struggle against their restricting land boundaries. Even the ultimate materials of which earth and suns and planets are made constantly change their physical structure and, as constantly, their chemical constitution. The very elements are forever transmuting themselves. And energy, as well as matter—if there be a difference—is ever shifting from one form to another. Nothing is static in the inorganic world. Nothing has fixed form or character. But there is always the persistence of something; there is continuity of both energy and matter.

No less, and much more, obvious to the lay observer is the constant change in living things, the constant change in all life-stuff. Change is the basic, ever-visible phenomenon in all the world of life. There has been constant change in the kinds of living things ever since life came to be on earth; the paleontologist records it in his tables of the succeeding life epochs; the biologist pictures it in his evolutionary ladder that reveals the ascent from lowest to highest rung, the ascent from Moneron to Man.

And there is change in every living unit throughout all of its existence. From fertilized egg-cell through embryogeny and adolescence to reproductive maturity, senescence, and that last familiar change which we call death, there is nothing else in biology so obvious or so important to keep in mind as the fact that the living unit is a point of ceaseless change. It is a continuous unit, but a continuously changing one.

The evolutionist thinks he understands something of all this change in living things. He has described much of its course, both in the whole world of life and in the single units of life. He has traced the history of major life groups and of species, both present and past, and he sees not too dimly the path which has led from formless protoplasmic jelly to man. Also he knows, with some fulness, the successive steps in that swifter career from single human egg-cell to single full-fledged human individual. He finds each of these courses, phyletic and ontogenetic, as he calls

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them, to be a course of successive changes, but a course of persistent continuity. The amœba is the first faint shadow of coming mankind; after it and, one may say, from it rises the long ascending series to humanness. The fertilized egg-cell is the individual man in his first stage; the many-celled embryo in its mother's womb is the same man in later stage; the baby and youth are still later stages; the mature individual is the last stage that we know. All these stages are steps upward; steps toward greater fulness, greater possibilities, a greater goal.

And then for the highly integrated individual comes death, which is disintegration. Does death end the series? Is it the last change and is it an exception to all the other changes, all of them leading to higher stages? Is it just a rude stopping of the individual's developmental path, a disastrous ending of the unfolding ontogenetic series? No wonder that we constantly ask ourselves what are the real character and significance of this curious phenomenon, called death, which so insistently thrusts itself on our attention and which seems so like a repudiation and betrayal of us by Mother Nature.

We know only too well that it is a very radical change, a change that has all the seeming of the complete destruction of everything that has been so carefully built up in the individual. It is not, of course, chemical, or elemental, destruction. It is radical and swift chemical and physical change. What was a human body becomes as far from that as we can well imagine. It is certainly the destruction of humanness—as far as we know humanness. We are so sure of this that many of us willingly have this dead human body burned to a handful of ashes to avoid that more unclean kind of destruction which we know is its otherwise certain fate.

But there is so much in humanness that we don't know. We know the complex human body capable of complex functions, but most of us believe that there is more to humanness than a mere aggregation of matter endowed with peculiar functions and special capacities for transmuting various forms of energy into other forms. But what this more in humanness is we don't know. And it is this more which means most to us. So we forever ask what it is. We ask the preacher, the philosopher, the biologist, the evolutionist. And in our own admitted ignorance we await in painful suspense the words of these men who should know more than we do. We think at least they ought to. Else, why call them preachers, teachers, biologists, evolutionists? They assume, or accept, these titles, and these titles indicate their devotion to special studies of humanness, and, hence, presumably, their possession of some special knowledge about human life and fate.

Well, I am neither philosopher nor preacher, but I am a student of biology and evolution, and hence may venture to assume the position of revelator of what biology and evolution have to offer in the way of scientific knowledge, or of confession of lack of knowledge, about death. It is, let me say at once, mostly a confession of ignorance.

The biologist—and that is to say the evolutionist, for all biologists, except perhaps one out of a thousand, are evolutionists—describes death in a simple and matter-of-fact way. That is, he does if he belongs to that large safe-and-sane group which we may call descriptive biologists to whom indulgence in speculation is anathema. Such a biologist notes the cessation, in the body before

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him, of the various vital activities, as breathing, the circulation of the blood, movement, digestion, secretion, excretion, and the like. And he notes the radical changes in physical and chemical make-up that set in. This is death, he says. And here he stops.

But if he belongs to that lesser group of those whom we may call philosophical biologists, he adds something to his account of death. He may express the question in his mind as to whether human death is the end or whether there is immortality. And he may ruminate this question for some time and then perhaps discuss it at some length. He will probably not go to the Bible to find evidences for immortality to offset the obvious apparent evidences against post-mortem existence which he finds in the dead body before him, because he does not accept the Bible as a text-book of science, but he may try to find among his observations, as a student of plants, animals, and man, some biological evidence for immortality.

First of all he may recall the interesting phenomena which have led to the coining of the phrase "the immortality of the Infusoria." Among the simplest one-celled animals the individual, after certain growth and development—and this may last but a few hours or days—does not die, but divides by simple fission into two similar daughter individuals, each of which repeats the behavior of the parent. And this process of reproduction, growth, and development goes on for generation after generation. Under experimental conditions, providing a favorable environment for the life of these simple animals, the number of these generations seems to have no limit. Here, then, there is no natural death, and barring accident, which may cause death by violence, no corpse. These simplest little creatures may be said, then, to be "immortal."

But this phenomenon of bodily persistence does not occur among the many-celled animals, to the group of which man, with his billions of body-cells, differentiated and specialized and organized into specific tissues and organs, belongs. At death all these organs, tissues, and cells are destroyed as such. They are disintegrated, changed, reduced to dissociated chemical elements. But there is an interesting exception to this disastrous fate. Let me briefly describe it.

The course of development from single fertilized egg-cell to mature many-celled individual begins by the division of the egg-cell into two—just as the one-celled animal divides; only in the case of the egg-cell division the two daughter-cells remain attached. The next step is that each of these daughter-cells divides. Next, each of these four cells divides, all the cells remaining together. Then the eight cells divide; and so it goes on for a long series of divisions with, however, a differentiation or specialization of the many resultant cells beginning to reveal itself early in the life of the embryo—for that is what these many cells compose. This differentiation, or change in character, of the cells results in the production of muscle-cells, nerve-cells, blood-cells, bone-cells, gland-cells, skin-cells, and so on.

But not all these embryonic cells become thus differentiated. A few are set off to remain for some time—several years in the case of the human embryo—in generalized condition, and it is from these generalized cells that later (time of sexual maturity) the special reproductive, or germ, cells are to derive. And while all the other cells of the body, the so-called somatic cells, are

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doomed to suffer the fate of death and disintegration, these germ-cells, with opportunity, are to meet and fuse with germ-cells produced by another individual, and thus form the fertilized egg-cells, from each of which a whole new body shall be produced.

Thus, like the single cells which compose the body of the one-celled animals, the single germ-cells of the many-celled animal bodies persist, at least the ones that go to form the fertilized egg-cells persist, and may be said to be immortal. They do not die. These few among the billions of cells of the human body go on living despite the death that comes to all the other body-cells. This may be called the immortality of the germ-plasm.

But this will seem to most of us a rather sophisticated use of the term immortality. We are not single-celled animals, and what happens to them does not happen to us. Nor when we speak of immortality are we thinking about the sweep of successive generations connected by their germ-plasms. We are thinking about our individual selves.

None of us holds to the belief that our unchanged bodies are immortal. But some of us, the spiritists, believe in an individual immortality in a form still recognizable not only as human but as like our before-death selves. And these ethereal post-mortem replicas of us are believed to retain a knowledge of our experiences before death, to know each other in the spirit world, and even to be able to cross the Styx back again, as it were, and mingle, after dark especially, with our loved ones still in the earthy mould. By the aid of an intermediary, usually paid a trifling sum for this precious mediation, we chat with our still clay-bound relatives and friends; mostly, to be sure, about trivial things, but sometimes about more important things, even things that are yet to happen.

Now, not many scientific men are included among the spiritists, but some are, even a few of deservedly great reputation for their scientific work. I may especially mention Sir Oliver Lodge, most conspicuous of all in this small group, whose name is constantly on the tongues of the polemic spiritists. He is a dual personality. In his physical laboratory he is as rigorous as can be in protecting his experiments from vitiation by any carelessness; all the conditions of exactitude are fulfilled; every variable is taken into account. But in the darkened room of the spiritist séance he tosses all this scientific rigor aside. He hears the rattling tambourines, sees the hazy faces, and interprets the hazier oral or written messages with a faith that passes understanding. Any medium can fool him. And if some one else exposes his medium as a faker, he simply turns to the next, not yet exposed. It is amazing—and pathetic.

No, it is not to spiritism in the more familiar understanding we have of it that we are to look for something that the evolutionist can conceive of as being a possible solution of the riddle What comes after death? Nor has the evolutionist any direct evidence such as the spiritists claim to have that he can offer the layman to assure him that death is not the end-all of humanness. But he may perhaps, if he be a boldly speculative evolutionist, venture to try to put into words some of his speculation—and at the same time apologize to his less visionary scientific colleagues for doing it. The apology is that he does it on his own responsibility. He does not for a moment presume to formulate a collective speculation of evolutionists generally.

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As a basis for this speculation the evolutionist has, I have already said, no direct evidence. He has only circumstantial evidence and that of a kind which derives most of its strength, if it has any, from the certainty which we have, that as yet we are only on the threshold of scientific knowledge regarding the character and capacities of matter and energy. The revolution of our understanding of physics and chemistry, effected in the last quarter-century or less, shows how little we knew before, and indicates how much and how significant is that we have yet to know. By way of corollary it shows, too, how little we know of what life is at bottom, and suggests that there may be possibility of acquiring a wholly new conception of its fundamental reality. It is in the light of this suggestive revelation of ignorance that one may venture to offer an evolutionary speculation about the significance of that phenomenon in every individual's personal development which we call death.

To lay a basis for this speculation we must put ourselves again in the state of wonder in which we were when we first learned that a single microscopic cell could become by a course of development, comprising many only slightly understood changes, a full-grown man, amazingly complex in structure and function and endowed with all the wonderful physical capacity, mentality, and soul that characterize the human creature. What scientist or what other man seeing this single organless minute speck of protoplasm for the first time, and knowing nothing of its possibilities, would have ventured to hazard any such wild speculation as to that outcome of it which is really the proved fact? No wonder that the early naturalists on learning this outcome imagined that they saw through their first unperfected microscopes an actual human miniature, a homunculus, in the egg-cell, needing but to grow or expand to become the full-sized and full-fledged man individual. That was a natural, if naïve, explanation of the wonderful happening.

We must look again, too, on the derivation of the many-hued butterfly, flashing in easy flight from flower to flower, from the wormlike crawling caterpillar that is its earlier stage, with the wonder we have lost from knowing this transformation too familiarly. From a disintegration of the tissues and organs of the caterpillar, which is almost as radical as death, there blossoms forth the glorious-winged creature with organs new and different, with body of different fashion and life of different manner. But all this we now accept as matter of course, so well we know it. The birth of the common house-fly in its fly stage from the lowly estate of its maggot stage is even a more radical rebirth. But this, too, is no longer a source of wonder; we are too familiar with it.

Yet these profound changes in the individual development, once looked upon as utter mystery, and now known to be but normal incidents in the life history of the "insects of complete metamorphosis," as the entomologist calls them, suggest the possibility of discovering other profoundly radical changes in the life history of other creatures, indeed of human beings. Death may possibly be not only that normal incident in human life which we recognize it to be, but it may be simply one, the last one we now know, of a series of profound evolutionary changes in an organism which has a continuing career of which we know now only the earlier stages; that is, the stages of con-

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ception, embryology, adolescence, senescence, and death. Death may not be the end, but simply another change in human life, greater and more radical, but perhaps no less possible, than the change from single egg-cell to myriad-celled and utterly different body. It may be a definite and inevitable evolutionary change, the results of which go beyond our present range of visibility and understanding. We do not understand how an egg-cell can become a man with all his endowments of body and soul. The biologist does not explain this change; he merely describes it. Nor do we now understand any more of the results of that change we call death than those phenomena of the cessation of familiar bodily activities and disintegration of body substance which are so obvious and so radical that they make many of us believe death to be the end of human individuality. But we do not understand why death comes, nor what is its full significance. We merely describe what we see of it.

In any discussion of death with its mystery, we ought to have constantly in mind the limitations of our special senses, even as strongly reinforced as they now are by instruments of great delicacy and precision. We must keep in mind the ignorance I have previously referred to regarding the fundamental character of matter and energy. If we try to sum up our present understanding of the ultimate make-up of the universe by declaring that all is but electricity in motion, as a great physicist has declared, we have not done much more than to affirm our profound ignorance of the ultimate facts of existence. We keep on discovering new forms of energy. The "cosmic rays" which Millikan is studying so intensively show us that interplanetary space is not the void we have for so long tried to conceive of its being. Atoms are out there, breaking down and releasing tremendous forces which come to us as a radiant energy that penetrates six feet of lead. What mighty phenomena we have still to become acquainted with! What secrets of the cosmos are still to be revealed to us!

The stored-up reserves of energy in various forms of inorganic matter are only beginning to be realized by us. What reserves are there in organic matter? What possibilities of transformations are there in living bodies? In what new mould may life be cast when that moment of change in the human body comes which we call the moment of death? These are questions now unanswerable, but some time we may have the answers. It is a bold man who would venture now to guess them. It is a reckless man who would declare, with the dogmatism which is no less characteristic of some scientific men than of some theologians, that death ends humanness, unless by humanness we mean only that special form of it with which we are now familiar. The human body and spirit as we now recognize them may constitute but a stage in the full flowering of humanness. Death may be but the change from one condition of humanness to another. The evolutionist is familiar with change, with profound and radical change. It is this change that is evolution. He is usually able to see the before-change condition and the after-change condition. But in the case of that change we call human death he can see only the before-change condition. What the after-change condition is he knows but in part. And that part unknown to him may be the part that means everything to him.

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Two Stories

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

Morley Callaghan is a young Canadian who by these two stories is introduced to the magazine public. His strength, individuality, and versatility will, we believe, place him in the front rank of the younger writers. It will be remembered that on the other occasion when we presented two stories in the same number the writer was Ernest Hemingway. Mr. Callaghan has contributed to the little magazines, but he has never before appeared in a periodical of general circulation.

A Regret for Youth

THE first time Mrs. Jerry Austin's husband went away she cried a good deal and wrote a long letter home, but in two months' time he came back, they had a big dinner, and agreed never to quarrel again, and he promised not to feel restless any more. The second time he left her she didn't even bother looking for a job. She told the landlady, Mrs. Oddy, that Mr. Austin had gone travelling and was doing well. Mrs. Oddy, who had red hair, a tooth accent, and a loud voice, said that whenever Mr. Oddy did any travelling, she liked to keep him company; but, after all, it was none of her business.

Mrs. Austin had paid a month's rent in advance, so she was friendly with Mrs. Oddy, who occasionally invited her to go motoring. Mr. and Mrs. Oddy sat in the front seat, and Mrs. Austin sat in the back seat. She liked watching the hair-line clipped high on the back of Mr. Oddy's thick neck and the bone protruding at the base of Mrs. Oddy's neck. Mr. Oddy was in the Civil Service—a good job—but his wife got twice as much money from her three rooming-houses. Mr. Oddy always drove the car as fast as possible along the smooth Lakeshore Drive, and Mrs. Oddy made a long conversation over her shoulder about a trip to Europe she had planned for next year.

In the long summer evenings Mrs. Austin was sometimes lonesome. She sat on the front step till dusk talking to Mrs. Oddy, then she went up-stairs to her kitchen, to sit down at the window and look out through the leaves on the tree across the street to the well-kept school-ground, the shadowed building, and the few stars coming out over the roof of the school. Four fellows standing underneath a lamp-post at the corner were trying to make a harmony with their voices, but only one fellow had a good voice; the others were timid. She listened eagerly, leaning out the window, hoping they would follow through with the next piece instead of laughing out loud in the middle of it. She heard a loud laugh, the fellows moved farther down the street singing softly, lazily; and, disappointed, she pulled down the blind and turned on the light.

She heard the Oddys talking downstairs, Mrs. Oddy's voice loud and sharp because her husband was a little deaf. She talked to everybody as though they were a little deaf—that was mainly the

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trouble with Mrs. Oddy. Mrs. Austin got out her ironing-board, adjusting the electric plug in the wall. She patted the board two or three times, hesitating indifferently, till she decided she didn't feel like ironing at the moment, so she went into her bedroom and looked at herself in the big mirror hanging on the wall—a large, expensive mirror her mother had given her. Mrs. Austin patted her hair—the knot at the back of the neck and the wave at the side. She had fine, fair hair. Her nose wasn't a good nose and she was too plump for her height. She was only thirty but looked at least five years older and wore a strong corset. Her legs were short and plump but shaped nicely at the ankles. She wanted to get thin but couldn't diet for more than five days at a time. The small scales she had once bought to measure calories were being used as an ornament on the mantel.

She combed her hair carelessly, staring idly in the mirror, not concentrating on the image but simply passing time, pleasant thoughts in her head. In the next room she heard a noise and knew the young man, Mr. Jarvis, would be going out soon. She hoped he would speak to her as he passed the open door and maybe ask her to go for a walk. Before Jerry went away she had thought of Mr. Jarvis only occasionally, after a quarrel usually, and had been unhappy when she found herself thinking too often of him. Now that Jerry had left her, she enjoyed having long imaginary conversations with the young man and was glad her ankles were slender, and she wore the heavy corset all day to give a youthful appearance. She was at least eight years older than he, and really didn't know him very well, but liked his small hands and his slim body, and was sure he had a good education and would probably wear spats in the winter. Once she had given him a cup of tea, and another time had made his bed. She liked making his bed. Vaguely she thought of Jerry, missing him merely because she was used to him. A picture of him walking in the door didn't excite her at all.

She knotted her hair again and returned to the ironing-board. Mr. Jarvis, going along the hall, passed the open door and called: "How's the little lady to-night?"

"Fine and dandy," she said.

He passed quickly and she caught only a glimpse of him, but his shoes were shiny and his suit well pressed. She thought of going down-stairs and suggesting to Mrs. Oddy that they ask the young man to go motoring with them some night, but realized that Mr. Oddy, who didn't like Jarvis, would say something unpleasant. Oddy had often said the young fellow was too deep for him, and he wouldn't be surprised to hear anything about him.

At the end of the month Mrs. Austin had a hard time paying the rent. The landlady suggested Jerry was indeed a peculiar travelling man, and the suggestion irritated Mrs. Austin, so she took twenty-one dollars out of the bank, and for three dollars sold a small bookcase to a second-hand dealer who called at the house once a week for rags, bones, and bottles. At four o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Oddy, not quite so friendly now, came up-stairs to examine critically Mrs. Austin's furniture. She offered to buy the mirror because it was an awkward size and not much use to anybody. Mrs. Austin said her husband might object. Mrs. Oddy eagerly disagreed, for she had been waiting a long time to talk plainly about Mr. Austin. She talked rapidly, waving her arms

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jerkily, till Mrs. Austin said: "For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Oddy, you'll have a hemorrhage if you don't watch out."

But afterward she cried, eager to leave the city and go home, but was ashamed to tell the folks Jerry had left her again; besides, it wasn't unlikely Jerry would be back soon. Stretched out on the bed, she dabbed her nose with a handkerchief, and was glad she had at least been dignified with Mrs. Oddy, practically insisting the woman mind her own business. She got up and looked out the window at the clean streets in the sunlight. She decided to go out for a walk; many people passing on the street would be company for her.

She took off her house-dress, and before putting on her blue serge suit with the coat that was a little tight she stood in front of the mirror, patting her sides and hips critically, dissatisfied with her stays, that were losing firmness. She needed another corset, she thought. Since she was going down-town, she would get one. She had only a few dollars in the bank and little food in the house, but would be very unhappy unless she had a good strong corset. She nodded vigorously at her image in the mirror, many angry words that she might have used to Mrs. Oddy coming into her head.

It was a hot day; there was bright sunlight, and men were carrying their coats. She walked all the way down-town. In one of the department stores she bought a corset and arranged to have it sent up C. O. D. It took a long time to get the corset, and it was five o'clock before she started to walk home. At her own corner she saw Mr. Jarvis getting off the car. He raised his hat, slowing down so they could walk home together. She talked eagerly about Mrs. Oddy and about being a little lonesome. He sympathized with her, saying that such a charming little lady should never be lonesome. He had many splendid words he could use carelessly. Nearly all the words pleased her and made her feel happy. He was carrying a yellow slicker—though it didn't look like rain—carrying it neatly hooked under his arm close to his hip. She liked his clean fedora, at a jaunty angle on his head, and was sorry his mouth turned down a little at the corners.

Opposite the Women's Christian Temperance Union they turned the corner. Some boys were playing catch on the road, and over in the school-yard girls were playing indoor baseball.

"I don't think I'll go right up," she said. "I think I'll sit on the steps awhile and watch the kids play indoor."

"Want some company?" He grinned at her.

"Oh, I nearly always like company."

They sat on the stone alongside the steps. Mr. Jarvis went on talking, enjoying his own jokes and Mrs. Austin's laughter. For a while she tried watching the girls playing indoor, her eyes following white and red blouses and light and dark skirts on the green grass across the road, and she listened to high-pitched shouting; but, losing interest in the game, she wondered how she could keep him talking.

She saw Mr. Oddy turn the corner, a paper under his arm. He came along the street—a big man. He turned up the walk. He nodded curtly and went in the house.

"That guy's an egg," Mr. Jarvis said.

"A what?"

"An egg, boiled a little too long. See what I mean?"

"I don't like him much myself."

Mr. Jarvis, getting up, held open the door, and followed her up-stairs, where

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he smiled good-naturedly and said good evening. Three minutes later she heard him going down-stairs again.

She took off her hat and coat and smiled at herself in the mirror. She fingered her hair. For the first time in months she looked closely at her hair and was glad it was so nice. Unfortunately she had had on her hat when she met Mr. Jarvis, but she smiled and knew she wouldn't feel lonesome for some time. She moved around the room, glancing occasionally in the looking-glass to catch glimpses of herself moving, pretending she was not alone. She ate some supper and found herself comparing Mr. Jarvis with Jerry. She didn't think of Jerry as her husband, simply a man she had known a long time before he had gone away.

Three days after the walk along the street with Mr. Jarvis she wrote home to tell her mother Jerry had gone away again. Her mother said, in a long letter, that Jerry was a good-for-nothing who would never amount to a hill of beans in this world, and enclosed was the railroad fare home, if she wanted to come. There was some gossip in the letter about people she had known—two or three girls she had known at school had got married and had babies. Thinking of these girls with their babies made her feel bad, and she was sorry it was all in the letter, and rather than go home and meet these people she would try and get a job in one of the department stores. She put the money for the railroad fare in the bank.

She went down-town next day, but it was hard to get a job because of summer holidays and slack time in all the big stores. In the evening she took stock of her furniture, wondering what she could sell to the second-hand dealer, and finally selected two chairs. She put the chairs in a corner, and standing a few feet away, her hands on her hips, made up her mind to pay rent by the week from now on. Mrs. Oddy rapped on the door, and merely wanted to know how Mrs. Austin was getting on with the rent money.

"At the end of the month I'll start paying by the week," Mrs. Austin said.

"Oh, that's up to you, of course."

"Yes, it's up to me."

"Are you sure you can get it? Of course it's none of my business."

"Oh, I'll get it, all right."

Mrs. Oddy looked around the room and saw the chairs in the corner. Not sure of herself, she said: "Maybe you'll need to be selling something soon."

"Just a thing or two. I don't know what's the matter with Jerry; he should be back any day now." She knew she didn't want Jerry to come back.

"Well, if you're selling stuff, I'll always take that mirror for a fair price."

"Oh, no, thanks."

"It's not such a bad looking-glass; how much do you want for it?"

"I really wouldn't sell it."

"No?"

"Really, no."

Mrs. Oddy, sucking her lips, said mildly: "You're becoming a laughing-stock, Mrs. Austin. The girls across the hall say you're a bit coocoo—you and the mirror, I mean."

"Well, I certainly like the nerve of those hussies."

"Oh, I don't know, they say you're looking for a husband in the mirror. Clever, eh?"

"Very, very clever."

"I thought so myself."

The girls across the hall had peeked and seen her combing her hair a few times, Mrs. Oddy explained. And the hard time she had hooking her stays

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amused the two girls across the hall. Mrs. Austin, listening politely, became indignant. Mrs. Austin had intended to speak fiercely, but simply said: "The mirror is company for me, in a way."

Mrs. Oddy laughed good-humoredly, as if the whole matter had become a fine joke. "We do have some queer people around here—quaint, I mean. You and the uppish Mr. Jarvis. We'll find out a thing or two about him yet, and out he'll go."

Mr. Jarvis had been two days late paying his room rent, she explained. Mrs. Austin knew that the landlady would not go near the young man's room to clean it or make the bed till she felt he had fully realized the extent of her displeasure.

"What's the matter with him?" she asked.

"Ask me now. There's something fishy."

"How do you mean, Mrs. Oddy?"

"For one thing, where does he work?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"Nor no one else. He doesn't work, that's the point, and he's so superior."

"I don't think so."

"And so much above any one else around here. A mighty suspicious character, I tell you."

"That's silly, Mrs. Oddy, very silly."

Mrs. Oddy went out. When the door was closed Mrs. Austin started to laugh at her—a suspicious woman, a ridiculous woman with a long tongue and a loud voice—but thinking suddenly of the girls across the hall, she felt unhappy. Two waitresses from The Golden Rod found her so amusing; commonplace girls, with two old country lovers who always called at the same time—big men with huge hands, who took off their coats as soon as they got in the house and sat around in their vests. She had never seen Mr. Jarvis without his coat on. Then she thought Mr. Jarvis would go away, and there were many things she wanted to say to him. There would be no time to talk to him. She encouraged herself to think he was anxious to have a conversation with her. Before going to bed that evening she combed her hair, smiling at herself in the mirror, wondering if she would be able to find the right words to interest him so she could tell him how much she liked him and would be happy if she could please him. For the first time she looked carefully at the mirror, the handsome oak frame, the wide bevel. She laughed out loud thinking of Mrs. Oddy and the girls across the hall.

A week later Mrs. Oddy told her that Mr. Jarvis was again late with his rent, and that they had come to a definite conclusion about him, and Mr. Oddy was going to give him so many hours to get out. Mr. Oddy had two minds to go over to a police station and see if the young man had a record.

Mrs. Austin waited for Mr. Jarvis to come home at five-thirty that evening. She imagined herself talking to him till she had convinced him she really loved him, and they would be happy together in another city after she divorced Jerry. She was excited, feeling timidly that there was an understanding between them so she could talk freely.

He came up-stairs at about half past five. Mrs. Austin, sitting in the rocking-chair, heard Mrs. Oddy follow him up-stairs; then Mr. Oddy called from down-stairs and came up slowly.

Mrs. Austin opened her door. Mrs. Oddy was saying: "My husband has something to say to you, young man."

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"That's unusual," Mr. Jarvis said.

"I've got nothing much to say," Mr. Oddy said. "You'd better clear out, that's all; this ain't a charity circus."

"No."

"No. You heard me."

"All right, any old time, and would you mind telling me what's eating you?"

"You got two hours to get out," Oddy said. "I know all about you—I had you looked up."

"You're a stupid man, Mr. Oddy."

"Don't worry about that," Oddy said.

"You're a great ox, Mr. Oddy."

Mrs. Austin, stepping out in the hall, looked coldly at Mrs. Oddy and put her hands on her hips.

"You just can't help being ridiculous, Mrs. Oddy," she said.

"Well, I like your nerve, Mrs. Austin," the landlady said.

Mr. Jarvis was surprised. He opened his mouth, and closed it abruptly. Mrs. Oddy talked rapidly, her voice getting louder. "An abandoned woman like you," she said. "We've too many people like you and this fresh Aleck around here. The house'll get a bad name." She slapped the palms of her hands together, grinning maliciously when Mrs. Austin said she would certainly leave the house next day.

Alone in her room, Mrs. Austin sat down to write home—a poor letter, with many blots, because she was excited and felt she wouldn't really go home at all. She lay awake in bed wondering if she would be able to talk to Mr. Jarvis before he went away.

At noontime next day he rapped at her door. He smiled and said he heard her say she was going home this afternoon and he would like to escort her to the station. He was polite and good-humored. The train didn't go till four, she said. He offered to come at three. When he had gone, she hurriedly looked at herself in the mirror, but felt self-conscious.

She phoned an express company and arranged to have her furniture shipped home. She worked hard for an hour packing and cleaning. She dressed slowly and carefully, as if it were absolutely necessary that she present a youthful appearance. She took many deep breaths, puffing and tiring herself while she tried to hook her corset. She put on the blue serge suit and wore a small green felt hat fitting her head snugly.

At three o'clock he called. She smiled prettily while she dabbed some powder on her nose, and she hurried around the room, fussing, and getting herself excited. He said not to hurry, they had lots of time to walk to the station. They walked along the street, talking agreeably, a stout little woman with a green felt hat and a short blue coat a little tight around the waist, trying not to feel much older than the neatly dressed fellow. She let herself think they were actually going away together. She didn't think he would actually get on the train, but it seemed as if he ought to. They talked about the Oddys. He said he would have a new job next week. When she could see the clock on the station-tower she was uneasy because she couldn't bring the conversation to a point where she could explain her feeling for him.

"I'm glad I met you at the Oddys', anyway," she said.

"Well, it was a relief to meet you," he said sincerely. He added that very few women knew how to mind their own business.

In the station she bought her ticket

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fumbling in her purse for coins. She felt that something was slipping away from her. "He ought to speak to me," she said to herself fiercely, then felt foolish for thinking it.

"It's funny the Oddys had something against both of us," she said, having them become one in opposition to the Oddys. He laughed boyishly and helped her on the train.

"What did they have against you?" he said.

"They thought I was seeing things in a looking-glass. How about you?"

"I was holding something back; something up my sleeve, I guess."

"Funny the way they linked us up together," she said shyly.

"Yeah."

"Don't you think it was funny?"

"Yeah, you bet; the old dame was seeing things, not you."

She stood on the last step, looking down at him and smiling awkwardly. She got confused when the train moved. "You're a good sport," he said. "I got an aunt just like you."

He waved cheerfully. "Good luck, Mrs. Austin."

"Good luck," she repeated vaguely.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

A Predicament

Father Francis, the youngest priest at the cathedral, was hearing confessions on a Saturday afternoon. He stepped out of the confessional to stretch his legs a moment and walked up the left aisle toward the flickering red light of the Precious Blood, mystical in the twilight of the cathedral. Father Francis walked back to the confessional, because too many women were waiting on the penitent bench. There were not so many men.

Sitting again in the confessional, he said a short prayer to the Virgin Mary to get in the mood for hearing confessions. He wiped his lips with his handkerchief, cleared his throat, and pushed back the panel, inclining his ear to hear a woman's confession. The panel slid back with a sharp grating noise. Father Francis whispered his ritual prayer and made the sign of the cross. The woman hadn't been to confession for three months and had missed mass twice for no good reason. He questioned her determinedly, indignant with this woman who had missed mass twice for no good reason. In a steady whisper he told her the story of an old woman who had crawled on the ice to get to mass. The woman hesitated, then told about missing her morning prayers. . . . "Yes, my child; yes, my child. . . ." "And about certain thoughts . . ." "Now, about these thoughts; let's look at it in this way. . . ." He gave the woman absolution and told her to say the beads once for her penance.

Closing the panel on the women's side, he sat quietly for a moment in the darkness of the confessional. He was a young priest, very interested in confessions.

Father Francis turned to the other side of the confessional, pushing back the panel to hear some man's confession. Resting his chin on his hand after making the sign of the cross, he did not bother trying to discern the outline of the head and shoulders of the man kneeling in the corner.

The man said in a husky voice: "I

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wanna get off at the corner of King and Yonge Street."

Father Francis sat up straight, peering through the wire work. The man's head was moving. He could see his nose and his eyes. His heart began to beat unevenly. He sat back quietly.

"Cancha hear me, wasamatter, I wanna get off at King and Yonge," the man said insistently, pushing his nose through the wire work.

On the man's breath there was a strong smell of whiskey. Father Francis nervously slid the panel back into position. As the panel slid into place he knew it sounded like the closing of swing-doors on a street-car. There he was hearing confessions, and a drunken man on the other side of the panel thought him a conductor on a street-car. He would go into the vestry and tell Father Marlow.

Father Francis stepped out of the confessional to look around the cathedral. Men and women in the pews and on the penitents' benches wondered why he had come out of the confessional twice in the last few minutes when so many were waiting. Father Francis wasn't feeling well, that was the trouble. Walking up the aisle, he rubbed his smooth cheek with his hand, thinking hard. If he had the man thrown out he might be a tough customer and there would be a disturbance. There would be a disturbance in the cathedral. Such a disturbance would be sure to get in the paper. Everything got in the papers. There was no use telling it to anybody. Walking erectly he went back to the confessional. Father Francis was sweating.

Rubbing his shoulder-blades uneasily against the back of the confessional, he decided to hear a woman's confession. It was evading the issue—it was a compromise, but it didn't matter; he was going to hear a woman's confession first.

The woman, encouraged by many questions from Father Francis, made an extraordinarily good confession, though sometimes he did not seem to be listening very attentively. He thought he could hear the man moving. The man was drunk — drunkenness, the overindulgence of an appetite, the drunken state. Scholastic psychology. Cardinal Mercier's book on psychology had got him through the exam at the seminary.

"When you feel you're going to tell a lie, say a short prayer to Mary the mother of God," he said to the woman.

"Yes, father."

"Some lies are more serious than others."

"Yes, father."

"But they are lies just the same."

"I tell mostly white lies," she said.

"They are lies, lies, lies, just the same. They may not endanger your soul, but they lead to something worse. Do you see?"

"Yes, father."

"Will you promise to say a little prayer every time?"

Father Francis could not concentrate on what the woman was saying. But he wanted her to stay there for a long time. She was company. He would try and concentrate on her. He could not forget the drunken man for more than a few moments.

The woman finished her confession. Father Francis, breathing heavily, gave her absolution. Slowly he pushed back the panel—a street-car, a conductor swinging back the doors on a street-car. He turned deliberately to the other side of the confessional, but hesitated, eager to turn and hear another woman.

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It was no use—it couldn't go on in that way. Closing his eyes he said three "Our Fathers" and three "Hail, Marys," and felt much better. He was calm and the man might have gone.

He tried to push back the panel so it would not make much noise, but, moving slowly, it grated loudly. He could see the man's head bobbing up, watching the panel sliding back.

"Yes, my son," Father Francis said deliberately.

"I got to get off at King and Yonge," the man said stubbornly.

"You better go, you've got no business here."

"Say, there, did you hear me say King and Yonge?"

The man was getting ugly. The whiskey smelt bad in the confessional. Father Francis drew back quickly and half closed the panel. That same grating noise. It put an idea into his head. He said impatiently: "Step lively there; this is King and Yonge. Do you want to go past your stop?"

"All right, brother," the man said slowly, getting up clumsily.

"Move along now," Father Francis said authoritatively.

"I'm movin'; don't get so huffy," the man said, swinging aside the curtains of the confessional, stepping out to the aisle.

Father Francis leaned back in the confessional and nervously gripped the leather seat. He began to feel very happy. There were no thoughts at all in his head. Suddenly he got up and stepped out to the aisle. He stood watching a man going down the aisle swaying almost imperceptibly. The men and women in the pews watched Father Francis curiously, wondering if he was really unwell because he had come out of the confessional three times in a half-hour. Again he went into the confessional.

At first Father Francis was happy hearing the confessions, but he became restive. He should have used shrewd judgment. With that drunken man he had gone too far, forgotten himself in the confessional. He had descended to artifice in the confessional to save himself from embarrassment.

At the supper-table he did not talk much to the other priests. He had a feeling he would not sleep well that night. He would lie awake trying to straighten everything out. The thing would first have to be settled in his own conscience. Then perhaps he would tell the bishop.

Young Tree

By Katherine Garrison Chapin

A young tree in autumn,
Naked in the twilight,
Reaching thin branches
To a light sky,
Is lovelier than music
Of high strings singing,
Is sharper than wind,
Or a bird's cry.

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Exploring the Solar Atmosphere

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE
Author of "The New Heavens," etc.

Scientists are bending their efforts toward discovering the relationship between solar eruptions, together with other disturbances of the sun's atmosphere and such earthly phenomena as magnetic storms, radio interference, and auroras. Doctor Hale has played an important part in developing instruments making possible continuous observation of the sun's atmosphere.

THE atmosphere of the sun, previously seen only during total eclipses, has been partly accessible to daily observation during the last sixty years. Since the discovery of Janssen and Lockyer in 1868 our means of detecting the characteristics of its various levels have steadily improved, thus gradually disclosing many remarkable phenomena, which the powerful methods of modern physics are now beginning to interpret. Recently an instrument has been developed which opens new opportunities for research, not only on the nature of these phenomena but also regarding the probable relationship between solar outbursts and such terrestrial disturbances as auroras, magnetic storms, and variations in radio transmission. Two oscillating slits, which transmit to the eye only the light of glowing hydrogen, render visible against the sun's surface the violent eruptions hitherto concealed by its overpowering glare. In order to appreciate the bearing of recent explorations of the solar atmosphere with this device, let us briefly recall some of the earlier work, beginning with the observation of two total eclipses.

TWO SOLAR ECLIPSES

On the 8th of July, 1842, a total eclipse of the sun attracted wide attention in Europe. The path of totality, where many astronomers were in waiting, extended across Italy and the south of France. On an upper floor of the University of Pavia Francis Baily, an English stock-broker distinguished as an amateur astronomer, had set up his telescope. Just as the last rays of the sun were cut off by the advancing moon he was "astounded by a tremendous burst of applause from the streets below, and at the same time was electrified at the sight of one of the most brilliant and splendid phenomena that can well be imagined. For at that instant the dark body of the moon was suddenly surrounded with a corona, or kind of bright glory similar in shape and relative magnitude to that which painters draw round the heads of saints. . . . But the most remarkable circumstance attending the phenomenon was the appearance of *three large protuberances* apparently emanating from the circumference of the moon. . . . They had the appearance of mountains of prodigious elevation; their color was red tinged with lilac or purple. . . . These three protuberances were visible even to the last moment of total obscuration . . . and when the first ray of light was admitted from the sun they vanished altogether, with the corona,

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and daylight was instantaneously restored."

These enormous red prominences, estimated by Arago to be 54,000 miles high, had been seen in other forms and positions at previous eclipses, but their serious study, begun in 1842, did not lead to definite conclusions until 1868. In August of that year, while analyzing their light with a spectroscope at a total eclipse in India, the French astronomer Janssen detected the characteristic red and blue lines of hydrogen. These were very bright, and he exclaimed that he meant to see them again without waiting for another eclipse. The following morning, in full sunlight, he succeeded, and from that time to this the most spectacular of all solar phenomena have been open to daily observation.

The principle of the method, which reveals the chromosphere and prominences, but not the larger and fainter corona, is easily understood. We fail to see the red prominences against the sky merely because the intensely bright light of the sun, when scattered in our atmosphere, makes a glare so brilliant as to hide them completely. From a point outside the earth's atmosphere the sky around the sun would appear black, and both the corona and prominences would be clearly visible. We therefore need a means of diminishing the glare of the sky without reducing their brightness.

This means is afforded by the spectroscope, which spreads out and thus weakens the white light of the sky without greatly weakening the bright lines due to the glowing hydrogen and helium in the prominences. Thus these lines become visible, projecting beyond the edge of the sun against the faint rainbow background caused by the dispersed light of the sky (Fig. 1). Unfortunately, neither this nor any other method suffices to reveal the much fainter corona, which extends far beyond the red prominences into space. To study the corona we are still compelled to wait for the infrequent and very brief opportunities afforded by total eclipses of the sun. The prominences, however, may be easily seen on any clear day.

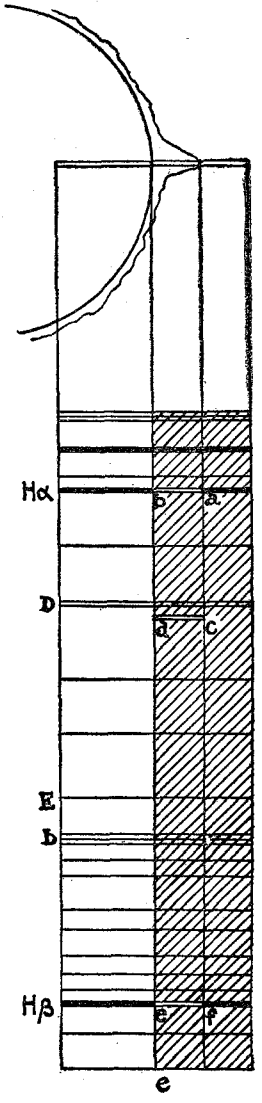

Fig. 1.

Bright lines of hydrogen and helium in the spectrum of a prominence, observed in full sunlight with radial slit.

SOLAR PROMINENCES WITHOUT AN ECLIPSE

The bright hydrogen and helium lines seen by Janssen and Lockyer were merely images of the straight narrow slit of the spectroscope, and therefore did not show the forms of the prominences. However, by setting the slit across different parts of a prominence, its approximate form could be roughly determined by noting the varying length of the bright lines. This was the method used by the early observers until Zöllner and Huggins independently thought of widening the slit sufficiently to include an entire prominence, which could then be seen

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against the fainter background of the sky spectrum. Thus, in the daily visual records made by astronomers, the wide slit of the spectroscope is made tangent to the sun's image at many points around the circumference, and the forms of the prominences, as well as the continuous sea of hydrogen (chromosphere) from which they rise, are sketched one by one into a complete cross-section of this portion of the solar atmosphere.

It is difficult to convey any conception of the brilliancy and fantastic beauty of the prominences as seen with the red hydrogen line. The greatest success has been achieved by Howard Russell Butler, of Princeton, whose admirable paintings of the corona and the prominences have been exhibited at the American Museum of Natural History in New York and the National Academy of Sciences in Washington. But as Secchi remarked many years ago in his book "Le Soleil," it is impossible to reproduce completely "the vivacity of color of these enormous masses, or to depict their rapid motions when they are shot by eruptions from the interior above the surface of the sun. The best drawings are inert and lifeless when compared with the actual phenomena. These incandescent masses are vivified by internal forces which seem to endow them with life; they glow with intense brilliancy, and their colors are so characteristic that they enable us to determine spectroscopically the chemical nature of their constituent gases."

The discovery of Lockyer and Janssen was followed by a period of great activity, in which English, French, Italian, German, and American astronomers joined in a general attack on the problems of the sun. Professor Charles A. Young, in whose memory a chair of astronomy has recently been endowed at Princeton University, was one of the most active and successful of these pioneers in solar research. First at Dartmouth and later at Princeton he was the leader of the American astronomers who entered this novel and productive field of observation. I am indebted to him for my first view of the prominences, and for much encouragement and aid during the earlier period of my solar work. In the course of this article we shall have frequent occasion to refer to the results of his extensive studies.

The chromosphere, or continuous sea of glowing gas from which the prominences rise, is five or six thousand miles in depth. The spectrum of its upper strata, like that of the quiescent prominences, is always marked by lines of hydrogen, helium, and calcium. At its base lies the "reversing layer," in which many metallic lines, frequently borne to higher levels by eruptive prominences, are also found. The height of the quiescent or slowly changing prominences often reaches 30,000 to 60,000 miles, while eruptive prominences, sometimes shooting outward at a rate of over 250 miles a second, have been seen to surpass elevations of 400,000 miles, or half the sun's diameter. Quiescent prominences are now considered to be supported in the solar atmosphere by the pressure due to the intense solar radiation, but it is still difficult to account completely for the great velocities and curious forms of the eruptions.

While the spectroscope thus reveals the prominences that project beyond the limb against the sky, it can ordinarily be used only with a narrow slit for the study of the *spectra* of these and other objects on the sun's disk. This is

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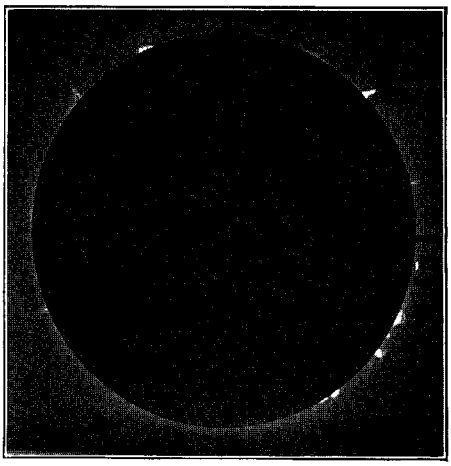

Fig. 2.

Prominences photographed in full sunlight with the spectroheliograph.

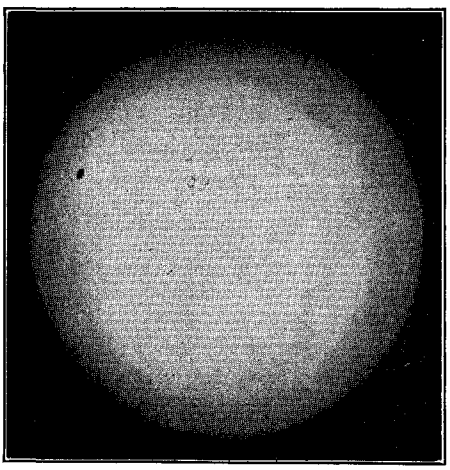

Fig. 3.

Direct photograph of the sun, July 31, 1927.

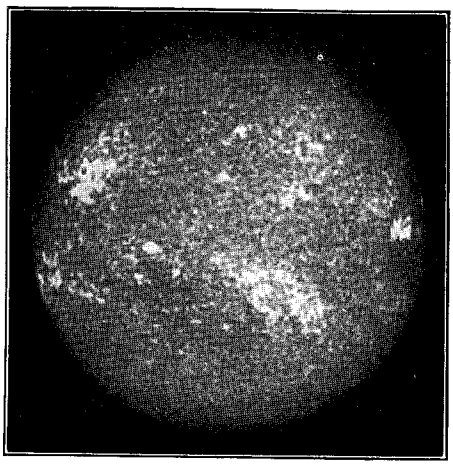

Fig. 4.

Bright calcium flocculi, July 31, 1927.

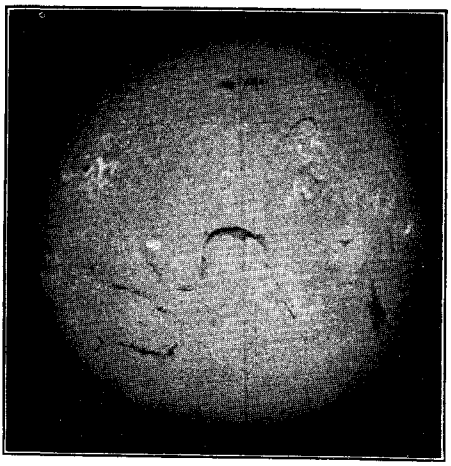

Fig. 5.

Bright and dark hydrogen flocculi, July 31, 1927.

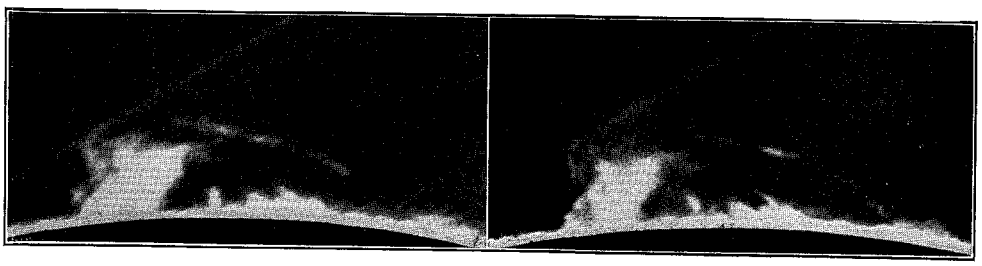

Fig. 6. Fig. 7.

Two photographs of a prominence, showing the motion of its tip toward a sun-spot in six minutes (Slocum).

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Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

Fig. 10.

Hydrogen flocculi photographed on three successive days, showing their changing forms and motion toward the limb due to the sun's rotation.

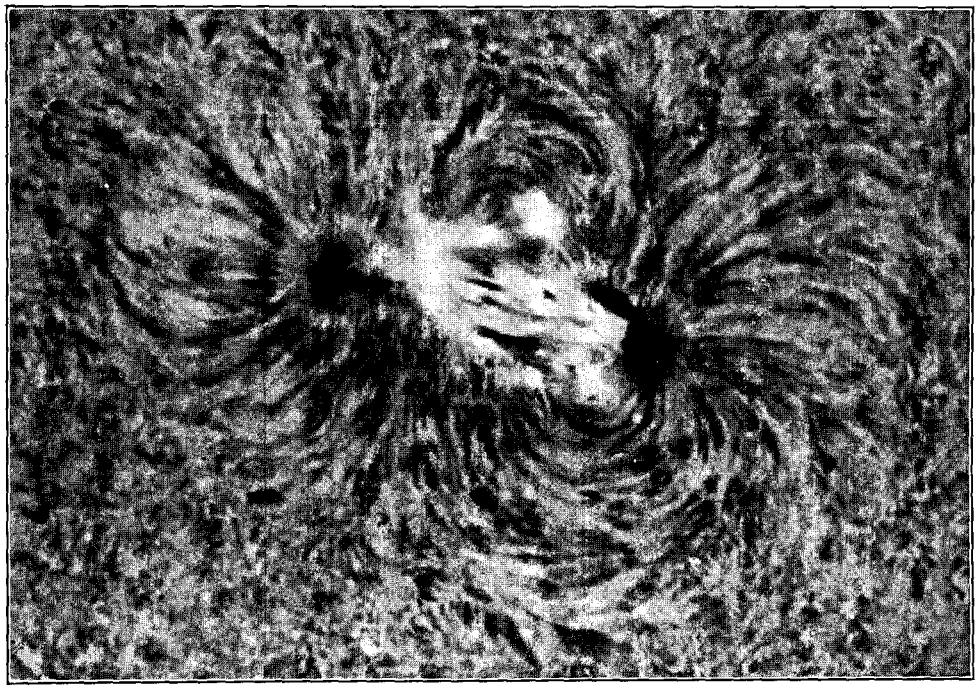

Fig. 11.

Complex cyclonic structure of the hydrogen flocculi surrounding a large bipolar sun-spot.

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so much brighter than the sky that the wide-slit method fails to show the characteristic structure of the solar atmosphere against it, excepting the bare outline of occasional objects of unusual intensity. But fortunately this difficulty can be easily overcome.

Cut a slit about a hundredth of an inch wide in a piece of cardboard and hold it between the eye and an electric-lamp bulb. If the eye is not too near the slit, only a small part of the incandescent filament can be seen. Oscillate the slit and the entire filament becomes visible. To obtain a steady image, free from flicker, the slit should pass before the eye many times a second.

This simple principle can be used to render the forms of the prominences visible. What is needed is some device between the oscillating slit and the eye which will cut off all light except that due to hydrogen. The spectroscope is such a device, and some of the possibilities of this method were foreseen by Professor Young in 1870, when he attached to his spectroscope a pair of oscillating slits. With these he could see the forms of the prominences at the limb, but he was troubled by the vibration of his equatorial telescope due to the oscillation of the slits, and abandoned them when the wide-slit method was introduced. So far as I can learn, he did not try the oscillating slits for the detection of prominences on the disk, but in any case the dispersion of his spectroscope was insufficient for this purpose. Nevertheless, the credit for building the first spectrohelioscope (as I have named the instrument) and applying it to the observation of prominences at the limb belongs to Professor Young, who was also the first to photograph the forms of single prominences through an open slit.

THE GRADUAL DISCLOSURE OF THE SOLAR ATMOSPHERE

Much of our knowledge of the solar atmosphere has been derived from photographic observations, which have been in progress for many years. In order to understand the possibilities of visual work with the spectrohelioscope, a brief review of the results of photography is essential.

The principle of the spectroheliograph, which occurred to me in 1889, does not differ greatly from that of Young's instrument with oscillating slits, and had indeed been suggested by other astronomers. It involves the use of a spectroscope with a fixed second slit, through which a single line (usually of calcium or hydrogen) is admitted to a photographic plate. The whole spectroscope is mounted on steel balls and moved slowly by a motor, so that the first slit crosses the solar image, which, like the photographic plate, remains at rest. Or the spectroscope may be fixed in position, and the solar image and plate moved across the first and second slits respectively. A monochromatic image of the sun is thus gradually built up on the plate from countless adjoining images of the narrow spectral line.

Professor Young had detected visually the two bright violet calcium lines H and K in the prominences, and these were used in 1891 with my first spectroheliograph at the Kenwood Observatory for the photography of prominences at the sun's limb (Fig. 2). Young had also found these lines to be bright on the disk in the neighborhood of sunspots, and this important discovery opened the way into a new field of solar research. Early in 1892 an improved spectroheliograph was used at Kenwood

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for the photography of the forms of these areas, which turned out to be extensive clouds of brilliant calcium vapor, floating in the solar atmosphere above and near sun-spots and at many other places on the sun's disk (Fig. 4). These bright calcium clouds (called flocculi) are confined to levels within a few thousand miles of the sun's surface and thus differ from the much higher prominences, which still escaped us except at the limb.

About this time Deslandres introduced at the Paris Observatory his velocity spectrograph, which permits the motion in the line of sight of the calcium vapor at various levels to be measured on photographs of the H or K line in successive sections of the sun. Evershed soon contructed and systematically used a spectroheliograph in England, and in 1893 Deslandres also began work with a spectroheliograph, which he employed for photography with the calcium lines and with some of the narrower dark lines. In 1903 Ellerman and I discovered *dark* hydrogen and calcium flocculi on the sun's disk with the Rumford spectroheliograph attached to the forty-inch Yerkes telescope. The long dark flocculi shown on these plates, which proved to be prominences projected against the sun (Figs. 5, 8, 9, 10), were subsequently called "filaments" by Deslandres, who has studied them extensively at Meudon with the spectroheliograph and velocity spectrograph.

Five years later, at Mount Wilson, with the aid of plates sensitized by Wallace's method for red light, we discovered large vortices or cyclonic storms in the solar atmosphere above sun-spots (Fig. 11). The red hydrogen line Hα, with which they were found, is much more effective than the blue and violet lines used in our earlier work for the study of the hydrogen flocculi. It represents a higher region in the solar atmosphere, where the characteristic vortex structure is most conspicuous. With a spectroheliograph of high dispersion, this line shows also the "alignments" discovered by Deslandres, which constitute a slender network of wide mesh associated with the filaments.

This brief and incomplete sketch may serve to show how some of the phenomena of the solar atmosphere have been successively brought within the range of the spectroheliograph. When examining photographs of the structure at different levels, it is important to recall that all of these phenomena overlie the white body of the sun, or photosphere, where the dark sun-spots, and the faint irregular bright faculæ that accompany them, are directly visible with any telescope (Fig. 3). The chromosphere, as we have seen, is thus a continuous sea of glowing gas several thousand miles deep, visible through the spectroscope in cross-section at the limb, with the prominences rising above it to altitudes often exceeding a hundred thousand miles (Figs. 2, 6, 7). Against the disk its mottled structure can be photographed with the spectroheliograph, marked by extensive bright clouds of calcium flocculi, which occur chiefly within the zones parallel to the equator, where sun-spots are also found (Fig. 4). Rising to much greater elevations, and revealed in plan on spectroheliograms of the disk, are the hydrogen and calcium flocculi of the higher atmosphere, some of which may be seen with the spectroscope as prominences in elevation at the limb (Figs. 5, 8, 9, 10). The vortex structure of the hydrogen flocculi, resembling on a colossal scale the cyclonic storms and

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tornadoes in the earth's atmosphere, is one of the most striking features of these spectroheliograms (Fig. 11). Enveloping the whole, and reaching to heights of millions of miles, are the delicate streamers of the corona, seen only at total eclipses.

THE SPECTROHELIOSCOPE

With so much within the reach of the spectroscope and spectroheliograph, there might seem to be little room for another instrument of similar range. A very short experience with the spectrohelioscope, however, will suffice to convince one of its distinctive value. Objects familiar for years on hydrogen spectroheliograms suddenly seem to come to life, while difficulties in the interpretation of their complex structure are greatly reduced by its aid. If one is fortunate enough to see, as I did in Pasadena within a few days after my first spectrohelioscope had been perfected, one of those violent outbursts on the sun's disk that are soon followed on the earth by brilliant auroras and intense magnetic storms, the possibilities of the new instrument for a study of the relationship between solar and terrestrial phenomena will perhaps strike the observer most forcibly. Such possibilities have led me to design a complete solar telescope and spectrohelioscope of an inexpensive type, which can be built and used by professional or amateur astronomers and by radio students interested in the possible influence of solar eruptions on radio transmission.

The solar telescope comprises a small cœlostat, driven by an ordinary two-dollar-clock movement; an adjustable second mirror; and a single lens, which forms a two-inch solar image for observation by the spectrohelioscope. This consists of a simple spectroscope, provided with a pair of oscillating slits which exclude from the observer's eye all light except that of the red hydrogen line, and thus reveal the phenomena of the solar atmosphere.

SOLAR CYCLONES

Without dwelling on instrumental details, which will be fully described elsewhere, the use of the spectrohelioscope for the observation and analysis of the hydrogen flocculi and the measurement of their radial velocities may now be described.

As already remarked, this instrument shows that objects which appear as dark flocculi on the disk are often prominences which reach considerable heights when seen in elevation at the limb. Some quiescent prominences persist for weeks, and their varying forms on successive days, as they are carried toward the limb by the sun's axial rotation, are illustrated by Figs. 8, 9, 10.

The most interesting of the hydrogen flocculi, however, are those which assume the cyclonic forms shown in Fig. 11. The nature and cause of this beautiful structure are very difficult to determine, and in the study of this problem the spectrohelioscope has proved of the greatest service.

Imagine yourself fixed in space, with the earth rotating slowly beneath you. In the first few miles above its surface the presence of water vapor causes the formation of clouds when the air is chilled. These occur in various characteristic forms at different levels: I have seen as many as five distinct cloud strata at once after the breaking of a storm during the rainy season on Mount Wilson. From our imaginary observation-point in space an entire hemisphere of the earth is visible, so that the formation of a cyclonic storm, over an area averag-

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ing about a thousand miles in diameter, can be easily seen. These storms are marked by low barometric pressure

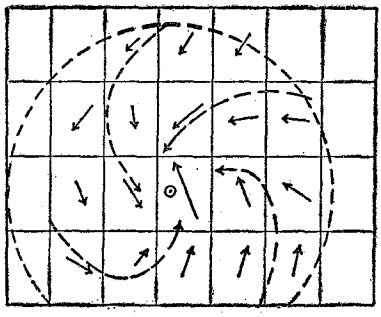

Fig. 12.

Inward motion of low level winds and clouds in a terrestrial cyclonic storm (Clayton).

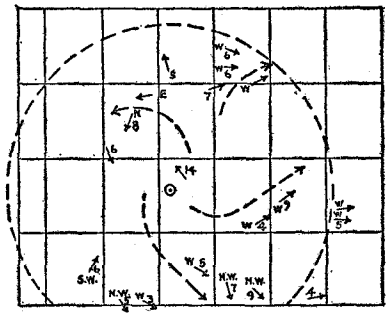

Fig. 13.

Outward motion of high level clouds in a terrestrial cyclonic storm (Clayton).

near the centre, with surface winds blowing spirally inward, counter-clockwise in the northern and clockwise in the southern hemisphere. Sometimes the cyclonic motions are plainly marked by the structure of the clouds, which move spirally inward with the low-level winds near the surface (cumulus) and spirally outward at the higher level of the cirrus clouds (Figs. 12 and 13, as drawn by Clayton in the *Annals of the Harvard College Observatory*). When it is remembered that all differences of pressure in the earth's atmosphere disappear at a height of about twelve and one-half miles, it will be seen that the thickness of a cyclonic storm is very small in comparison with its area.

The simplest type of solar cyclonic storm, as it would appear in the spectrohelioscope with the red hydrogen line, is illustrated in Fig. 14. Here we observe the hydrogen whirl above a single sun-spot in the northern hemisphere of the sun. I have frequently seen masses of hydrogen as large as the earth moving inward along such spiral paths at velocities exceeding sixty miles a second, the direction of the whirls (in about 80 per cent of the cases) corresponding to that at low levels in terrestrial cyclones: counter-clockwise in the northern (as in Fig. 12) and clockwise in the southern hemispheres. The same effect, photographed in cross-section at the sun's limb by Slocum, is shown in Figs. 6 and 7, as I have repeatedly observed it in prominences with the spectrohelioscope. To realize the violence of these solar storms, their great scale and the velocity of the inflowing gases must be remembered. Although we cannot see the lower part of the vortices, the spectroscopic measurements of Evershed, St. John, and others indicate that the gases are not sucked down through the spots into the body of the sun, but flow nearly radially outward above the spots near the photosphere, after descending from the higher level of the inflowing hydrogen. The vortices thus resemble inverted terrestrial cyclones in their approximate form, though their real nature may be very different.

Look, for example, at the appearance of the hydrogen atmosphere above a bipolar sun-spot: a typical group of two spots having opposite magnetic fields (Fig. 11). The lines of force in the solar atmosphere above such spots must be similar to those surrounding a bar magnet, and the structure of the hydro-

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gen flocculi does bear a superficial resemblance to such a field. Nevertheless, an analysis of the flocculi which I have recently made with the spectrohelioscope does not support the theory that ionized hydrogen (hydrogen atoms bearing extra electrons) is constrained by the magnetic fields to follow their lines of force.

On the contrary, I have found many direct contradictions of this theory. The spectrohelioscope shows that some of these curved flocculi represent arches of dark hydrogen seen in projection against the sun. These often rise, not from the sun-spots themselves, but from bright eruptive centres between two spots or at a distance from a single spot, then follow a curved trajectory resembling that of a projectile, and finally fall toward the surface at high velocity, sometimes descending toward a spot, sometimes at points where no spots are present. Moreover, on the electro-magnetic theory the direction of the hydrogen whirls around single spots, clockwise or counter-clockwise, should depend upon the magnetic polarity, positive or negative, of the spots, which does not prove to be the case. As already remarked, in about 80 per cent of the spots observed the direction of whirl corresponds with that of terrestrial cyclones.

Much research is still needed to explain the exact nature of solar cyclones and eruptions and of many other phenomena of the solar atmosphere. In this work the ability of the spectrohelioscope to show at a glance whether a particular mass of gas is moving toward or away from the observer and to give an instant measure of its velocity is one of its most valuable qualities. High radial velocity distorts the hydrogen lines —toward the violet if approaching, toward the red if receding. Thus a rapidly moving flocculus may not be recorded at all on a photograph, because the hydrogen line at this point is thrown entirely outside of the second slit of the spectroheliograph. I have equipped the spectrohelioscope with a simple attachment called a "line-shifter," by which any part of the hydrogen line or its wings can be brought upon the second slit during observation. This is analogous to the tuning device on a radio set, with which any change of wave-length can be detected, compensated, and measured. The line-shifter permits a moving cloud of hydrogen to be picked up and brought to view, at the same time giving on a dial a measure of the change of wave-length and the consequent radial velocity of the gas. In this way the hydrogen arches have been analyzed and the rapid descent of hydrogen toward the surface observed and measured. Guided by a spectrohelioscope, and provided with a spectroheliograph similarly equipped with a line-shifter, the observer can now photograph flocculi previously lost at the most critical instants of rapid change, and thus complete the record and simplify the interpretation of these complex phenomena.*

Fig. 14.

Solar cyclone, showing inward spiral motion of hydrogen flocculi above a single northern sun-spot.

* The spectrohelioscope can also be arranged for the photography of limited areas of the solar atmosphere, but the spectroheliograph, which easily covers large areas, is better adapted for photographic work.

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Our Changing Sports Page

BY W. O. McGEEHAN

Gone are the days of the full-skirted bathing-suit and the self-conscious golfer. An authority discusses the amazing changes in the American attitude toward sport.

In something less than a quarter of a century the sport department of an American newspaper has developed from a column of type to four and five pages daily, with a special section of its own on Sunday. Taking the press as a mirror of the life of the times and a gauge as to the importance of current events, there certainly has been a change in the national attitude toward sport.

The charge has been made that the interest in sport, amateur and professional, has been stimulated artificially by the American newspapers. Of this charge I hold that the newspapers are entirely guiltless. As far as the newspapers are concerned, there is no revenue through the stimulation of interest in sports, for this branch of the news brings little or no advertising. In expanding the sport pages the newspapers have merely responded to an insistent demand from their readers.

Up to about six years ago the New York dailies were standing on a limit of two pages for sports pages. At that time I was sports editor of the New York *Herald*. One summer evening I made some estimates as to space requirements and went with them to the managing editor. There were two crucial baseball series, a championship prize-fight, some important golf and tennis, a big day at the race-track, and some other events.

"I do not see how all of this can be kept in two pages," I said.

"Well, then, let us have three sports pages," said the managing editor. "It will come eventually, so why not now?"

So it was *The Herald,* I am convinced, that started this daring innovation, the same *Herald* which, under the elder Bennett, chronicled the opening of a race-meet with this brief notice: "There will be horse-racing at Sheepshead Bay to-day, and the same crowds of blacklegs and gamblers that frequent such places may be expected out in full force."

The newspapers have not led the change in attitude toward the various sports. They have followed it, and how strangely that attitude has changed toward those various sports!

I can remember the time when a man who was addicted to the strange, imported game of golf would sneak through devious and unfrequented ways to the links and slink behind a tree when the derisive passers-by would pass in buggies. To-day, a competent authority tells me, there are three million golf-players in the United States and recruits are flocking to the army every day.

Bobby Jones, twice winner of the British Open, when he returned to his native Atlanta was given a greeting fully as effusive as that tendered the late John L. Sullivan by the joyous citizens of Boston when he returned to his native city, heavyweight champion of the world. Taste in the matter of popular idols certainly has changed.

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Gentlemen with large sums invested in baseball-parks and professional baseball franchises have come to view the encroachments of this imported game of golf upon what they consider their preserves with no little alarm and considerable indignation. Baseball, of course, is our own national game, just a little older than the Civil War, and should be conserved for patriotic as well as business reasons.

When golf first invaded the United States the "sand-lots" were filled with juvenile baseball-players who hardly would waste the time from their games to deride the self-conscious golfers. But the business of caddying attracted many of these youngsters from baseball, because it was highly lucrative, and the youngsters soon began to develop an interest in golf. Gene Sarazen is an example of a golfer who might have been a baseball-player if the occupation of caddy had not been open to him.

Here is a thought that will increase the alarm of the baseball magnates. The fact that there are three million golfers in the United States means that there are close to half a million boys who are caddying rather than playing the national game. And this is cause for alarm, for it means not only that this material from which professional baseball-players might be developed is being diverted from the national game but also it means a decrease in the number of baseball fans in the coming generation.

To be a baseball fan one must have played the game to some extent at some time or other. To anybody who has not played the game it is quite incomprehensible, just as incomprehensible as it would be to an Englishman or as incomprehensible as cricket is to the American. Therefore it will be seen that the recent drives of baseball magnates to sustain the interest in the national game in the members of the younger generation are not altogether altruistic.

As yet there has been no indication of a decrease of interest in baseball. Despite a few baseball scandals the magnates report bigger crowds for the season of 1927 than in the year preceding. In fact, the attendance at baseball games for the last quarter of a century has increased steadily, with allowance, of course, being made for the "war years." As far as is known, then, golf has not diverted the patrons of the national game from the baseball-parks. Perhaps it never will, and the increasing number of golfers indicates only that the interest in sport is increasing all along the line and that no sport ever will take the "fans" away from another sport.

The American game of intercollegiate football is still younger than the national game of baseball, and, judging from the annual changes in the rules, still in the making. The shift in the popular attitude toward this game is remarkable. The "college-boy" athlete was looked upon with utter contempt by the rugged followers of baseball when the game which started in an impromptu contest between Princeton and Rutgers was taken up by the other colleges.

The collegiate football-player with the "chrysanthemum" hair-cut used to be an object of considerable derision until it finally dawned upon the sport-follower who knew not his campus and who had no alma mater to guide him that intercollegiate football was far from a gentle sport. Even this did not reconcile the non-collegian. He still regarded the college boys as queer persons indulging in disorganized assault and mayhem.

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The change in the view-point has been steady but swift. I was checking up the matter of attendance at the various sports a while ago, and I made the startling discovery that intercollegiate football in season draws more spectators than the national pastime. This is all the more remarkable when you consider that the big-league baseball season stretches over a regular period of about one hundred and fifty-four days, while the colleges are limited to a playing-season that does not exceed ten games.

It was a football game that drew the second largest number of paid admissions for a sporting event or any other event last year, the Army-Navy game at Soldiers' Field in Chicago. It is my firm conviction that if the enclosure had been big enough to hold a crowd twice or three times that size there would have been no difficulty in drawing that crowd.

There are certain football "classics" for which, of late years, there have been five applications for every ticket sold and where the "general public" has to be excluded because those affiliated in some way with the colleges concerned fill the stadium. The Yale Bowl at New Haven, the most commodious football field in the country, barely can accomodate a fifth of those who would like to see a Yale-Harvard game.

Once in this bowl I saw seventy thousand people sit for two hours in a driving storm of rain and sleet during the progress of a game between these two universities. Less than one thousand left the bowl before the referee's whistle ended the battle in the mud.

It is easy enough to understand the increased attendance at prize-fights and the gathering of one hundred and seventy thousand men and women spending approximately three million dollars to see one ten-round struggle between heavyweights. Popular opinion once forced this game into the position of a fugitive sport.

Not so long ago prize-fights had to be held in comparative secret, in barns, on bits of turf hidden from the authorities, while the spectators connived to evade the authorities bent upon preventing these breaches of the peace and dignity of the various States. The interest always was there, but the number of spectators with the means, the hardihood, and the determination to see the prize-fight through was limited.

With the advent of Mr. Tex Rickard all of these inhibitions were removed. It seemed that he was able to make it not only respectable to see a prize-fight but the "smart thing." He knew that the desire always was there, and that the "sport-followers" of to-day were not even slightly changed from the crowds at the Roman arena.

I can remember, when California housed nearly all of the big prize-fights, that there were grave debates upon the subject of admitting women to prize-fights. Mr. Rickard has been pointing with pride for some time that ladies whose names are in the social register are regular patrons at his bouts and that they demand the best of "ringside seats" for the big bouts. It requires something of a very serious nature, for instance, to make Miss Ethel Barrymore miss a heavyweight championship, and I remember meeting a lady of no little social prominence in her own private car, which she had parked at Shelby, Mont., while she waited the clang of the gong for the Dempsey-Gibbons bout. She was taking her two young sons to the ringside with her.

Not so many years ago you would have to wait for *The Police Gazette* to

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come out before you got all of the really interesting details of one of these big fights. Now you will get columns upon columns of it from your favorite newspaper. I recall at the Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo which took place only a few months after the end of the war marvelling for a few seconds at the sense of values.

The typewriters and the telegraph-instruments were clicking. Airplanes outside the arena were tuning up, ready to rush photographs to various parts of the country. I remarked to Mr. Grantland Rice, who sat near me: "There will be about ten thousand times as much written about this as there was about the battle of the Marne." After which I proceeded in the work of contributing seven thousand words to the surplus chronicles of the minor battle.

There was a time, and not so long ago, when tennis was classed as essentially a "sissy's game." Now it is apparent that the supposedly robust and virile game of baseball is as child's play by comparison. It has become so that even a prize-fighter in training may play tennis without the slightest suspicion that he must be slightly effeminate.

The general public has become more intimately acquainted with this game through such personalities as Larned, Wilding, McLoughlin, Johnston, and Tilden, and they realize now that it is one of the most strenuous forms of athletics in the catalogue. The development in the interest in women's tennis is marked. Last year, when the battle between Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and Miss Helen Wills at Wimbledon seemed assured, there was quite as much interest in this country and in France as there was in the heavyweight championship fight between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier. The missionary work done by the great tennis-players has made a sceptical general public acquainted intimately with one of the most beautiful of all games, and the popular respect for a great tennis-player increases steadily.

The change in women in sport—and I do not mean as lookers-on—is the most startling. Consider first the costume and the style of the pre-May Sutton Bundy women tennis-players and compare them with the Willses, the Mallorys, and the Lenglens. Certainly you will find a different type of woman athlete.

Perhaps the most striking figure of the new woman in athletics is that of Gertrude Ederle, who swam the English Channel in faster time than any of the men who swam it before her. She startled and puzzled France from the moment she entered the country.

When the French customs officers arrived to look over her baggage they found her muffled in a white sweater and holding a medicine-ball under her arm. This puzzled them particularly. She could not explain its use to them and that it was her custom to toss it about while she was in training. The more she tried to make its use clear the greater their bewilderment, and when, to illustrate, she tossed it playfully at one of them both fled, making remarks about mad Americans of both sexes.

Before she conquered the Channel her first instructor, Mr. I. de B. Handley, told me confidently that she would not only swim the Channel but that she would break all of the records of all the men in doing it. When I saw her training like a young prize-fighter on the coast near Gris Nez I was just as confident as Mr. Handley that this was an athletic field or element in which at least one woman would excel.

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And yet it has been only a matter of twelve years since women really began to swim. They could not swim in the old-fashioned bathing-suits which the conventions required for women, with the long skirts imprisoning their limbs and the water-logged stockings impeding their movements. When Gertrude Ederle took to the water at Gris Nez she wore a thin pair of tights, a light brassière—and a coating of grease.

There are many who regarded the feat of Gertrude Ederle as the most magnificent gesture of feminism. Yet I do not regard her as anything of a superwoman, for the same Women's Swimming Club, with its little tank where she was developed into this magnificent athlete, is developing many more like her. They are planning now to send out a fifteen-year-old girl in an attempt to break not only Gertrude Ederle's record but the records of all of the men swimmers who have conquered that angry stretch of water that lies between Gris Nez and Dover.

The athletic girl once was regarded as unmaidenly, unwomanly, or a freak. Now she is not merely accepted but she is taken for granted, which is the highest tribute that could be paid to her accomplishment. In view of the comparatively recent developments, I have come to the conclusion that the time is coming when the non-athletic girl may be regarded as freakish and unusual. This certainly is not a matter to view with alarm.

But as to the overwhelming general increase of interest in sports in the United States there are many indications of an increasing pessimism. The Association of American College Professors last year deplored the false sense of values in the colleges as illustrated by the ever-increasing interest in intercollegiate football. There has been much discussion of the evil of exalting the gladiatorial spirit at the expense of the intellectual side.

The prize-fights which are attracting bigger and bigger gatherings of both men and women are denounced by some as being brutal and appealing to the lowest instincts and almost at the same time as being indifferent bouts between young business men who are defrauding the public under pretense of furnishing them with bloodshed and brutality. There is pessimism because Babe Ruth, the maker of home runs, is being paid only a little less than the President of the United States.

From the serious-minded business men who have not yet become addicts of the game of golf there are complaints and grumblings about the time that is being wasted on the links. Perhaps this complaint will throw some light on the increased interest in sports of all sorts. The nation has the time and the money for indulgence in sport. Not only that, but energy that used to be burned entirely in the mere business of living has been loosed through the improvement in living conditions and the labor-saving machinery. This energy must find an outlet and it does, an outlet that is comparatively a joyous one measured with the manner in which it used to be taken up.

The nation's attitude toward sport has changed, because it has been given the time to consider the various sports without the old harassments. And the people, approaching them and viewing them in that happy frame of mind, find that some of the sports are better than others but that all of them are good.

[An interesting and quite contradictory theory concerning the growth of sports will be presented by George S. Brooks in "Gas and the Games" in the next number.]

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On the Dark Trail

BY FRANKLIN HOLT

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL MARTIN

CYRUS TUTTLE and his six-year-old son, Henry, stood in front of the tiger's cage at the country circus and watched the striped beast pace back and forth feverishly on his padded paws. It was feeding-time, and the odor of raw meat had already reached the ravenous animals, as evidenced by their noisy roaring.

The lithe black-and-yellow body of the big Bengal tiger quivered with impatience. The tail switched from side to side and the big, glaring eyes fixed the door by which the raw meat must enter. At that moment he symbolized the ferocity of hunger.

Cyrus Tuttle felt his son's hand tighten in his, and looking down at the sensitive, mobile face he saw it fascinated—eyes big as if hypnotized, cheeks pale with repressed emotion.

The boy wasn't in the circus tent at all but far away in the tangled jungle with the savage, striped beast barring his path—snarling and showing its teeth; and Henry's small back was running cold. Something of this reached Cyrus Tuttle and he would have moved on but Henry held back, unwilling to leave yet.

"Daddy, wait!" he begged. His voice was tense as he struggled to get back from the fancied jungle and be normal, but he couldn't quite shake off the mystery and fascination of the wild. "Daddy," he said nervously, "daddy, he couldn't get out, could he? Not even if he really tried?"

"No, son, he couldn't," Cyrus Tuttle assured him.

"Iron bars are strong, aren't they, daddy? They make them strong so the animals can't get out, don't they?"

"Yes, they do. They are very strong."

"Stronger even than tigers?" Henry's eyes were still big and the demand was made breathlessly.

"Yes, son." Again Cyrus Tuttle tried to move on but Henry held back. He felt his father's reluctance to discuss tigers, and his next question was asked almost apologetically—a cajoling smile on his lips, as if to tell his father that he asked it not through fear but just for "make-believe."

"If he *did* get out, daddy, what would he do?"

Behind them a boy of thirteen heard the question and it fired his imagination.

"Oh, boy!" he spoke up enthusiastically. "What would he do? One big jump right into the crowd with those claws of his! Rip! Bang! He'd tear 'em up all right! Look at those big, yellow teeth! Say! If you ever got your head between those jaws!"

Cyrus Tuttle felt Henry's hand clutch his and grow moist with sudden perspiration as the village boy's vivid words pictured the tiger's escape. Wheeling sharply he silenced the graphic description with a stern look at the boy and then spoke very emphatically to Henry.

"But he *can't* get out, Henry! The cages are too strong. He *can't*—so why

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talk about it?" Then in a brisk and cheerful tone he said they better hurry along to the main tent lest they miss some of the real circus.

But being pulled away from the animals couldn't banish from Henry's mind the image of the great black-and-yellow-striped beast as it broke through the bars of its cage and leaped into the crowd with yellow fangs bared — spreading panic as it struck right and left with its terrible claws. He was still thinking about it that night at supper as his parents discovered by an abrupt question.

"Daddy, what do tigers eat when they are wild?" And Cyrus Tuttle told him that he supposed they ate deer and antelope.

"Raw, daddy, with blood on them?"

"Yes," his father admitted, "I suppose they do."

"Do they ever eat men, daddy, and little boys?" The pupils of Henry's eyes began to dilate with the fascination of the gruesome topic. Cyrus Tuttle saw that and his reply was reluctant.

"Why, son," he said, "*some* tigers are supposed *sometimes* to eat men if they can't eat anything else; but of course there aren't any tigers in America. You needn't think about that sort of thing at all."

"Where do circuses get them, daddy?"

"In India."

"Is India far from here?"

"Way, way across the ocean," Cyrus Tuttle assured him. "They couldn't possibly get to America even if they wanted to."

"Don't we have any bad animals in America, daddy?"

"Not around here."

"Not even up in the mountains at High-Meadow Lake where we're going camping?" Henry insisted.

"No, nothing. Absolutely nothing!" Cyrus Tuttle said emphatically. "And you've got to stop this business of frightening yourself with talk about imaginary animals or I shall have to refuse to take you at all. I don't want a 'fraid-cat' boy on a camping trip with me."

"All right, daddy. I'm not afraid, really. I just like to know things." Henry looked very subdued. His big eyes were troubled as he looked at his father. "You'll let me go, won't you, daddy?" And Cyrus Tuttle smiled quickly.

"Of course I will when my boy talks like that. I thought we would start tomorrow morning early."

"Oh-h-h!" cried Henry eagerly. "Tomorrow!" His face was alight with joy. "And can I take my knife and my hatchet?"

"You certainly may," his father told him.

"And we'll make griddle-cakes and fry bacon and catch fish and do all our own cooking?" His face was shining bright.

"Yes," agreed Cyrus Tuttle, delighting in his enthusiasm.

"And sleep on the ground like Indians, and get up early?"

"Yes."

"And can I sleep with my hatchet and my knife beside me?" Henry demanded. Then his face fell with abrupt shyness as he caught the indulgent smile exchanged by his father and mother. With quick deprecation he added: "Just for fun, daddy—not because I'm afraid."

"All right. You may do anything you want to."

"May I, mother?" Henry looked doubtfully at the latter, for he had learned that she was less given to free-

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handed permissions of that sort. "And may I light fires and put wood on?"

"You may if your father is there," agreed Alice Tuttle cautiously.

"Oh, daddy! Won't it be fun! And mother can't come because she is a girl and wouldn't like it. She'd be afraid of spiders, wouldn't she?" There was both triumphant superiority and regret in his voice.

"We must walk all the way there," his father stipulated, "and each one carry his pack."

"All right, daddy. How far will it be?" The reply was sturdy.

"It's about six miles up the mountains to High-Meadow Lake," Cyrus Tuttle calculated. "Do you think you can walk that far?"

"You'll let me sit down and rest, won't you, daddy?"

"Yes," agreed his father, "but there is to be no turning back once we start. You've got to be a man."

"All right. And will we carry a tent?"

"Yes. We may stay there four or five days. It all depends on how good a camper you are—how much of a man. No 'fraid-cats' on this trip. Remember that."

"I know," Henry answered stoutly.

So next morning early they started, each with his pack strapped to his shoulders — Henry with his little ten-cent hatchet gripped in his hand. Alice Tuttle followed them to the gate.

"Good-by, mother," Henry said in a very brave voice, the braver perhaps to conceal a sudden trepidation that swept over him at the last minute—perhaps also because in his mother's eyes he had caught the glisten of tears. "Good-by."

"Good-by, precious. Be mother's big boy—and careful not to cut yourself."

"I won't."

Then they were really off—passing the circus grounds on their way. The big tents had disappeared in the night. Just a few last circus trucks with gilded woodwork were still on the grounds. Henry looked in surprise.

"Where have they gone to, daddy?"

"Gone to another town. They pack up at night and move early in the morning. I suppose if we should go down to the railroad-station we would find their special circus train getting ready to leave."

"Do they put the animals on the train, daddy?"

"Yes."

"In their cages?"

"I suppose so. I have never seen them loaded."

"Oh." Henry's mind was immediately busy with the probable method of loading wild animals on to trains. There were no more questions until they had reached the foot-hills of the mountain and had begun to go up the old wood trail that led to High-Meadow Lake. Then he asked:

"Do you know the way, daddy?"

"Just follow the trail straight along."

"You couldn't get lost in the mountains, could you?"

"Not very well," Cyrus Tuttle told him. "All you have to do is keep on the wood road all the time—and if you go down-hill it will take you home."

"I wouldn't be afraid if I were lost," Henry announced.

"That's right. Never be afraid. Always keep cool and use your head. You won't get lost if you do."

"I know."

Silence for a while as they went up the steep trail. Sometimes, from the habit of home, Henry's hand sought his father's, but then it loosed itself again and the boy walked sturdily alone—

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eyes flitting here and there, ears listening to forest noises. He was back in the mysterious jungles of India again, looking for tigers. His ten-cent hatchet was gripped tight.

"Daddy," he hazarded after a time, "daddy, would you be afraid of a tiger if you met him in the woods?" And Cyrus Tuttle laughed good-naturedly.

"Well, son, I suppose I would be—but there aren't any tigers to be afraid of."

"What would you do if you *did* meet one and he came for you?"

"I don't know," said his father. "I suppose I would try to get out of his way. Maybe I would build a fire. I think tigers are afraid of fire."

"Would they be afraid of a 'lectric flash-light like yours, daddy?"

"Well, I think they might if you flashed it in their eyes."

"Could you run as fast as a tiger?"

"No, I'm afraid not." Cyrus Tuttle looked anxiously at his son, realizing that the little chap was at the fascinating game of frightening himself again. "Now listen, Henry," he said sharply. "Stop talking and thinking about tigers any more. There *aren't* any here and they couldn't possibly get here."

"I know, daddy," Henry answered with quick submission. But Cyrus Tuttle, watching him from the corner of his eye, could see the boy's eyes shifting about through the trees—seeking for places where wild animals might be concealed. After a while, however, Henry's face was lifted up trustfully to his father's. "There really isn't anything in these woods that could hurt us, is there, daddy?"

"No, son, there is nothing. That's the way I like to have you talk. We are just going to have a fine camping trip and not worry about animals, aren't we? Even if we think about them, we are going to be reasonable and brave and tell ourselves they just don't exist."

"Yes." The boy's face was full of comradely trust. "We aren't afraid, are we? We wouldn't be afraid even if there *were* real animals."

After that there was no more talk of terrifying things. Hunger came and they ate. Thirst came and they drank from a spring—lying on their bellies and burying their mouths and noses in the fresh water.

"This is fun, isn't it, daddy? When will we be there?"

The boy was tired. Cyrus Tuttle saw him shifting his pack to ease shoulders that ached—but never a word came from him, nor did his father offer sympathy. That was part of the camping test.

Finally they reached High-Meadow Lake—a clear, cold little pond cupped in the hills up above the Hudson River. If it hadn't been for the shrill sound of a locomotive whistle that was suddenly blown up to them over the mountains from the railroad that skirted the river down below, they might have imagined themselves far away from civilization. Henry pricked his ears at sound of it.

"What was that, daddy?"

"The trains whistling."

"Maybe it's the circus train, daddy."

"Maybe." Cyrus Tuttle consulted his watch. "Yes," he assented, "it probably is the circus train. There are no passenger-trains at this hour." He paused and listened as the whistle blew again—long and loud with a series of short whistles after it. "But I can't imagine," he added, "why they keep it up that way."

"Sounds like a fire-alarm, daddy."

"Yes, it does a little," Cyrus Tuttle admitted. "I suppose circus trains make

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a lot of noise to attract attention. Well," he said as the insistent whistling kept up its series of long and short signals, "I think we'd better get busy and prepare our tent."

Together they set up their piece of canvas in the form of a three-sided shelter, and gathered leaves and pine-needles for beds. Then they hunted for worms to bait their hooks, the father pulling up rocks and stumps while Henry picked up the worms with nimble fingers. He went at it a little gingerly at first but with gathering courage as he discovered that the squirming things did not hurt.

"Will you put my worms on for me, daddy?" The question came hesitantly —reluctant to ask anything that might be considered unmanly. "They are so wriggly. I'm afraid of hurting them," he excused himself.

"All right," Cyrus Tuttle agreed. "Only I want you to watch daddy and learn how. Daddy doesn't enjoy putting worms on either but he does it just the same. If you want to be a real fisherman you must bait your own hook."

Silence then except for an occasional excited whisper from Henry to say that he felt a bite. They no longer paid any attention to the shrill whistling that had been going on for nearly an hour now down over the mountains to the railroad-track. Then a joyous cry from Henry and a face of triumph as he flung his first fish up onto the bank.

"Daddy! I caught a great big one! Look at him, daddy!"

Cyrus Tuttle smiled sympathetically at the boy's delight and he watched with pride as Henry even screwed up courage to take the fish off the hook himself. When it came to cleaning the fish with his beautiful, bone-handled knife, Henry was eagerness itself, but his joy was at its height when, with the sun setting, they built their crude fireplace of stones and began frying their fish over the crackling flames.

"Isn't it fun, daddy?" The little face glowed with enthusiasm and happy adventure, and Cyrus Tuttle decided contentedly that fear had been banished from the boy's mind for that night at least. He seemed to be entirely unconscious of the falling darkness, whereas at home darkness had always spelled terror to Henry. He would never go to bed alone.

Quiet had come down over the deeply shadowed lake. The noisy whistling of the locomotive had ceased. Cyrus Tuttle was fully satisfied over his experiment in camping with Henry. It was making a man of the too imaginative youngster.

Suddenly, however, the father saw Henry's eyes fix on a distant rock. The cheeks went pale. The lips trembled and Cyrus Tuttle saw the boy's throat muscles contract in that gulp that comes of terror. Henry faced his father with dilated eyes. His voice shook as he cried out:

"Daddy! *Daddy!* I saw a tiger!" In an instant he was in his father's arms, trying to hide his face in the paternal neck—not crying but shaking with fear.

"Son, son!" Cyrus Tuttle soothed. "It *couldn't* have been a tiger. Didn't daddy tell you that there *are* no tigers here and that they couldn't *possibly* get here." He laughed with gentle derision. "Now show me where it was and we will go there, and daddy will show you that it couldn't have been a tiger."

"I don't want to go, daddy. I'm afraid."

Cyrus Tuttle got to his feet, taking Henry's hand in his, and tried to lead

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him toward the big rock, but Henry held back—face ashen and eyes filled with hysterical terror.

"I don't want to go! Don't make me go, daddy!" He was gasping and shaking with dread, so his father abandoned the attempt.

"But you understand, don't you, that it *really* couldn't have been a tiger? You know daddy wouldn't lie to you!"

"What could it have been?" Henry still clung tight to his father.

"It might have been a dog — but probably it wasn't anything at all."

"It *looked* like a tiger, daddy." Henry was striving hard to be calm and reasonable. "I really think it *was* a tiger." His big brown eyes looked earnestly into his father's through a glaze of tears, and he tried to still the quiver of his mouth. "*Couldn't* we go home, daddy, to mother?"

"Now, son," Cyrus Tuttle argued with gentle reproach, "don't you remember daddy said there was to be no turning back once we started. No 'fraid-cats' on our camping trip. I want my boy to be brave—and it is brave to do anything when you are afraid to do it; so we are going to stay here to-night and you are going to be perfectly safe because you *know* there *couldn't* be a tiger up here. Aren't you?"

There was a moment of hesitation. Cyrus Tuttle could see by the tense look of dread in those dilated pupils, by the quiver of the sensitive mouth and the pallor of the cheeks that Henry was having a battle to be courageous. Then a smile—a brave smile that was meant to reassure his father—was forced to the trembling lips.

"All right, daddy," he said. Then more sturdily: "It's a good thing mother isn't here, isn't it? She would be afraid, wouldn't she? But I wouldn't be afraid even if it *was* a real tiger, would you? I've got a knife and a hatchet."

Henry gave just one more look at the tiger-rock and then sat down beside the fire again—naïvely trying not to let his father see that he was shifting his place so that the latter would be between him and the rock. His appetite was gone, however. Cyrus Tuttle noted it and determined to make the boy forget if he could.

"Let's go down to the spring and get some water," he suggested presently, getting up from the fire and taking Henry's hand in his.

The sun was well set by then and darkness falling rapidly. The father saw Henry give one covert glance over his shoulder in the direction of the now almost obliterated tiger-rock, but he made no protest. He was trying hard to master his fear—to keep it to himself.

"You are daddy's brave boy," Cyrus Tuttle said encouragingly as they stepped away from the fire into the darkness. The next instant he tripped—the toe of his boot having caught under the loop of an outgrown root—and he was flung forward to the ground with violence. In falling, a jagged rock struck his shin and there was a dull "plop." Cyrus Tuttle's leg was broken, though for a moment he didn't realize it. When he moved, trying to disengage the still entangled toe, the broken bone ends scraped the raw nerves, and a cry of agony broke from his lips.

"Daddy! *Daddy!*" wailed Henry at the sound. "Did you hurt yourself?"

"Yes, son," Cyrus Tuttle answered with exaggerated calm, for he didn't want to frighten the boy. "I've hurt myself rather badly. I'm afraid you'll have to help daddy."

The very calmness of his father's

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voice, and the fact that he did not get up but lay inert where he had fallen, brought a flashing intuition of calamity to Henry.

"What's the matter, daddy?" he cried. "Why don't you get up?" The poor little voice was thrilling with panic.

"I've broken my leg, son," Cyrus Tuttle told him quietly, "and I can't get up because it hurts me too much, but daddy will be all right if you can help him."

"What shall I do?" Henry was steadier at once. "Poor daddy!" he added sympathetically. "Is it broken right off? Won't you have any more leg?"

"No, dear, it isn't broken right off. My leg is still there but the bone inside is broken. I want you to see if you can get daddy's foot out from under that root."

"All right."

In the darkness Henry's fingers took hold of the tight-caught foot and pulled to loosen it. With the jarring of the broken bone ends the sweat poured out all over the body of Cyrus Tuttle and, in spite of him, a low moan escaped his lips. Henry let go the foot with a frightened wail.

"Daddy! Daddy! I didn't mean it!" he sobbed—and stronger than his suffering there rose in Cyrus Tuttle a sensation of choking tenderness for the boy's pathetic remorse.

"I know you didn't, Henry," he said, swallowing the lump that had risen to his throat. "You were helping daddy. Did you get it out?"

"No, daddy. I was afraid," Henry said miserably.

"Is it a big root, son?"

"Not *very* big, daddy." Henry was making a strong effort to control the quaver in his voice. "Maybe I could cut it with my knife. I *think* I could—if you opened it for me. It's a sharp knife, isn't it, daddy?"

"Yes, it's a dandy, son. Be careful not to cut yourself."

"Wouldn't mother be surprised if she could see me?" Henry said with a note of pride as, in the darkness, he began cutting sturdily. "I'm glad it's so sharp. I can really help you, can't I?"

"Yes, son."

"It's almost cut now, daddy." His voice was quite cheery. "There!" he cried after another few minutes. "Now you can pull your foot out."

Cyrus Tuttle pulled himself to a sitting position, and knew by the pain it caused him that something more than a simple fracture had taken place. He suspected that the bone had pierced the flesh.

"Can you walk now, daddy?" Henry asked eagerly, naïvely unsuspecting of the real significance of a broken leg.

"No, dear, daddy can't walk. He won't be able to walk until a doctor has made the broken bones grow together." Cyrus Tuttle felt a wave of weakness and nausea sweeping over him, nor was he able to keep back a groan.

"Oh, daddy," pleaded Henry tearfully, "does it hurt very much?"

"Pretty bad, son. Just don't talk to daddy for a minute, please."

"All right, daddy." The tone was beautifully sweet. Then for a few minutes there was silence while Cyrus Tuttle lay in pain—wondering what he was going to do. But the silence could not last. It was too much for Henry's troubled state of mind. "Daddy," he whispered. "Are you better now, daddy?"

"No, dear," his father answered, realizing that it was better for Henry to understand the truth. "Daddy's leg

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can't get any better right away. He needs a doctor to fix it. He's going to try to get back to the tent now—and you mustn't mind if he groans a little. He just can't help it."

It was excruciating work, that, dragging the broken leg along the ground—hitching along between gasps and groans, and trying for the sake of the distressed Henry not to show his full misgivings—but Cyrus Tuttle reached the canvas shelter and the fire at last. The nausea was very bad, however, and he desired water.

"Do you think, Henry, that you could go alone to the spring for some water?" he asked. "Daddy feels faint. Take the pail and the flash-light."

"Yes, daddy." Henry's response was quick and eager. He found flash and pail and started off. Then he hesitated. "Daddy," he asked, "would it be all right if I took my hatchet too? I'm not afraid," he added hastily, "only—only I just like to have it."

"Yes, dear," Cyrus Tuttle told him gently. "Take your hatchet."

The sound of Henry's feet grew dimmer in the darkness. Then:

"I'm all right, daddy," came his high-pitched voice. "I won't be long." Then again: "I'm at the spring, daddy." And Cyrus Tuttle knew the little fellow was bolstering up his courage by keeping contact by voice—so he kept calling back cheerfully too.

"All right, son. Don't hurry."

"I'm coming back now, daddy. Can you see my light?"

"Yes, I see it."

"Here I am." This was close at hand, and in another moment he was back beside his father. Then with eager solicitude, he found their tin cup, dipped it full from the pail of water, and held it to Cyrus Tuttle's lips.

"Thank you, son." He held up his hand and Henry put his warm little palm into it. It was a moment of very close communion between father and son. In Henry's brown eyes there welled up sudden tears of intense love. These he dashed aside with his sleeve, however, and in the darkness they passed unseen. He had no suspicion that his father's eyes were also moist.

For several minutes the two remained like that in perfect silence. Cyrus Tuttle was considering the gravity of their situation and wondering grimly what they could do. Henry also was thinking—making big decisions for a six-year-old boy, driving his imagination to obey his will and reaching with it courageous heights which his mother would not have believed possible for her timid boy.

"You can't get home, daddy, can you?" he demanded abruptly. "Not even if I help you?"

"Well," Cyrus Tuttle admitted reluctantly, "I don't know yet how I am going to manage it."

"Do you think anybody will find us?"

"Not likely, Henry."

"Will your leg get worse, daddy, if the doctor doesn't come right away?" asked the boy with queer intuition.

"Well, son, it may," Cyrus Tuttle admitted slowly. "I don't know just what happens to broken legs when the doctor doesn't fix them right away. Daddy may get feverish, but you mustn't be worried if he does." The father was trying to prepare his son for the complications he feared would result. Already the leg was swelling painfully.

Silence again while Henry's hand rested warmly in his father's. Then suddenly the boy spoke with startling resolution.

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"Daddy, I could walk home and get mother." His child's mind had worked logically to the one best thing to do—something Cyrus Tuttle would never have asked of him, but a thrill of pride went through him at the sturdy offer, and he desired—not for himself but for Henry's own moral sake—that the boy might accomplish the deed.

"Son," he answered him quietly, "you are a very brave boy to offer to go. I am very proud of you. Mother will be too."

"Could I take the 'lectric flash-light, daddy?"

"Certainly."

"And my hatchet? Tigers are afraid of hatchets, aren't they? You don't mind my wanting to take my hatchet, do you, daddy?" he asked with quick apology. "I'm not afraid, daddy. Anyway I can shine the 'lectric flash-light in their eyes if they come for me. And the road is straight down. I remember. There aren't any ways to go wrong, are there? Just down the hill all the time till I reach the bottom. Then I know where I am." He spoke with a cheery tone that was meant to be manly.

"Straight down, son. You can't get lost. There aren't any side roads. You are daddy's fine big boy."

"You won't mind being alone, will you, daddy?" There was a tremor in Henry's voice that he could not control, but the darkness concealed from his father the pallor of fear occasioned by the tricks his imagination was playing on him—visions of leaping beasts. "I'm your big brave boy, aren't I, daddy?" he concluded.

"Yes, you are," Cyrus Tuttle answered warmly, also glad of the darkness which concealed the lump he suddenly had to swallow. "You are daddy's very best boy. No 'fraid-cat' about you. Mother will be proud of you."

"She'll be surprised, won't she, when I come walking in all alone? It'll be kind of fun, daddy, to surprise her." Henry was trying to put into the background the pictures his imagination was conjuring up. "Where is the flash-light, daddy? I guess I'll go now."

"Here it is, son," Cyrus Tuttle said cheerfully, as if he had no suspicion of the boy's struggle. "Don't frighten mother about me. Don't tell her about my groans. Just say I broke my leg but am all right."

"All right, daddy. Good-by, daddy." Two little arms went about Cyrus Tuttle's neck, and a quivering mouth kissed his. There was a catch in the voice as the actual parting came, and Cyrus Tuttle feared a breakdown. His own eyes were smarting and that lump was up in his throat again. He had a qualm at letting that courageous lad go off into the darkness alone—knowing how he feared it, and the father clung to Henry's childish body, the impulse strong in him to keep him back, but before he could speak the boy said ruggedly: "It's going to be fun, isn't it, daddy? All alone with just a light and a hatchet? And I'll have my knife in my pocket, too, only I won't use it. You needn't worry."

"I won't worry," Cyrus Tuttle assured him. "I know you are all right."

"And tigers can't swim across the big ocean, can they?"

"No, son. You *really, really* don't have to think about tigers. There *can't* be any in these mountains. You know daddy wouldn't let you go if there were."

"I know. I'm not afraid. Maybe it was a dog I saw on the big rock—only it *looked* like a tiger—all yellow and black stripes—and it jumped down kind of soft and funny the way the one

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at the circus did. I won't be gone long, daddy. I'll run all the way if I can."

"Good-by, son."

"Good-by, daddy."

Henry turned his back resolutely, sending the beam of his flash-light out before him along the path that led to the wood road. His father watched the little figure stride away and blend into the night, the brave feet crackling on the dry twigs.

"Good-by, daddy." Henry's voice carried clear and resolute from the trail. "Can you hear me, daddy?"

"Yes, son. Good-by."

Twice more Henry and his father shouted, and then their voices could no longer span the distance. They were separated beyond recall. A desolate feeling of loneliness swept over Cyrus Tuttle at that, and he knew Henry was probably experiencing the same emotion but far more poignantly. His heart filled with remorse and misgiving. Poor, brave little shaver! Would he have the courage to go on?

Straining his ears, Cyrus Tuttle lay listening — hoping, wishing that he might hear Henry come running back. But there was no sound—just the swish of an evening breeze stirring the tree-tops. And his anxiety grew. He shouldn't have let Henry go. He knew his wife wouldn't have permitted him to—and yet it was a wonderful test. Wonderful!

Those sturdy little legs! The hatchet grasped in the small fist! And the precious knife in his pocket! Cyrus Tuttle's heart swelled. His throat felt tight and his eyes stung. Brave little lad! The father pictured him as he must be striding along down the dark trail—stumbling, getting up, flashing his light ahead, gripping his hatchet—his imagination manufacturing tigers behind every dark patch. Blessed, blessed boy! His mother would be surprised.

Suddenly a big, lithe, yellow-and-black-striped form leaped over a seven-foot bush and stood in the flickering light of Cyrus Tuttle's fire. Gleaming eyes, a switching tail, square head with ears flattened back! The terrible yellow fangs of a great Bengal tiger! A snarl that sent Cyrus Tuttle's blood cold and tore a scream of terror from his lips! Then the beast was gone—bounding off along the wood trail that Henry had taken. The father could hear the light thud! thud! of the padded paws; then a sniff and the long-drawn, hungry whine that told him the tiger had picked up the fresh scent of the boy Henry. Another light snapping of a twig as he ran down the road! And silence.

Cyrus Tuttle's courage broke—and he shouted hoarsely:

"Son! *Son!*" But Henry was beyond the reach of his father's voice—a hungry tiger trailing him. Still Cyrus Tuttle called, sick with horror, shuddering and sweating: "Son! *Son!*"

He began dragging himself along the ground down the trail, his broken leg dragging and bumping the roots and stones, moaning, gritting his teeth, calling to Henry. Frantic, he saw the childish body mangled, torn to shreds, devoured—just as they had watched the beasts rend and devour their raw meat at the circus.

Cyrus Tuttle recalled then the mad, hysterical whistling of the locomotive that morning — signalling, spreading the alarm that a tiger had escaped from the circus train. A careless attendant, the fury and sudden fearful strength of the great Bengal tiger! A leap to the ground from the moving train!

Henry's tiger had been real. Cyrus Tuttle shut his eyes and groaned as he

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"Good-by, Daddy."

From a painting by Paul Martin.

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recalled his own foolish words of reassurance that it *couldn't* be a tiger.

"Son! *Son!*" he shouted in anguish. Overwhelmed, sick with dread, he lay in the trail and listened for the tiger's snarling whine to repeat itself. But no sound came.

Perhaps already the beast had drawn near Henry. Perhaps already he was creeping, belly to the ground, preparing for his spring! The vision was horribly vivid and Cyrus Tuttle groaned through teeth that were gritted.

On again he went—hitching himself, dragging the agonized leg, sweating with pain and nausea, yet almost unconscious of it all—his mind with the fine little lad who was hurrying bravely down the hill to bring assistance.

Gasping and crying now! Calling out! Blaspheming! Henry's name torn constantly from his lips, accusing himself for not having listened to the boy's repeated statement that he had seen a tiger.

"Henry! *Henry!*"

Three-quarters of an hour passed like that, during which Cyrus Tuttle dragged his mutilated leg over the rough trail, seeking vainly to overtake his son. Then suddenly he heard men's voices behind him, coming down the wood road that he had just passed over. There was also the yap of a dog. Lights appeared and the men's voices became words.

"He's getting the scent hot now. He's pulling hard." Then an excited exclamation: "God! There's a man lying in the road! From the camp back there! The tiger must have got him!"

There was a clatter of feet and the men surrounded Cyrus Tuttle. He understood at once that they were men from the circus who were hunting the tiger with the dog. They had followed the spoor up over the mountains from the railroad. Breathlessly they questioned him.

"Down the trail!" he begged. "My boy is down the trail! All alone! The tiger smelled him! Hurry!" He saw the ghastly shake of one man's head—the furtive look. "Hurry!" he shouted.

"The dog is pulling," one of them said. "Maybe we ain't too late." But Cyrus Tuttle knew he believed it *was* too late.

The men hurried off, following in the lead of the eager dog who was straining at his leash. Directly down the road. The scent was fresh and the dog whined. The last Cyrus Tuttle heard was the dog's sharp yelp of satisfaction as he picked up an odor that told him the tiger was near. Then for nearly an hour—a horrible, horrible hour—the father lay exhausted in the wood road, straining his ears for sounds of their return; and all the time his imagination was at work visualizing scenes that made him shiver and curse.

Finally there came the flash of a lantern and Cyrus Tuttle saw one of the men coming back up the trail. His feet lagged. Beside Cyrus Tuttle he stopped. His arm reached out and he put a bone-handled knife into the father's hand.

"We found it in the road," he said pityingly. "Guess it belonged to your boy—but there was no sign of *him*." He broke off as if he found it hard to tell the rest.

Cyrus Tuttle felt a deathly faintness sweep over him.

"Go on," he managed to say. "Tell me."

"Well"—the man cleared his throat—"the dog left the road there and we trailed the tiger to a cave in the rocks."

Cyrus Tuttle felt the world swaying

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about him, but he had to ask one more question.

"And was there any sign of—of—my boy—inside the cave?" His voice broke and turned into a strangled cry.

"Nobody can't get into the cave now," the circus man told him. "We wouldn't none of us dare. In the morning when more help comes we'll be able to make the tiger come out and catch him in a net. We've got the entrance netted now."

"Help me to get up on my foot," Cyrus Tuttle said. "Take me to the cave."

"It ain't no use, mister. You wouldn't find nothing—now."

Then Cyrus Tuttle's shoulders began to shake and the circus man laid a rough hand on them—pity in the touch, but there was nothing he knew how to say to a man who was sobbing with the agonized sounds that Cyrus Tuttle was making. They were torn from his breast and seemed to wrench his very heart loose with them—and ever before his eyes the vision of a bloodthirsty tiger with the limp form of a small boy held between the great jaws—the beast bounding off the trail into the woods until a cave was found into which he could retreat with his kill.

Cyrus Tuttle's hand clasped with frantic tenderness about the little bone-handled knife and he seemed almost to feel again the soft, warm palm of his son.

"How soon will more men come?" he managed to ask. "To open the cave?"

"We've sent already for more men and a truck." He broke off to listen. "Seems like I heard an auto now," he exclaimed.

"With more men you can do something right away?" Cyrus Tuttle asked.

"We'll try, mister—but you've got to understand—" His voice trailed off into pitying silence.

On came the sound of the automobile, toiling up the uneven wood road, the sound of the engine growing constantly more clear. After a time the two men began to see flashes of the headlights, and then it swung around a turn, throwing the blinding glare directly on them.

"Hey!" shouted the circus man waving his arms. "Slow up!"

The motor roared for a second and then stopped. In the silence there came the high-pitched voice of a child.

"It's daddy, Doctor Price, and another man with him."

"Son!" Cyrus Tuttle called wildly. *"Son!"*

"I'm coming, daddy." There was the patter of feet and the bobbing of an electric torch as Henry ran forward. Then two arms were flung about Cyrus Tuttle's neck and he held the dear, slender body of his son close to him, while tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Are you crying, daddy?"

"Yes, darling. I'm so glad to see you."

There came a sniffle from Henry at that and the arms clasped his father tighter.

"I didn't know you ever cried," he sobbed, a mixture of relief and disillusionment in his voice. "I wanted to, but wouldn't let them come." Another convulsive hug and sob. "And, daddy, that dog followed me all the way down the mountain. I thought it was a tiger and was afraid; but I *knew* it was only a dog, daddy, because you said it *couldn't* be a tiger—so I told him to go home, and flashed my light in his eyes—and then I threw a stone at him, daddy, and he *did* go home. Was I brave, daddy?"

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"Yes, you were, son. You are daddy's big boy." Cyrus Tuttle could hardly articulate the words.

"But I *was* afraid, daddy. Do you mind?"

"No, son, that's why you were brave. And where is mother?"

"I didn't tell mother, daddy. I just went right to Doctor Price and told him. I didn't want to scare mother. She's just a girl, isn't she? And she might have seen the dog, too, and thought it was a tiger—and then she'd have been afraid. Was that all right, daddy?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'm glad." Henry's voice was very stout and cheery. Suddenly, however, the note changed to a despairing wail, while his hands sought frantically in trouser-pockets. "Daddy! *Daddy!*" he cried, "I've lost my—my bea-u-tiful knife, my nuh-new knife with the bone handle. Oh, *daddy!* Do you *mind?*"

The Three-Bottle Story

BY MURIEL MOORE

Lat Goodhue was lazy. He was deliberately lazy, he cultivated his laziness, relished it, delighted in it, was proud of it. He was not indolent or inactive; not languorous, heavy, idle; not these! He was lazy. Too lazy to own anything beyond a few clothes and a typewriter, he explained that he was too lazy to die, and the typewriter kept him from starvation. When there was no coin left in his pockets he went to see the Editor. Leaning against the office door, saving himself the trouble of getting up after sitting down, he inquired:

"What's it to be this time?"

"Oh, one bottle ought to do it, Lat."

There were one-bottle stories and three-bottle stories.

"Can you let me have it in a week?"

"Sure."

Back in his room in a West Side boarding-house near the river Lat Goodhue took the typewriter out of its case, went over it carefully, inked, tapped, dusted, polished; then set many packages of cheap cigarettes on the table, matches, a glass, long sheets of blue paper, and the bottle. Now that everything was ready, he lay down on the bed. He could never decide which object in the room was most distasteful to him. Was it the chocolate-and-gold wall-paper, or the elaborately framed engraving of the "Stag at Bay," or the green plush rocking-chair on a set frame to keep it from swaying too far (so like most people's minds), or perhaps the brown portières that reminded him of liquid mud, or did he most loathe the clammy lace curtains at the window? The effort of deciding wearied him. He closed his eyes. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," he called. His landlady stood in the doorway. "It's Mr. Herzog on the phone," she explained. "He

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wants you to go out to dinner with him." Lat shook his head. She saw the writing-table, the whiskey; also his boots on her clean bedspread. She sighed. That sigh was one of Lat Goodhue's great personal triumphs.

"What'll I say?"

He made a gesture of indifference.

"I'll tell him you're busy," she decided, and closed the door.

As soon as it was too late he was sorry. He could hear her down-stairs telling Jake that he was busy. Whenever she telephoned she filled the house with clamor. How noisy the woman was! He'd been a fool to refuse. It amused him to dine with Herzog, to puzzle and baffle him through an evening. For Jake Herzog was ambitious. He wanted much, very much; nearly everything he saw. Fortunately, Jake saw only what with luck and perseverance he might acquire. Lat mournfully examined the carpet. Who planned such carpets, made designs for such roses, chose such colors? Somebody ought to be shot at dawn. There were men with half his talent who made money, lots of money, writing. If he would work—that was what Jake said. He answered that he was too lazy. It was his right, wasn't it? Nobody dependent on him. He'd never married. Great Scott! If he had married! He left it to other men to desire and possess in ceaseless rotation. If he died in a room with purple machine-woven roses on the floor, it was his own affair.

It was getting late. Lat got up from the bed. What should he write about? There would have been so much to say had he not known that everything had been said; he was thousands of years too late. Why not open the bottle? He did it carefully and sniffed the contents. Excellent! Jim never failed him. Lat Goodhue sat down, poured out a half-glass, gulped; instantly he became alert, the story that for days had been a vague dream in the back of his mind was clear and vivid to his imagination. Eagerly his fingers sought the keys of the typewriter. . . .

A voice was saying, "Coffee, here's your coffee," and he knew that it was morning. The familiar room was hazy to him; filled with the fog of semiunconsciousness. Through it he heard the booming voice of his landlady as a sailor hears the roar of surf and by the volume of sound guesses how near he is to danger. He managed to raise the cup to his lips without spilling and drank in choking swallows. He could not yet distinguish his landlady's words, but he knew by the bellowed andante of her reproach that all was well. As usual, she was picking up the scattered pages of manuscript that littered the floor and putting them in a neat pile on the bureau. He hoped Jim would be pleased, that it was one of his amusing stories. Later he would read it and perhaps make a few changes; now, of course, he couldn't for the life of him remember a word he had written. He never could remember! He closed his eyes, the empty cup slid into the hollow of his hip, the clamorous voice became a bell ringing very far off, tolling the waves. It would be a clear day and he would go sailing . . . if the wind held, the fog would lift. . . .

Four times, five times, a year Lat Goodhue needed cash and wrote under the urge of hunger and the stimulus of whiskey. Never without, for his impatient spirit fretted beneath the labor of rewriting, when in the exaltation induced by alcohol he could immediately

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achieve the excellence not otherwise his without long hours of toil. One tale he intended to write when he was sober, and it was to be his masterpiece. Some day he would be willing to do without the bottle and search until he found the words that would express the anguish and torment and despair of work! Meanwhile Lat spent his dollars thriftily, knowing that when they were gone he must go to the Editor. But the day when there was no more money came always, no matter how carefully he economized, with relentless speed. And this time Jim demanded one of his long stories. Three bottles were wrapped in brown paper, and Lat carried them with a heavy heart to his lodging-house and set them out on the bureau in his room. Then he telephoned Jake Herzog. He wanted good food before the night's exhausting labor. But Jake had a guest, and they were going at about nine o'clock to Fergus Eliot's studio. Who might he be? A sculptor; he had made a bust of Jake Herzog's friend. Lat might join them, or, no, they had better call for him; the studio was not an easy place to find.

If he could not have the very best dinner Jake could buy for him, he preferred to eat nothing; so Lat ate no dinner. Hunger sharpened one's sensibilities. When the car was at the door they were very sharp indeed, Lat's sensibilities; so keen that Jake Herzog's cigar, his fine linen, and the carnation in his buttonhole could not do more than lessen the odor that each race carries always within its pores. Jake's friend had also his faint musty personal odor, that came through, as the body warmed, in spite of expensive French soap and toilet-waters. Lat's nerves tortured him all the long way down to Fergus Eliot's studio. When finally the car stopped, he followed the two men up a dark staircase, stumbling out of nervous blindness over small obstacles, too lazy to invent excuses for getting away from them.

Even to Lat Goodhue it seemed a shabby place, this studio. The floor was far from clean, for clay is messy, and food was cooked on the stove in the right-hand corner, and Fergus Eliot washed first the dishes and then his lean brown body over the sink near the door. He smoked incessantly; crumbs, matches, ashes fell disregarded, and sometimes also hairpins. He much preferred women with long hair because of the incomparable gesture of hands busy at the nape of the neck. Two stiff chairs and a table was all the furniture, and the table he kept for books—he ate his meals on the top of a barrel.

Lat wondered how Jake Herzog's fat friend had put up with these surroundings during the sittings for the portrait, and how Jake would endure this austere poverty should he decide to immortalize his tissue in one of Fergus Eliot's bronzes.

Under the skylight, in the centre of the room, was the modelling-stand. On it the sculptor placed, one after the other, without haste and without vanity, the figures he was completing for his first New York exhibition. He had fashioned them of wood, of ivory, bronze, and marble. Sometimes he deftly gilded, sometimes, with a craftsmanship so knowing that only fellow artists could realize his expert knowledge and technic, he lacquered upon wood. And some were simple as a pebble, and some were subtle as a wave, and it seemed to Lat's exquisitely sharpened senses that they chanted together in low voices of

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their delight at having been made by Fergus Eliot's hands. And he forgot Jake Herzog and Jake Herzog's friend; he no longer saw the shabby furniture, the soiled walls, the dirty clay-smeared floor; he forgot his hunger and his weariness; even his humility passed from him, and Lat Goodhue burned with lust for work. He left them suddenly, without good-bys, and found a taxi quickly, and told the man to hurry. Then, in his room, he cursed himself. No longer would he find delight in idling; indolence he would put from him; never again would he be lazy! He would win back to the road, find the strength to walk the road, and come to love the thorns along the road that led through work to work. Out came the typewriter, cigarettes and matches, the long sheets of blue paper. Now was the moment, this was the night in which to write his masterpiece! He sat at the table, lit a cigarette, and with thin nervous fingers already suspended over the keys looked up and saw the three bottles of whiskey.

Dawn in the sky. Gray dawn. Birds chirping. A boat loudly blows its horn. Intermittent trolleys, a taxi horn, and the boat horn again. The rumble of wheels. The birds waking and chirping as though the city were green fields. Turquoise in the sky; the high apartment-houses sombre like granite slopes in Alpine hills, their windows slowly take the shimmerings of sunlight. The crests of mountains wear this same sober gray and little pools flush softly into pink, as do the windows of these stern buildings. Lat Goodhue slept; noon; and yet he slept. In the late afternoon he woke. His landlady was standing near the bed. "It's Mr. Herzog," she explained. "He's down-stairs." But Jake had followed; he stood over his friend. "Sick?" he asked.

"Sure," Lat murmured. "Been writing. Sit down, Jake."

Herzog took Lat's hot dry hands in his.

"You had a queer look in your eyes when you went off so suddenly, last night. It's been worrying me."

"I've done it," Lat began—"at last."

"Done what?"

"Only I didn't mean to write it as—as usual, in the same old way! You see, it was that sculptor chap—what's his name?"

"Fergus Eliot?"

"Yes, and going to the studio."

"What of it?" Jake was puzzled.

"He works."

"Lots of men work. I work."

Lat smiled indulgently. Then, "I've done it," he began again.

"Done what?" It was like a nightmare. Lat pulled himself farther up on the limp pillows. He noticed that he hadn't undressed, he was still in the worn brown suit of the day before.

"I've been awfully lazy," he explained. "Deliberately. What's the use of slaving just to turn out third-rate stuff? But that sculptor—perhaps at first he didn't do first-rate stuff; but he worked, and went on working, and now—as an artist—I'm not in his class! Or—wasn't," he amended. "Then last night—" He laughed softly, looked up and said again, with deep pride: "This time, I've really done it."

Jake sat silent, but he looked about the room and his eyes widened. Lat went on: "When I'm sober—I'm a bundle of nerves, just ordinary nerves; but when I'm drunk, they're catgut—violin-strings, and the whiskey is the bow—it plays tunes on me. The more

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I take the finer the music, only it makes me deathly sick!"

"I see it does."

"Last night," Lat continued, "after seeing those things—when I got home, I wrote. I wrote as beautifully as I can write."

"That's fine! Now come on up to the house, Lat. It's awful here."

Lat sat on the edge of the bed, one hand covering his eyes.

"I'm pretty sick." He looked it, too, Jake thought. "But it's good to have done really fine writing, if only once. I'll never be able to do it again. Too late. Much too late. I know that! But a man is judged by his best work."

"Of course."

"And that's my best work." Lat waved his hand toward the table. "I'll be judged and remembered by last night's work. If I'd slaved all my life, I couldn't have done any better. It's—it's a great story, Jake. It's first-class! And I know."

"Let's be getting along."

"You'll be proud to know me after that's published. Maybe Jim'll give me enough for it so's I can buy one of Fergus Eliot's figures. How much does he get for 'em? A couple of hundred?"

"A couple of thousand," said Jake drily.

Lat shivered. His hands wavered on his knees.

"But—but the studio?"

"He keeps it bare and empty on purpose. Likes it that way. Puts every penny he makes into experimenting with art stuff—lacquers, bronzes. I couldn't live like that."

"No," said Lat slowly. "You couldn't live like that, Jake."

He stood up and the room whirled around him.

"Jake," he said faintly.

"Dizzy?"

"It passes." He smiled.

"Bring your story along and read it to me. Where is it?"

"Usually, it's everywhere." Lat looked about the room uneasily, holding on to the bed.

"I'll call that woman," Jake suggested. "She must have been in and put it away."

"No," said Lat. "She hasn't been in."

"Then where is it? Better let me call her."

Lat held out an arresting hand, the hand that was not holding the bed.

"You go on up to the house, Jake. Go, go right along. I'll follow—later."

"Well," said Jake, and left.

Lat Goodhue sat down on the edge of the bed. He sat quite still, his hands folded across his chest. The corners of the room were blurred, there was a mist creeping out of them. After what seemed a long, long time, he heard his landlady's voice. She was puffing, the stairs were steep. He noticed that the third button on her blouse didn't match the others.

"What's the matter?" He didn't answer and she looked about the disordered room.

"What ye done with it?" Her voice was rising. "Ye know ye never can remember what it is ye've written—it is blotted out from ye by the drink. What have ye done with it?"

He could only look at her.

"Oh, Mr. Goodhue, now try and remember! What did ye do with all them sheets of paper?" She must have sewn the button on her blouse with wire to have it hold against the strain of such panting.

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"Coffee," was all he said.

When she had gone to fetch it he lay down on the bed and contemplated the room. He never would be able to decide what he most hated in it. Soon she was back with a pot of coffee.

"You are a very kind woman," he gasped.

"Oh, and I'm not kind to those that don't deserve kindness," she boomed. "Now do be tellin' me what ye did with all them papers that should have been on the floor this day?"

He answered very slowly, between sips: "I tore it up."

She went to the scrap-basket. She looked under the bed and behind the bureau. There was no paper to be found anywhere. She came again to the bed and stood looking down at Lat Goodhue. On the table stood the three bottles of whiskey, empty. He faced her, smiling, hands trembling.

"I tore it up," he repeated. "That story was no good."

"Tore it up!" she cried. "Tore it up! I know what happened. Ye were that drunk ye wrote all through the night without ever noticing ye had no paper in the typewriter!"

Lat answered her gently: "You wouldn't have me publish a story that wasn't any good? You wouldn't have me do that?" he asked.

Their eyes met. Without warning she let the tray crash to the floor, and burst into loud sobs. She rocked back and forth, her apron over her face.

"It was your best work!" she wailed. "I listened at the door."

Lat lay very still on his crumpled pillows. Presently she bent and swept the fragments of broken china together with the side of the tray, and lifted them into her apron. Then she went out softly, without looking back. He heard her down-stairs, talking on the telephone, filling the house with clamor. He closed his eyes that he might not see the chocolate-and-gold wall-paper, for there floated in his memory figures sculptured out of wood, and out of ivory, and out of marble, and some were subtle as a wave and some were simple as a pebble. Fergus Eliot had used words in ways new to him; of a woman's hair, heaped on one shoulder, he had said that it was "lovely ornament." . . . Two things Lat Goodhue had found to his liking—writing and not writing. When he was not writing he was living, and when he was writing he was drunk.

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When a Woman Governor Campaigns

BY CECILIA HENNEL HENDRICKS

Can women stand the strain of practical politics? This story of Governor Nellie Ross's campaigning in the great open spaces of Wyoming shows how at least one woman did. Mrs. Hendricks was a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction at the time of which she writes.

CAMPAIGNING is a man's job. No woman can stand such strenuous work and meet the demands made on physical strength throughout a whole campaign. She is bound to break down before the election."

This was the general opinion freely expressed by the general public regarding a woman in politics. After Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross's two years as chief executive of a sovereign State, there was no longer any question of a woman's ability to govern the affairs of a commonwealth, or to stand the strain of a legislative session. Not many men governors have handled the job with as much efficiency. At the close of the 1925 legislature Honorable J. C. Underwood, Republican, who was leader of the majority party and Speaker of the House during the session, turning to Governor Ross, said: "Governor Ross, those of us who have had the privilege to participate for several sessions in the work of the legislature know how exacting and onerous are the duties which a session thrusts upon a governor. I want to say to you that, in my experience, no governor has handled these duties with greater courtesy, with greater accuracy, or with more ability."

But travelling by automobile into every corner of a State the size of Wyoming, attending three, four, even seven, meetings a day and making speeches at every one, with jumps of anywhere from five to fifty miles between meetings, at the same time keeping in touch with the executive office at Cheyenne daily and attending to every matter needing attention, is far different from sitting in that office and directing affairs of state. Until Governor Ross showed how a woman can campaign, there were no data available on the subject, for no woman had ever made a complete canvass of her State as a candidate for governor.

Wyoming is a large State. It is 275 miles north and south, and 365 miles east and west. It contains a hundred thousand square miles of land. Railroads as yet traverse only a limited part of it. If you will imagine a rectangle with lines meandering somewhat irregularly from the two upper corners and the lower left-hand corner to meet near the lower right-hand corner, you will have roughly an idea of the parts of Wyoming that are served by railroads. Between the three spokes of this fan are great areas many miles from a train, which, because of the mountains, probably always will be. To reach all parts of Wyoming it is necessary to travel by automobile. Governor Ross's itinerary, therefore, was planned for a trip by auto, and, travelling in that way,

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she did something no candidate for governor in Wyoming had ever before done, and that is actually to visit practically every city, town, and hamlet in the entire State.

Meetings were held as early as nine in the morning and as late as ten at night. They were held in homes, in city and country community houses, in town halls, in theatres, in school-buildings, and in churches. It took about seven weeks to cover the State, with various hurried trips back to Cheyenne for important executive matters or regular board meetings.

Throughout the campaign Governor Ross was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kimball, of Casper, and practically all the travel was done in their Hudson car. Mr. Kimball was the Democratic candidate for secretary of state, the official who, in the State government of Wyoming, corresponds to lieutenant-governor in many other States. Tall, dignified, scholarly in bearing and speech, Mr. Kimball impresses one as being a university professor rather than the business man he is. He is a pioneer in Wyoming, having to his credit forty-five years of residence in the State, a good many of them while Wyoming was still a Territory. Nine terms, at various times, he has served as mayor of Casper, the largest city in the State, and it is only because of his unconditional refusal to serve again that he is not now mayor. In fact, his friends all said that his chief reason for running for a State office was to escape their importuning him to serve again as mayor of Casper. Mrs. Kimball was for many years superintendent of a hospital training-school for nurses, and is chief of the Wyoming State Board of Examiners for granting nurses' certificates. Cheerful, serene, capable of meeting any situation that arises, she was the "official observer" of the party. Throughout a large part of the State, United States Senator John B. Kendrick was a member of the party, and for some time his daughter, Miss Rosa-Maye, now Mrs. Hubert Harmon, of London, was along, driving the senator's car. "My chief difficulty," Senator Kendrick said to me after his daughter had gone back to Trail's End, their home near Sheridan, "was each time to alter what I said enough that Mrs. Kimball and Rosa-Maye couldn't quote my speech at me afterward entire from beginning to end."

At the very beginning of the campaign Governor Ross laid down one rule. "This is a business mission, not a social one," she said. "When I am not out on business I shall be most happy to visit with my friends everywhere over the State, and enjoy their generous hospitality. But not on this trip." And she held to the rule. Everywhere she was invited to dinner, and to stay overnight in private homes. But in practically every case she stayed at hotels and had her dinner served in her room, that she might get an hour of rest between the day and the night meetings.

At noon there were frequent community dinners, or lunch was served the party at a private house. At noon Governor Ross always remained with the party, but in the evening she held to her rule of an hour to herself. In addition to this, she seized any opportunity for a bit of rest. She even took naps on the back seat of an auto, on long rides between stops. Perhaps it might as well be said here as anywhere that Governor Ross began to gain in weight from the first week of the trip, and during the latter weeks she laughingly expressed her opinion that, if the campaign did

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not soon end, she would be forced to undergo a reducing regimen as soon as she was again settled.

The ability to conserve her strength is a typical example of the good sense Governor Ross showed in all the affairs of the campaign. With unfailing clearness she considered every matter that arose, and with decision gave her answer. She refused to bother herself with minor details of the schedule, but conserved her energy for the important matters of the campaign.

Yet she was never too busy to think of others. At Greybull, for instance, she remembered the aged grandmother at the Griffin Inn. Having stopped at the inn some months before, Governor Ross had met "Grandma," as everybody calls the old lady, and had shared with her some flowers that had been presented. This time, when we started out in the morning of the day we were scheduled for Greybull, Governor Ross took with her a box of flowers for "Grandma." The dear old lady was almost beyond words at the remembrance, especially when the flowers proved to be hothouse roses. It was at Greybull, too, that Governor Ross, at a ladies' afternoon reception, inquired after an invalid whom she had met previously. On learning that the lady was feeling too badly to leave home on that day, Governor Ross took the time to go to her house and make a little call there.

At Burlington, a village in Bighorn County, a little girl not more than nine years old played the piano for the audience to sing "America." After the programme Governor Ross asked specially to talk with Elda Neeves, and there is one little girl who all her life will treasure the kindly praise given her by Wyoming's first woman governor.

The singing of "America" was an unfailing part of every programme we found as we went along. It was usually the first number. Its inclusion on the programme at Powell afforded an illustration of Governor Ross's readiness to meet any situation, however sudden and unexpected. It happened that the orchestra that played while the audience was assembling had another engagement for the evening at Cody, twenty-five miles away, and had to leave at a set time to make this trip. The crowd was so large that the meeting was a little late in starting. By this time the orchestra had left, and when "America" was announced no one was immediately at hand to play the accompaniment. As soon as Governor Ross heard this, she at once said: "I'll play for you." And she did, to the great pleasure of the audience, for not everybody has the opportunity of singing a national song to a governor's accompaniment on the piano.

The night we were at Lovell we also made speeches at Cowley, the two meetings, five miles apart, running simultaneously. Governor Ross and Mr. Kimball started at Cowley, while Senator Kendrick and I held forth at Lovell. As soon as one was done speaking a car was ready to rush him to the other meeting. Before Governor Ross came to Lovell the song-leader of the town led the audience in singing various patriotic and popular songs. Under her direction the audience learned a ditty of greeting, and sang it with great gusto as Governor Ross entered.

At Glenrock, Parkerton, and Douglas the Glenrock-Parkerton band, or the Glenpark Band, as it is generally called, one of the best bands of the State, the one that always presents the musical programme at the State fair, played for the meetings. On each occasion the

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band used the same tune when the governor entered. It is interesting to know that the song chosen for her entry was "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

This reminds me of a story we heard at Douglas. The party was joined there for the day by Mrs. Cresswell, then county treasurer of Converse County, and her deputy, Mr. Richard Swormstedt. Some time before Mr. Swormstedt had gone to his old home at Baltimore, Md., on a visit, and incidentally he visited a fraternal organization in which he held membership when he lived there. He was called on as a visitor to say something. He made the usual remarks proper to such an occasion and sat down. But immediately he was called up again.

"You are from Wyoming! Tell us all about your lady governor! What about her? Do you all like her?"

Mr. Swormstedt smiled and shook his head. "Oh, no," he said, "we don't just like our Governor Nellie Ross. We *love* her."

Wyoming is a most pleasant State in which to campaign. Fall weather in Wyoming means for weeks what Eastern States enjoy occasionally and call Indian summer. In all the weeks Governor Ross covered the State, only twice were there rain and snow and bad roads. On one of these occasions, however, she had thrills more than enough to satisfy any desire for excitement.

On October 28 we had five meetings at Parkerton and Glenrock, running daytime and evening meetings at both places. It was late that night when the last meeting was over. Governor Ross was scheduled to address the high school at Douglas at nine the next morning. As Douglas was twenty-seven miles from Glenrock, it was necessary to make the trip after the night meeting at Glenrock. Governor Ross's usual escort, the Kimballs, took advantage of their closeness to Casper to spend the night in their own home. The governor started to Douglas about midnight in a car driven by Dr. J. H. Hylton, who is State chairman of the Democratic party in Wyoming. Rain and snow during the day had made the roads very bad. Progress was necessarily very slow and cautious. In spite of Doctor Hylton's care, the car, suddenly striking an unusually soft spot, lurched to the side of the road and slipped sidewise down the embankment. The passengers all expected it to tip, but it did not upset.

One o'clock at night is an unholy hour for a doctor, or any man, to find himself and his car in the ditch, miles away from any help except that of four women, one of them a governor. Doctor Hylton diagnosed the case, told each woman what to do, and they proceeded to work. Wyoming women have lots of push, it might be remarked in passing. I know of one occasion when two school-teachers and a minister's wife pushed a car up a steep hill when the engine refused to work. I can vouch for the incident, because I was driving the car. But to return to the governor's party. They did excuse Governor Ross from pushing on this occasion, but she had to wade deep mud to keep out of the way. After half an hour or so of strenuous effort the car was worked back up on the highway and the party proceeded to Douglas, arriving there after 2 A. M. That day Governor Ross spoke at seven meetings!

In one hamlet in the northeast part of the State Democrats are rather scarce, one woman and three men comprising the total list in the precinct. When announcement was made that Governor

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Ross would be present at a meeting in this village, the one Democratic woman decided she would prepare a lunch for the occasion. Wishing to be generous, she planned for a hundred sandwiches, with cake and coffee in proportion. This amount, she figured, ought to serve four Democrats and the governor and her party, and the Republicans who would attend a Democratic meeting. At the time announced for the meeting the audience gathered. As the hall got fuller and fuller the lone Democratic lady began to wonder if her loaves would serve the crowd. She missed the speechmaking, for before the programme was well started she hurried out and commandeered another hundred sandwiches. It took them all!

In many places in Wyoming women are in official position. Often these women presided at the meetings. At Jackson, the town in the famous Jackson Hole country, there is not only a woman mayor but an entire council composed of women. They all sat on the platform for the meeting there. At Deaver Mrs. Schwendiman, the mayor, introduced Governor Ross. At Byron Mayor Pryde presided at the meeting, introducing all the speakers, and afterward took us all home with her, where she served a turkey dinner.

An actual schedule of a few days may help to give a definite idea of the fact that campaigning is strenuous business. Take the time from October 19 to 23, for instance. These days are average ones, not the heaviest. Tuesday morning Governor Ross and her party started out from Thermopolis, where there were meetings the previous day. Grass Creek, an oil-producing community thirty-five miles away, was the first stop for a speaking, followed by a community dinner. Then came another drive of thirty miles to Meeteetsee for an afternoon meeting; and another drive of twenty-five miles to Cody for an all-evening meeting, a total of eighty-five miles and three meetings. After the evening speaking there was a dinner and conference at the home of State Senator and Mrs. John F. Cook, which lasted till long past midnight. The next morning Governor Ross had a conference with members of Colonel Cody's family and with the committee on the Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum, which is now established at Cody. Then came a drive of twenty-five miles to Powell, where at noon there was a chamber-of-commerce luncheon, with Governor Ross as the chief guest and speaker. Then came a talk at the high school to the students, an afternoon reception, more conferences, and in the evening a meeting lasting till after eleven.

Thursday morning there was first a five-mile drive to Garland, where Governor Ross and Senator Kendrick made talks to the school-children. At Byron, twelve miles farther, we had an eleven-o'clock meeting and dinner; at Deaver, ten miles on from Byron, a talk at the schoolhouse. Five miles farther, at Cowley, Governor Ross spoke informally at an afternoon reception for women. In the evening she spoke at both Cowley and Lovell, six miles apart. The day's trips covered fifty miles for the six meetings.

Leaving Lovell Friday morning, we drove forty-five miles to Burlington for a morning meeting, followed by a community dinner. Leaving there about 1.30, we drove the twenty-five miles to Greybull for an afternoon reception, with its usual informal talk, not on politics, after which Governor Ross made a call on an invalid friend. In the evening there were again two meetings, at Grey-

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bull and Basin, eight miles apart. This day totalled four meetings and eighty-six miles of driving.

On Saturday the party went first to Manderson, twenty miles distant, then eighteen miles farther to Hyattville for another meeting and lunch. In the afternoon the first drive was to Tensleep, seventeen miles away, and then to Worland, twenty miles farther, for an evening meeting. As these last two drives were over mountain roads, the distance does not really indicate the time required to make the trips, but the total for the day of eighty-five miles is not small.

Everywhere and always, wherever the governor stopped, there were, in addition to the scheduled meetings, political conferences with local and county committees. There was always some person who took advantage of the governor's presence to confer with her on matters of State concern. Chambers of commerce and civic clubs explained to her the needs of their communities and their plans for co-operating with the State departments in every kind of problem, from dangerous curves on State highways to irrigation districts and other agricultural matters. A woman whose husband had been removed from office asked for an audience. Another whose daughter was in a State asylum wanted to be assured that the girl was receiving proper care. Everywhere there were demands enough on the governor's time and energy to make a union-labor day, in addition to the campaigning. Throughout it all Governor Ross kept in daily touch with her executive office in Cheyenne, sometimes more than five hundred miles away, and with the State Democratic Committee. Her schedule was planned to have her the shortest possible distance from Cheyenne at the time for regular State board meetings, and it is to her credit that not once during the seven weeks of campaigning did she miss a single meeting of any of the important State boards of which the governor is a member.

One of the outstanding features of Governor Ross's campaign was the great crowds that greeted her everywhere. The press of the State, both Republican and Democratic, commented constantly on this throughout the campaign. "The largest crowd ever gathered in one place in the county." "We did not know there were so many people in the county." "In a county where there are so few Democrats it is a standing jest that it is necessary to send to an adjoining county to get a Democratic county chairman, Governor Ross drew the largest crowd this county has ever seen assembled in one place." "There were so many autos you had to drive out of town to find room to park."

In metropolis or village it was the same. In Casper the meeting was in the new Elks' Hall, the largest gathering-place in the city. An overflow meeting filled the town hall, and many were turned away. At Sheridan four meetings were necessary to give all who wished a chance to hear Governor Ross talk. In small rural districts, where there was only a crossroads village, two hundred to two hundred and fifty men, women, and children would suddenly appear at the time scheduled for Governor Ross's meeting. At Byron, a village with a population of 326, the meeting, at eleven in the morning, was in the auditorium of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints. While we were at dinner immediately afterward, the question of attendance was mentioned. "It was a large crowd," said Senator

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Kendrick to Mayor Pryde. "Did the women turn out well?" "Every woman in town was at the meeting," she replied, "except those who were in my kitchen cooking this dinner."

In Bighorn County one of the local chairmen confessed to me afterward that they had debated holding an evening meeting at one place, because never in the memory of any one had there been more than 45 people at a Democratic meeting. There were 250 gathered in the auditorium of the Mormon church when Governor Ross appeared to speak. To be sure, to people used to attending political rallies in the Auditorium in Chicago or in the old Madison Square Garden in New York, 250 may seem a ridiculously small gathering. But when it represents five times as many people as ever gathered before for a similar meeting, it has meaning. It is the comparison that counts.

That not all the crowds that greeted Governor Ross, or even a majority of them, were of her political party, goes without saying. She was the governor of the State, and it was to show their interest in and respect for her as governor, and their personal affection for her, as well as to hear her discuss the issues of the campaign, that they gathered in such unusual numbers. Wherever she went schools were dismissed in order that the meetings might be held in school-buildings, or that she might address the school-children.

"I could have had anything in town to use for our dinner last night," remarked Mrs. John Cook, of Cody, over our breakfast coffee the morning after Senator and Mrs. Cook entertained the governor and her party. "Everybody is so interested in Governor Ross. One of my neighbors said to me: 'Of course, being a Republican myself, I cannot expect to be present at your dinner-party, but I should be glad to have anything I possess go. I should be more than proud to own anything that had served Governor Ross. My coffee service is very nice.' " Mrs. Cook smiled. "In fact," she said, "I was offered three silver coffee services for last night's dinner!"

At one hamlet there was time for Governor Ross to rest at a near-by house for half an hour while the community dinner was being prepared. Later on, after the dinner, I heard the local women discussing the matter. "Just to think," said the woman to whose home Governor Ross had gone, "the governor lay down on my bed! I'll be proud all the rest of my life because I own a bed on which Governor Ross took a nap."

At the same place an old man, a Dane, told me of the pleasure and satisfaction it gave him to be present. "Thirty years have I lived here," he said in his broken English, "and never in all my life before have I had so good a time as to-day." Probably never before had he seen and talked with a governor, and certainly he had never before talked with a woman governor.

Like all campaigners, Governor Ross had one main speech which discussed all the chief issues of the campaign, as had all of us. When there was what we called a "full" meeting, each of us gave his full speech. For shorter meetings we cut our talks down to five minutes each, except Governor Ross, or else only the governor spoke.

You remember Thomas Marshall's story, in his autobiography, of Mrs. Marshall's taking exception to his statement that he made one hundred and sixty-nine speeches while campaigning for the governorship in Indiana. "No, Tom," Mrs. Marshall's statement ran, "you made one speech 169 times." Un-

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like the former governor of Indiana, Governor Ross had more than one speech.

At all the "full" meetings Governor Ross talked party politics and discussed the events of her administration and her ideas of future needs. Her talk was crammed with meat. "I wish I could put some funny stories in my speech," she often said, "but there is so much to say and so little time to say it in that I feel I must hold to my topics."

At informal gatherings and afternoon receptions she never discussed party politics. On such occasions she frequently spoke on "How a Woman Governor Spends Her Time." She always asked the audience to suggest a topic, and whenever this was done she spoke on whatever topic was suggested. On one occasion, I remember, she was requested to discuss the tariff, which she did briefly by stating first that tariff is a national and not a State question, and then by proceeding to give the attitude of the Wyoming members of Congress on the subject. We learned afterward that in the particular part of the State where the incident occurred, a place where the tariff on wool was of local concern, the news had preceded our coming that if Governor Ross were re-elected she would abolish the tariff on wool!

Governor Ross's power of clear and keen thinking and her remarkable command of the English language are too well known to require comment here. They have been spoken of so frequently by the press of the country, from Maine to California, that a few of the references are all that are necessary:

The Minneapolis *Morning Tribune* said: "If more of our men governors evidenced the straight thinking of which Governor Ross gives us a shining example, our crime roll would not be what it is, and society would have a stronger sense of security."

Collier's Weekly: "Her thinking has been clear—and she has filled the job with intelligence and courage."

The New York *World,* speaking of the 1925 national governors' conference, said: "She was versed in all the subjects that came up, alert in all of them. The banner of Wyoming she brought east floated high."

There were, of course, no meetings planned on Sunday during the campaign, and it was the intention to allow as much rest as possible on this day. Wherever the party happened to be, the various members invariably attended church. Governor Ross and Mr. and Mrs. Kimball, wherever possible, attended the Episcopal Church, of which all three are members. In many cases, however, when it was discovered that the governor would be in a given town over Sunday, she was called upon by a local committee and asked to make a talk in one of the churches, and in some instances she was called upon to do this twice in one day. It even happened that, when the party attended church services unannounced, Governor Ross, in churches whose order of service permitted, was called upon unexpectedly to address the congregation. In all of her Sunday talks, whether of a few minutes or of longer duration, she stated her simple Christian faith in so convincing and clear a manner that the effect was always very pronounced on the congregations. "If everybody who went to church could be sure of hearing as good a sermon every time," I heard the frequent comment, "there would be fewer empty pews in our churches on Sunday."

When Governor Ross made the dedi-

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Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, former Governor of Wyoming.

From a photograph by Clinedinst.

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cation speech for the largest retail store in the world, that of Gimbel's, in Philadelphia, in November, 1926, this part of her speech was widely quoted in the press:

"It is noteworthy that the entrance of women into conspicuous positions of trust and into practically all well-known vocations has been contemporary with the elevation of the ethical standards in the conduct of business. I unhesitatingly assert that through active participation in business affairs feminine influence has given great impetus to this movement, and that the more women become identified with the affairs of business the higher we may expect the standards of conduct to rise."

Whether or not this statement is true at present as regards business in general, there can be no question of its truth as applied to Governor Ross's own campaign. Whatever may be the universal answer to the question of the moral influence of women in politics, on the side of clean politics, there can be no doubt of it in the campaign of the first woman governor at the close of her term. To those of us who worked with her, the most outstanding element in the whole campaign is Governor Ross's constant insistence on cleanness and fair play. At no time would she permit any one to do one single thing that was underhanded, or even remotely suggestive of taking an unfair advantage of her opponents. She refused absolutely to countenance any mud-slinging, even when the thing that might be said was based on fact. She would allow no attack on the character of those opposing her re-election. She insisted that the entire emphasis be laid on issues. It was not often that she spoke of such matters in a public speech, but occasionally, late in the campaign, when it was apparent that untrue statements were being broadcast about her, she did speak of them in public addresses. Her unchanging statement was that she was carrying on a campaign on the highest moral plane, based on absolute truth, that she had high personal regard for those who were opposing her candidacy; that she would make no statements assailing their character. "I refuse to do anything myself that is low or unfair, nor will I allow any one else to do it for me, *with or without my knowledge.*"

No better statement can be made of Governor Ross's position on this matter of clean politics than the statement she herself made at the State conference of her party when her campaign was first launched, a statement that became the working slogan of every one associated with her throughout the campaign:

"If we do not always meet success at the hands of the people, at least we should strive to deserve it."

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What's Happening in Protestantism

BY JOHN RICHELSEN
Pastor of the Kenmore Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

Statistics show curious things about the development of the Protestant churches, and Doctor Richelsen makes pungent comment on the course of denominationalism and the attitude of religious leaders.

MANY of us have sensed that Protestantism is undergoing changes. Are these changes really momentous and do they mean anything particularly worth knowing? It may be left to the ecclesiastical bosses to become excited over such fluctuations in church conditions as accompany the usual periods of greater or lesser religious interest.

The actual facts in the church situation to-day have a real kick to them. They will be sufficiently startling even for blasé churchmen; and a blasé churchman is capable of more blasé regarding religion than any earnest believer could believe possible.

Although everybody knows that the greatest shake-up of its life is taking place, it is silly to believe that Protestantism in America is losing adherents. The usual answer to the query about what's happening in Protestantism is that it is dying out. But that is only a wild guess. Protestantism has really come face to face with conditions unparalleled by historic precedents and therefore they are at first most amazing and puzzling.

Regardless of one's personal creed, any student of contemporaneous social conditions knows that momentous changes in religious institutions are sure to have far-reaching consequences. Protestantism, it can be shown, has broken away from its leaders and is running with the bit in its teeth like an old family horse gone on a rampage and responding only with an additional kick at the buggy-shafts whenever the driver yells a frantic whoa. The facts clearly indicating this state of affairs become available by digging into some recently issued books of denominational statistics. Venerable institutions will not be misrepresented, for the figures are published by the denominations themselves. All that is needed is a little clearer arrangement of the facts. Then the conclusions will prove to be like the kick of a camel, seemingly effortless yet very effective.

Four prominent Protestant denominations—the Presbyterians (in the U. S. A.), the Congregationalists, the Baptists (both Northern and Southern Conventions), and the Episcopalians—with a combined constituency of 9,149,184 members, form a considerable portion of American Protestantism. By noting the peculiar gyrations of figures presented by these four denominations we may learn what is happening in Protestantism to-day. I do not mean to say that the church authorities are juggling these statistics like an Anti-Saloon League Anderson or padding them like evangelists. To the contrary, there is

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every reason to believe that the numbers as presented are substantially correct. The extraordinary peculiarities they exhibit argue against their being the result of design or conspiracy. They show that a cyclone has hit Protestantism. A twister has romped down its Main Street. Now what you expect to see isn't there; what by all logic you would not expect to behold, is prominently on exhibition. For instance, did you think the denominations were going backward in membership, or standing still?

If becoming a church-member meant the same thing, or anywhere near the same thing as becoming a Christian, this age is undoubtedly a saintly one, for nearly every denomination is making noteworthy additions to the numbers of adherents. Church-membership is today the best-sold commodity in America. More people join churches between Christmas and Easter than there are hotdogs sold between the 4th of July and Labor Day. And why not? Nobody now bothers with the inconvenience of getting converted before joining a church, especially in the cities. Nothing could possibly fluster a metropolitan church so much as to have some one catch religion in it. That would be like having a Bolshevik join the Manufacturers' Association. It isn't being done. Also there are no initiation fees in joining a church. There are no dues, or collect them if you can. The easiest way to get rid of church people and forget all about the church is to join one. So, as we have been intimating, people are joining the churches. Will you have a small handful of figures on these statements before we pass on to other matters?

In 1927 the Presbyterian Church (U. S. A.) had a net gain of 18,157 members after chalking off all losses from defections, departures, and deceases. The Baptists reported a prosperous year with a net total gain of 41,712 adherents. The Congregational Church kicks in with its report of 22,665 additional converts for the year's salaries, and the Episcopal Church coyly shows its hand with 17,259 more believers than it ever before had enrolled at one time. (For additional information see "Minutes of the General Assembly, 1927," "American Baptist Year-Book, 1927," "The Congregational Year Book, 1926," and "The Living Church Annual, 1927.") Every prominent Protestant denomination stands to-day at the highest point of its history in respect to adherents. The Lutherans topped their previous year with 67,879 net gain, the Methodists with 150,910, the Disciples with 44,801, the Evangelicals with 9,764. The average growth of Protestantism is at normal with its record for the past thirty years. Then what's happening in Protestantism?

An eyeful of something that stings like the morning sun is suddenly squirted at us from an apparently dead column of figures which we come upon as we idly finger the pages of church statistics. Beginning ten years ago the Congregational Church has consistently in every year since then suffered a net loss in the number of its churches. Look at these figures of the total number of their church organizations year by year, with not a break in the decade from the regularity of the downward trend:

YEAR	NO. OF CHURCHES
1915	6,103
1916	6,089
1917	6,050
1918	6,019
1919	5,959
1920	5,924
1921	5,873
1922	5,826

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YEAR	NO. OF CHURCHES
1923	5,716
1924	5,680
1925	5,636

The impeccable regularity of these figures is striking. Here is not simply the chronicle of a peculiar off year. Every year of the past decade has been an off year. Some "trend" got started in 1915 that has trended a steady gait ever since then. And if this downward glide of the numbers of the church organizations is viewed in contrast with the equally regular upward swing of the membership increases the movement looks more like an Alpine snowslide than a "trend." It is like two trains when they pass each other going in opposite directions. For during this same period of ten years the denomination grew from 780,414 to 901,660 members. Not only have the Congregationalists no additional church organizations because of their gain in membership but they have 467 fewer churches than they had ten years ago before these 121,246 additional members were received. This denomination now actually has fourteen fewer church organizations than it had in 1900, although it now has 268,311 more members than in 1900. Yes, we have some phenomena.

Hastening to lay hands on the Presbyterian "What's What" ("Handbook, 1928, Presbyterian Church in U. S. A.," page 12) to see if anything was stirring in Presbyterianism while the Congregationalists were having their dizzy ride, we find this summary of statistics for 1927 as compared with 1926:

Net gain in number of new members	18,157
Net loss in number of churches	68

The same consistent trend, steadily up on one track and down on the other, up membership and down churches, in the Presbyterian fold starts with 1921. Before 1921 the movement was begun but the pace was not kept up unfalteringly. The following are the official figures but the arrangement of them is made by us for clarity of impression:

YEAR	MEMBERS	CHURCHES
1920	1,637,105	9,769
1921	1,722,361	9,842
1922	1,756,918	9,710
1923	1,803,593	9,706
1924	1,830,928	9,678
1925	1,873,859	9,649
1926	1,909,111	9,565
1927	1,927,268	9,497

Since 1921 the Presbyterians have grown steadily every year in memberships, adding in the period from 1921 to 1927, a total of 204,908 adherents and losing churches steadily every year in the same period for a total setback of 345 organizations.

The Northern Baptist Convention with a membership of 1,392,820 had 8,393 churches in 1926 and reports 8,266 for 1927, a loss of 127 organizations. The Southern Baptist Convention, a body of 3,765,001 members, had 26,436 churches in 1926 and 25,555 in 1927, thus wiping out 881 of these institutions for the one year. According to the "American Baptist Year-Book," 1927, the two Baptist bodies present the following eye-twisting conclusions for the year 1927 as compared with 1926:

Net gain in number of new members	75,610
Net loss in number of churches	1,008

The Protestant Episcopal Church in 1920 had one church organization for every 131 members. In five years since then it has gained one church organization for each additional 3,031 new members.

The latest "Statistics" issued by

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Doctor Carroll (1927), shows the combined 23 bodies of the Lutheran Church, with a membership of 2,656,158, having a gain in membership for the year of 67,879 with a net loss of 101 organizations, thus joining the procession with the Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians. Here, surely is an odd kettle of fish in the Protestantism of to-day. It is not being claimed that every denomination shows exactly the same plus and minus signs. There may be exceptions which we have not found. The denominations examined above, however, are all outstanding ones and vary sufficiently from one another to cover the entire range of denominational appeal. With our minds adjusted to the peculiarities of these official statistics we may now make assertions which might at first have been considered unwarranted and certainly would have been open to misconstruction.

Thousands of Protestant churches are now yearly being dissolved, dismissed, and abandoned. New churches born do not begin to replace the number of the dead. This condition began approximately ten years ago and is now making itself tremendously felt throughout the whole of Protestantism. During the past ten years the Congregationalists "dropped" 1,046 organizations, the Presbyterians "dismissed" 61 and "dissolved" 1,143, a total death list for the two denominations for the past ten years of 2,250 churches; while they had a net gain of 470,348 members.

In the country districts the abandoned church edifice is becoming a common sight. Few hamlets are without these memorials of other days; oftimes with the significant cemetery adjoining. In the towns and cities the abandonment of churches is not so conspicuous because land values influence the tearing down of the buildings to be replaced with commercial structures. It is mainly in the rural sections that these little, abandoned Protestant churches stand out like sore thumbs. Yet there is no reason whatever for doubting that except in such country sections where the population is being depleted the country churches as a whole are sharing with the city churches in the steady growth of memberships. Everywhere there are fewer churches but more members than before the loss of churches took place. The abandonment of one edifice has been more than compensated for in the additional membership growth of the continuing ones of the same general neighborhood, if not of the same denomination.

It may be plausibly argued that what is happening in Protestantism is that people no longer take religion seriously. One finds it difficult to affirm or deny such an opinion without a definition of what is meant by the term religion. There is little doubt that people are taking less seriously things which formerly were considered essentials of religion. Formerly people were concerned about the mode of baptism, foreordination, free will, election, and transubstantiation. They would fight for their convictions and feel justified in creating and maintaining separate organizations to proclaim them even though in nine of ten other matters they were at complete agreement with some other existing organization. Now there is little of such intensity of religious opinion. The prevailing sentiment of modern Protestantism is that one denominational body is about as right as another. Innocent and innocuous as that statement may seem to be, the sentiment has had revolutionary power.

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The war-horses of the denominations have snorted fire over the abandonment of churches, but the process is defiantly continuing. To-day, in an overchurched community, one organization regardless of its denomination gets the edge on the other churches either because of its location, architecture, musical equipment, Sunday-school facilities or its preacher's curly hair. So it steps out and forward with its programme. Formerly such an awakening would have caused the trumpets to be sounded by the other denominations to pitch in and compete. But to-day the prevailing sentiment of the community switches to the aggressive organization on the principle that a church is a church and that we all are striving for the same heaven. Soon only the die-hards are left in some of the weaker churches and then in due season comes the end. The denominational leaders throw up the sponge in face of such indifference to denominational pride and prestige. The old summons to denominational loyalty falls on deaf ears. With heart-breaking apathy a minor group of denominational adherents permits itself to become amalgamated with some existing church organization rather than maintain a struggling church for itself. And so impartial, as between denominations, is this modern trend that all share fairly evenly the losses of church organizations and the gains of membership.

What's happening in Protestantism will be explained with anathemas or with benedictions according to one's view-point. Of the revolutionary facts there can be no question. Some will say that the river has been broadened out so much by the removal of denominational banks that religious thinking has become a swamp. Others will offer a definition of religion. "We haven't enough religion among us to get up a good church fight," it was once explained to me concerning a certain church. Protestantism to-day hasn't enough religion (?) to split up into further "spite" churches and competitive organizations in overchurched territories. Protestantism is gaining in memberships but is abandoning weak churches in the interest of consolidation. This has come about not by high-sounding proclamations of purpose but by the silent decisions of church-members to jump the denominational traces.

Protestantism will now doubtless continue to furnish an enlarging scope of usefulness for the services of an ecclesiastical undertaker rather than midwife. What Protestantism now needs most of all is a dignified order of service for the interment of defunct church organizations. The dedication services even for very small churches are always elaborate. Protestantism never slights the christening exercises. But when an organization dies there is no ceremony at the grave, and too often the corpse is simply abandoned and left unburied. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians alone should have said the burial service over 2,250 times during the past ten years.

The dissolution of a Protestant church in America to-day, under the usual circumstances, should really be celebrated with a beautiful ritual, filled with the spirit of optimism over the triumph of a better Protestantism.

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Mosaic in Oxford Blue

BY ELEANOR EVANS WING

The Vestibule

A RAINY day in Oxford. I should have been disappointed if there hadn't been rain and shiny streets and shivers when I stepped off the train, laden with hat-boxes, at the London & Northwestern station after a tedious ride in lonely state in a first-class carriage. Some perverse instinct seemed to say that there could easily be disillusion if things were pleasant. There was nothing pleasant about arriving in the town of fabled dreams and spires and fires and winds and wines. Crowds of laughing, bantering, wide-trousered youths piled out of the third-class carriages. They didn't look at me, or wink, or nudge one another. They never thought of taxis, porters, or tips. They fumbled badly with hasty searches for the elusive little ticket which admits you to the other side of the station picket fence. How difficult it is to hang on—like grim death—to the thin piece of paper one is handed at the beginning of a journey in England. And how impossible it is to convince phlegmatic officials that one has once possessed such a ticket. For there is no relaxation of law. Every one must pay again if he loses it. I think I should dub my ticket congé, except that being in England, I quickly learned to scorn the French.

As I stood beside my bags (how soon I learned not to call suitcases that) waiting for a porter who never came, for the first time I felt the spirit of American confidence and flapper courage ebbing. Why had the train stopped so that the third-class carriages were more accessible to easy exit than the first? I had stepped off the train into mud. Those less plutocratic than I had landed on well-swept platforms, protected from the rain. I had travelled alone, unspoken to; had disembarked, unremarked, in spite of a very carefully planned Lord and Taylor costume complete to pale mauve socks. Not so do American college girls step off college trains. And why did my suitcase, distinguished, as I thought, by its foreign labels, stay where I had dropped it in a very disastrous puddle of mud?

But was all this disillusioning? I think I was glad to be ignored. There was adventure in it, strange pique, and not a little curiosity. It takes a great deal to disturb a prom-trotting conceit, however superficial it is. And one such experience was only amusing. I was to learn in a few days that girls were tolerated here, not wanted; that more than once the hardest part of going to a lecture was to be standing in the Examination Schools, on freezing floors, while Englishmen leisurely slept through them on comfortable chairs and benches.

Seizing my suitcase with an effort at determination, I trudged through the gates, unassisted by even the gatekeeper although he was young and handsome. What a weary walk it was before I reached the corner of the High and the Corn. I had gleaned this power to recognize these streets from a ludicrous

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combination of Baedeker and Stephen Leacock.

A taxi? I asked a bobby standing there. He smiled down at me, then at my suitcase, and without a word picked it up and carried it to the opposite side of the street in front of the great old clock-tower which rang out the hour with greater mellowness than any other clock in the world, and made my heart beat with trepidation at the seriousness of Oxford. Could there be a possibility that a Zuleika Dobson had existed here? I seriously doubted whether any living woman had the power to bring smiles to the solemn faces of the undergrads, or make their hearts beat any faster.

But I was thankful for the bobby. He was so big, so unassailable that I wanted to take his arm and hold it very tight. But I looked up at his courteous, irreproachable face—and forebore. My hat-box was his duty, not his pleasure.

"Going to North Oxford, Miss, or Iffley?" he asked me briskly.

"I d-don't know," I stammered, "Lady Margaret's college——"

"No. 2 bus," he said good-naturedly, setting down my suitcase. "One ought to come along in a quarter of an hour. Just hop off at Norham Road and you'll be right there."

He left me, smiling perfunctorily, having performed his duty well. But fifteen minutes meant half an hour. And what was a No. 2 bus—which direction did it go? I was too frightened to look about me, too damp to be thrilled, and too humbled to notice the passing faces, blurred by the slow rain and a suspicion of homesick tears.

But one finally came and, after many false attempts, I got off at Norham Road and went to 13 Park Terrace, the address given me by the terrifying principal of Lady Margaret Hall. I had clutched it so tightly along with my railroad ticket that my once immaculate fawn-colored gloves were ink besmeared.

The polished brass bell was a puzzle. I pushed, turned, and then fell backward as a lusty peal rang through the house. The door was opened by a slovenly old lady, with a crippled hand and a ghoulish leer. To my dying day, I shall never be able to describe her more minutely.

"Miss Moncrieff?" I asked tremulously—fearful of the answer.

"Miss Scott-Moncrieff," she corrected, accenting the Scott. "She's in the drawing-room. What name, Miss?"

"Miss Turner," I said.

"You ain't German," she asked suspiciously.

"American," I faltered.

"Too short skirts for German," she muttered, and moved slowly down the narrow, dark hall toward a closed door at the end. All the doors of the house were always closed, I found. And it was so embarrassing to have to knock and wait at all hours in the drafty hall for a chilly voice to say "Come in."

I went into the drawing-room, and there before the fire sat a little old lady, white-haired and beautiful. I stood there like a gauche schoolgirl. If I had ever had any poise, it left me now. She let me stand there, too, waiting for me to tell her what I had come for, and then to go, to leave her to her memories and her tea.

"Miss Grier sent me," I finally blurted out, after waiting hours for her to say how do you do or something. "I'm trying to get into Lady Margaret Hall and I must be here next week for exams——"

"Responsions," she stated flatly. I

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stood corrected. How I wanted to sit down. But I was in the royal presence, where one never sits.

"Cornelia said she wouldn't bother me this year," she mused.

"Cornelia?" I stammered.

"Miss Grier," she rapped out, suddenly businesslike. "You want to live here then?"

I doubted very much whether I wanted to live at 13 Park Terrace, especially if she called a terrifying being like Miss Grier, Cornelia.

"Well, I will show you the room." She got up from the one easy chair in the room and hobbled to the door. In the months that followed, I saw her many times, always in the rose-cretonned chair before the fire, staring contemplatively into the flames. Her head, with its tiny black velvet ribbon band, lay relaxed a little among the roses, but her chin incongruously preserved the dignity she never relinquished.

We marched slowly up the stairs in grim silence. At the top she paused and turned, looking down at me. I expected a firm ejection or at least a fall downstairs. Instead she merely said:

"We have a very good bathroom, and you'll be warm——"

I giggled in sheer relief. And she curved her lips a very little bit. Never could that curve have been called a smile. But if anything, it was a very definite improvement. And her words were really humorous. They answered all the unspoken complaints of Americans in England for the last hundred years. And they braced me to assume the pride in America which I had lost since I stepped from the train.

She led me into a beautiful west room —beautiful, that is, as far as architecture was concerned. But I shuddered at the red carpet which covered the floor solidly, and the green walls hung with ancestral faces even grimmer than my landlady's, but strangely and hauntingly similar. I couldn't notice details properly at that moment. Stage fright only brought the most prominent features into my vision. She pulled open drawers, stooped painfully to see if they smelled of dust—they did—and then shut them again with a snap. She pulled the curtains together until only an inch of perpendicular light showed through, opened an already too wide-open window, and patted the ugly bed, all without uttering a word.

"Three pounds a week," she said.

I wondered rapidly whether I had a pencil in my purse to calculate with, and whether I dared ask her for one.

But then she left me. At the door she paused. I hadn't said a word of refusal, hadn't asked a question, or ventured a suggestion as to my requirements. Yet irrevocably it was understood that my life in Oxford was to be bound up and governed by 13 Park Terrace. I was less American than I had dreamed possible. But it was out of the question for me to open my mouth. My tongue made an effort to force open my lips. But they were locked in the struggle to hide their trembling.

She went away, and as the door closed she said more gently than before, I thought:

"Two things are not done in Oxford. You must never use a sugar-tongs or ride first class."

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

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Cave Canem

Work and tea-parties followed, and women—women—women! In fairness, one must say that work was most important. Caps and short rusty black gowns, donned on the first day of term, never to be doffed. Incongruities, silk stockings, flashing by on bicycles; men's gowns worn with a nonchalant air, about the necks of the undergrads; women's short ugly capes, hiding all pretense to feminine shape; tricornered caps, accenting Roman and pug noses alike in lack of pulchritude. Rain—umbrellas— The colors of female birds taking their proper drabness in relation to the male; more rain. Was there anything else to see? For days, I blinked and rubbed my astonished eyes trying to find the romance of Oxford. There didn't seem any to find. In fact, it seemed as though a conscious effort were being made to stifle all feelings and ordinary emotions.

Responsions (made far more impressive than mere entrance exams by virtue of their name), responsions in the grim, solemnly paraded examination schools where the sight of owlish dons swathed in flowing gowns did more to carry on the terror I had felt the first day than any mere examinations, came into this first impression. I remember well the little slips of paper with their printed directions as to costume for responsions.

IF THE CANDIDATE IS A MAN, HE SHALL WEAR A CAP AND GOWN, IF A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY: OR A DARK BLUE SUIT AND A WHITE TIE IF HE IS PRESENTING HIMSELF FOR ENTRANCE.

IF THE CANDIDATE IS A WOMAN (YOU NOTICE THE MAN COMES FIRST), SHE SHALL WEAR A DARK SUIT, WHITE JUMPER AND BLACK TIE, BLACK SHOES AND STOCKINGS. NO DETAIL MAY BE CHANGED OR DISREGARDED.

N.B. If any one should disregard these regulations, proctors are authorized to ask them to withdraw from the examinations.

The American in me rebelled. I wore a green necktie and with trembling knees and defiant chin passed in. (It takes great self-restraint not to say at this point "passed within the portals.") Gloom couldn't be more enveloping even in the tombs than it was there. Latin, German, and French notices were posted on the bulletins—solemn little men, looking like clergymen with their white ties, stood staring at them. I felt in my heart that they couldn't read them. But I was wrong. A few months in Oxford convinced me that I had wasted all of the years of my adolescence on "The Green Hat" and "Flaming Youth." I remember apologizing humbly once for never having read "Pickwick Papers," and having the apology accepted with a deprecatory air as if it would have been a much more forgivable sin if I had forgotten my socks, or drunk tea from a saucer. They all knew Latin, quoted it, and didn't translate. And not translating is, after all, the epitome of culture.

The darkly clad girls clustered in the shadow of one column, waiting for the fatal hour of nine. The men, Chinese, Hindus, Negroes, Americans, and English, claimed another corner. And then the doorkeeper, resplendent in brass buttons, announced sadly, "Responsions—this way." He led us, men first, then women, down devious corridors, past signs more confusing than the

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green line of the shuttle, silently as though to the guillotine, to the great north hall. We walked so slowly that I began to lose the feeling of joy in my green tie. And would the examiners, like the fastidious Pope in his audience chamber, object to my favorite perfume, *narcisse noir*—which, in deference to England, I had not put behind my ears!

We filed into the red-carpeted room, two by two, eyed suspiciously by those who had achieved entrance. Without a word, every one began looking for the desks which bore their names, with such care had the details of our execution been carried out. We sat down and waited, eyes straight ahead. I think I became cross-eyed trying to take in everything with my eyes fixed on the late Gothic window which was the only thing in my direct line of vision except a sort of altar on which a preponderous Bible lay, probably ready for the confessional which usually precedes extermination.

The hour boomed out, reverberating and resounding around our heads. Slowly figures of dons were set in motion, distributing paper and questionnaires, blotters, and low-voiced directions. I shivered, waiting for the moment when the don would approach my desk, and notice the heretic in the throng. Would he come up behind me and overlook the green tie? Or would he walk at me accusingly from the front and point a condemning finger at the culprit? I picked the don who seemed most likely to be kind. Then I calculated the number of painful steps to the entrance after he had expelled me from among the chosen victims.

The fates were kind. The don I had hoped for, ruddy of face and snowy haired, approached my desk from the rear. He laid the papers on my table. I waited, almost patiently. First he drew his brows together and scowled at my tie. I know my lips quivered. Then creases came around his eyes and a smile touched his mouth just faintly.

"So you are still rebels," he said, and passed on.

They Shall Not Pass

My first tutorial. The business of learning how to be smoked at. Of how to sit in a large comfortable chair for an hour, facing a rather grim, satiric individual who opened his mouth about four times in the whole hour, and for three of those times, opened it merely for the purpose of blowing out smoke. It is a trying ordeal to be stared at contemplatively by a tutor in Oxford. I rebelled after a time, because I knew perfectly well that I looked like a flapper and I was unwilling to let any judicious consideration of my flapperism stamp my intelligence. And what chance was the man giving me to show that I wasn't as frivolous as I looked? If he would only let me tell him of my mental achievements. In a few months' time, I was glad that he had compelled me to keep silent. Because the achievements seemed less phenomenal; in fact, became strangely ordinary after I had stood the fire of my tutor's rare but cutting questions for a term.

What was he thinking, as he sat there on the other side of the fire with his long white fingers at rest on the arms of his chair? His head was sunk forward a little, his hair was white, and his sharp

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black eyes caught mine and held them after the first few moments of my embarrassment were over.

"History? Hmmmmh," he said, stroking his chin. "Nineteenth century, yes. A good choice (my spirits rose) if you read German and French (they fell again). But of course you do."

I nodded doubtfully.

"You can't understand Metternich unless you read Gentz, his secretary, you know. All in French." He was matter-of-fact. Of course, I had such simple information at my finger-tips.

But I knew that I didn't know anything. And it was going to be impossible to bluff here. So wisely, I still said nothing.

"American," he continued. "They teach you a good deal of American history over there. Yes. Incidental, of course, incidental. Never read any English history, I suppose."

I protested dumbly.

"Good foundation of nineteenth century, of course."

I almost smiled then. So American history was incidental, and English fundamental. Even the best brains then tip the scales, like the rest of us, in their own direction.

The chimes in Keable quad rang out the hour. Was my tutorial nearly over? My first. Was this all that ever happened? How did any one get an education from a few questions hurled at you in a cloud of smoke once a week? I must have looked bewildered, because my tutor hurriedly fumbled with a few papers, found nothing he was looking for, hastily dropped them again puffed a few rings on his pipe, and stroked his chin. The great mind was at work. I laughed afterward when I remembered how awed I was by the simple embarrassment which he showed in the same fidgety way any nervous man employs.

"You'd better write me an essay for next Saturday," he said tentatively. I already knew that one always wrote an essay for a tutorial in Oxford except when things like the strike or a war or Doomsday interfered.

"Suppose you answer this question," he rapped out so suddenly that I jumped. "Was Canning the author of the Monroe Doctrine?"

I saw red. Was he fooling with me? The idea of an English statesman being the inceptor of one of the rocks in our American foundation stone.

I threw up my head and chin, and marched out of the room. I am not sure that I didn't slam the door.

The result of my tutor's question was marvellous. It took me nearly the entire week to discover that Canning was not the author of the Monroe Doctrine. I buried myself for hours a day in the old Bodleian, searching, discarding one historian after another, eager to prove that England was not responsible for such a wide-spread principle of American politics. At last I found the answer. Canning had certainly helped to mould and to formulate the original idea, but that idea was the child of John Quincy Adams.

"Canning was not the author of the Monroe Doctrine," I burst out before I had closed the door at my next tutorial.

"I know it," he said, and smiled. I had never thought of that.

"You're a fighter," he said, after a minute or two. "I rather wanted to strike sparks."

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Prelude

BY CONRAD AIKEN

Two coffees in the Español, the last
Bright drops of golden Barsac in a goblet,
Fig paste and candied nuts. . . . Hardy is dead,
And James and Conrad dead, and Shakspere dead,
And old Moore ripens for an obscene grave,
And Yeats for an arid one; and I, and you—
What winding-sheet for us, what boards and bricks,
What candles, mummeries, prayers, and pious frauds?

You shall be lapped in Syrian scarlet, woman,
And wear your pearls, and your bright bracelets, too,
Your agate ring, and round your neck shall hang
Your dark-blue lapis, with its specks of gold;
And I, beside you—ah! but will that be?
For there are dark streams in this dark world, lady,
Gulf Streams and Afric currents of the soul;
And I may be, before that consummation
Beds us together cheek by jowl in earth,
Borne to another coast, where my wan bones
Will bleach unhonored, or defiled by gulls.

What dignity can death bestow on us,
Who kiss beneath a street-lamp, or hold hands
Half hidden in a taxi, or, replete
With coffee, figs, and Barsac, creep our way
To a dark bedroom in a worm-worn house?
The aspidistra guards the door; we enter,
Per aspidistra—then—*ad astra*—is it?—
And lock ourselves securely in that gloom,
And loose ourselves from terror. . . . Here's my hand,
The white scar on my thumb, and here's my mouth
To stop your murmur. Speechless let us lie,
And think of Hardy, Shakspere, Yeats, and James;
Comfort our panic hearts with magic names;
Stare at the ceiling, where the taxi lamps
Make ghosts of light; and see, beyond this bed,
That other bed, in which we will not move;
And, whether joined or separate, will not love.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Books for Summer Reading

People should not read dull books at any time; but I suppose it is more difficult to read a dull book in the summer than in the winter. When I say dull books I do not mean serious books; I do not refer to the subject-matter, but to the style and the method of presentation. There is really no excuse for dulness, and I shall not recommend any book that seems to me dull. Ibsen's tragedy "The Wild Duck" is wholly serious; but on the stage and within the covers of a book it is a thousand times more interesting than the average musical comedy, which is almost the last word in boredom. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is not exactly flippant; but it holds one's attention more closely than jazz, which is distracting. The average sermon may be dull, but surely not so dull as the average after-dinner speech.

My mind—such as it is—never takes a vacation; I find I am just as religious in August as in February, though I know winter is the season for religious revivals. I enjoy "Götterdämmerung" just as keenly in July as in December, though I know the opera season ends in April. I can apply myself to a literary problem with as much concentration in June as in January, though I know most schools and colleges close their doors in the rarest of all months.

Reading on a train is an altogether different matter from reading on the deck of a steamer. It is an error to select for Pullman perusals only snappy stories, because no place is better adapted for serious reading than a parlor-car. There is no telephone, and there need be no interruption. But on the deck of a transatlantic liner, unless one wishes to make an impression on other minds than one's own, one should read only those books that can be easily managed; so that one can look away from the printed page to the sea, or to those conscientious pedestrians who are walking in the vain hope of obtaining regularity in digestion.

Well, here are some good books for summer reading. Let us begin on the surface of literature, and descend gradually into the depths. Complicated stories of crime and its detection are multiplying with bewildering rapidity. It would seem that it must be easy to write such books, because there are so many of them; the exercise of invention must be easier than the exercise of the imagination. Philo Vance is the best amateur detective since Sherlock Holmes, and "The Greene Murder Case" is by far his most brilliant achievement. I admit that some of his mannerisms are maddening; but his results atone. The Englishman J. B. Priestley, a literary critic, has produced a strange story of insanity and murder in "The Old Dark House," which is like a fever-dream, only extremely well written. The publishers showed as much originality in

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advertising this book as the author did in its composition. Lord Charnwood, the scholarly biographer of Lincoln and the writer of that splendid and inspiring commentary on the Fourth Gospel, called "According to Saint John," has produced a neatly constructed murder story, "Tracks in the Snow." The Reverend Victor L. Whitechurch, an English parson, amuses himself in the course of his pastoral duties (which he takes seriously) by writing detective stories which glorify professional policemen. He thinks we have had too much of the facile triumphs of the amateur sleuth-hound over the minions of the law, and as we all owe so much to police protection, and as plain-clothes men are much cleverer than the novelists represent them to be, his heroes are "cops." His latest story, "The Shot on the Downs," is an entertaining narrative, and to all who wish to follow in his steps and write detective stories I recommend his method, though I have not tried it myself. He wrote his first chapter without any plan whatsoever, without having the least notion of the development of the tale. He described a murder as though he himself had ignorantly heard the fatal shot; then he went ahead and tried to find out for himself who did it. He must have had a lot of fun composing the book in this manner, for he knew no more than the reader what was going to happen. That was the way William De Morgan wrote all his books. He asked his wife to give him a first sentence. She said: "He took his fare in the twopenny tube." Accordingly he wrote that down, but he had not the least idea who took that fare or when or why. Then he made a magnificent tale of some two hundred thousand words.

Terrific thrillers are Joseph Gollomb's "The Portrait Invisible," with a most peculiar hero; Walter S. Masterman's "2.L.O.," which corresponds in England to WEAF in the United States; J. J. Farjeon's "The Crook's Shadow," most ingenious. And merely as a rattling good story which kept my eyes glued to the page, I know of nothing better than "No Other Tiger," by the accomplished novelist A. E. W. Mason.

For humorous tales of sheer exuberant joy, I recommend those by P. G. Wodehouse (long may he live!), and especially his "Leave it to Psmith" and "Carry On, Jeeves."

Of novels displaying intellectual and artistic excellence, there have been recently published a goodly number. In the forefront stands "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. He ought to be one of the happiest men in the world, and he is. Certainly it is rare indeed that a book by an almost unknown author receives the unstinted homage of the most fastidious critics and at the same time is the best-selling book in the country. On being asked how he felt about this double acclaim, he replied: "Why, can't you hear me purring?" Another admirable novel is "Gallions Reach," by Tomlinson, a work worthy of Conrad. "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is written with such dignity and distinction that it should make us proud that Willa Cather is an American. Maurice Baring's "Tinker's Leave" shows his unique qualities; it proceeds from a mind enriched by culture, education, and foreign travel. "Julius," by "A Gentleman with a Duster," should be read by all who are interested in the current political and religious thought of the world. "Etched in Moonlight," by the Irishman James Stephens, is a collection of heart-break-

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ing tales told with exquisite art. "Red Rust," by Cornelia J. Cannon, should be read along with Rölvaag's "Giants in the Earth." They are both finely written novels of the pioneer settlers of the Northwest. Booth Tarkington is always worth reading, and his "Claire Ambler" is a subtle study of the typical young American girl of fashion, and of how she develops in contact with the cold facts of life. Hugh Walpole's "Wintersmoon" is not one of his best novels, but it is emphatically worth reading for its accurate pictures of country life in England and for its old man and old woman, who are much better than his somewhat artificially contrasted young sisters. I wish I were absolutely certain that he hates his hero as much as I do. "The Gypsy," by W. B. Trites, is a little masterpiece. J. D. Beresford's "All or Nothing" is a spiritual novel that does not quite come off, but I do not believe any intelligent person can read it without benefit. It looks as if the author were one more illustration of how early home religious training will survive the death of dogma. Wright's "Deluge" is a seriously written fantasy and a thriller too. "The Hotel," by Elizabeth Bowen, is an example of the current type of novel that has no plot, no important character, and no significance; the author devotes her fine powers of style and unusual intelligence to the portrayal of a group of persons who represent the last word in futility.

Two unpretentious works of fiction which are disarmingly delightful are Alice Duer Miller's "Welcome Home" and Ian Hay's "The Poor Gentleman." You will not be disappointed.

Books of Travel and Adventure. The star actor in this field of tragicomedy is of course "Trader Horn," which is easier to read than to forget. Along with it should be read "Cape to Cairo," by the indomitable Stella Court Treatt, who broke all records with an automobile. Halliburton's two books, which do not need naming, enable us to travel wildly, joyously, and even more cheaply than he, which is saying much. Lindbergh's "We" proves that he was not lucky but well prepared. Familiarity with him will never breed contempt, but its opposite. Mrs. Henry Cust's "Wanderers" is an excellent diary of travel in the United States and elsewhere in the middle of the last century. "Men Are Like That," by L. R. Hartill, is an unflinchingly truthful and unspeakably horrible narrative of what the recent World War did to Turks, Armenians, Russians, and Tartars. As for "Mother India," if one-tenth of it is true, drastic reforms are necessary. Perhaps the remark attributed to Ghandi fits the case — "Every one in India should read the book, and no one else." For adventurous travels in the world of modern thought I recommend "The New Reformation," by the beloved Michael Pupin.

Biography. You can't go wrong with Emil Ludwig, who manages to combine original research with drama. His "Napoleon," "Bismarck," "Genius and Character," are all admirable; and I await with eagerness his "Abraham Lincoln." Maurois's "Disraeli" has charm and grace, even if—as some say—he did no spade-work; "The Diary of Parson Woodforde," edited by John Beresford, of which three volumes have appeared, is enchanting. D. A. Wilson's extensive biography of Carlyle is a necessity to those who, like me, find that great humorist eternally appealing.

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Mrs. Andrews's "Memoirs of a Poor Relation" is a warm-hearted picture of life in Virginia after the Civil War. Charteris's "John Sargent" is so good that I do not see how it could be better. Emma Eames's "Some Memories and Reflections" is a candid account of the life and career of a great singer and remarkable woman; "Up the Years from Bloomsbury," by the actor George Arliss, has playing over its charming pages the joy of life and the love of his fellow creatures, two things that usually go together. Croce's "Autobiography" has neither of these characteristics, but is intellectually stimulating. Galsworthy's "Castles in Spain" is a book of short soliloquies, really autobiographical, hence appealing; quite apart from this man's great distinction, a close acquaintance with his mind and heart is immensely rewarding. H. Nicolson's "Some People" is positively brilliant—long ago a good woman erroneously corrected me for saying *people* when I meant *persons*. "Perhaps I Am," by Edward W. Bok, is full of good anecdotes by one who knows how to tell them. Peggy Wood's "A Splendid Gypsy" is a beautiful tribute to John Drew. Osbert Burdett's "W. E. Gladstone" is the best short biography of that statesman. Caroline Ticknor's "May Alcott," Ednah Cheney's "Louisa May Alcott," and Honoré Willsie Morrow's "The Father of Little Women" tell the story of an astonishing family. "The Heart of Emerson's Journals" and "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals" open the doors of the minds of two authentic men of genius, and enlarge the minds of readers. Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's "Reputations—Ten Years After" is a highly important collection of biographical essays on the leading military figures of the recent war. "Doctor Johnson and Company," by the accomplished Robert Lynd, is continuously sprightly and entertaining. Haldane Macfall's "Aubrey Beardsley" (copiously illustrated) is rather hectically written, but gives an excellent portrait of its strange hero. "The Skull of Swift" is a bad title for a rather tempestuous biography of the great pessimist, written by Shane Leslie.

In the field of literary scholarship the most important publication of the year is "Coriolanus," in the variorum edition edited by Doctor Furness. To every student of Shakespeare this edition is indispensable; every volume is a whole library of Shakespearian criticism and explanation and comment. It should be a matter of pride that this, the most scholarly and complete edition of Shakespeare that the world has ever seen, should be wholly an American product. Over twenty plays have now appeared, and I hope I shall live to join in the grand celebration when the vast undertaking reaches its conclusion.

For summer reading in religion, I recommend first, last, and all the time the small volume "Christ, the Word," by Paul Elmer More. This great scholar, who is intimately acquainted in the original languages with the best thought of the ancient, mediæval, and modern world, points out in his latest book that the foundation of the Christian religion is in the Incarnation. His vast and profound learning has strengthened and not weakened his own personal belief in this tremendous fact. He shows that the tiny flame of Christianity had apparently no chance at all to survive through the first three centuries, amid the adverse winds of paganism, scepticism, and persecution.

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The reason it did survive was because it was true. His book is written in a style so simple that any intelligent person can grasp it—and there are passages of stirring eloquence.

Other fine books on religious themes are "Man and the Supernatural," by Evelyn Underhill; "The Christ of the Indian Road," by E. Stanley Jones; "Beliefs that Matter—a Theology for Laymen," by William Adams Brown.

Of books about books there are so many that it is difficult to pick and choose. A particularly interesting one is "Contemporary American Authors," essays written by English critics associated with the London *Mercury,* the excellent magazine edited by J. C. Squire. The authors discussed are Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, and other novelists, and there are three essays dealing respectively with our three foremost living poets, Robinson, Frost, Lindsay. The glaring omission among the novelists is of course Booth Tarkington, our most truly representative writer; it is because he is not the most sensational that foreigners are so ignorant. Truth is not so appealing to the average mind as exaggeration in the form of satire and burlesque. In R. Michaud's book, "The American Novel of To-day," translated from the French, we have another interesting series of criticisms; he also has apparently never heard of Booth Tarkington. "Notorious Literary Attacks," edited with an admirable introductory essay by Albert Mordell, is an interesting collection of artillery where the recoil was greater than the discharge; "Aspects of the Novel," by E. M. Forster, is a brilliant and provocative group of lectures; "Barrie," by Thomas Moult, is a much-needed book on the great Scot, dealing especially with his early work as a newspaper man; G. K. Chesterton's "Stevenson" is splendid, so eloquent, so inspiring, and so true. And, because it seems somehow to have escaped general attention, let me lay especial emphasis on the long "Foreword" to "Plays by William Archer," written by Bernard Shaw. Archer and shaw were lifelong friends, and G. B. S. has here written one of the most beautiful tributes from one honest man to another that I have ever read. It was my great privilege to know Archer very well; our friendship lasted for many years; I dined with him at the Reform Club in London only a few weeks before his death. I can fully appreciate, therefore, the beauty, sincerity, and insight of this essay.

Of books dealing with political and social history, the outstanding work is "The Rise of American Civilization," by Charles and Mary Beard, authoritative and awakening; Trevelyan's one-volume "History of England," losing none of its brilliance in condensation; Mark Sullivan's "America Finding Herself," copiously illustrated; "The Great American Band Wagon," by Charles Merz, which every American ought to read with profit and delight; J. A. Spender's "Life, Journalism, and Politics," the product of expert knowledge and noble idealism; H. W. Fisher's "Alias Uncle Shylock," which contains much unpalatable truth mingled with conjecture; and any and all of the books on American history by Meade Minnigerode, especially "Presidential Years."

In poetry, the best of recent works is "Tristram," by Robinson; Leonard Bacon's "Guinea Fowl and Other Poultry" is a conflagration; J. H. Wheelock's "The Bright Doom" affirms the mystery and glory of life.

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In general literature, Christopher Morley's "Essays," now collected in one volume, are incisive, original, and always entertaining. Two thoughtful and contemplative books by American scholars deserve to be more widely known; I refer to "A Lover of the Chair," by Sherlock Gass, and "Romance and Tragedy," by Professor Frye.

In sport, a most attractive and fully illustrated book by Charles Zibeon Southard, called "The Evolution of Trout and Trout Fishing in America," and "Tennis," by Helen Wills, are the best I have seen. Helen Wills is not only a marvellous player, she is an American ambassador of whom every American should be proud.

In drama, the published works of Eugene O'Neill should be both read and studied; "White Wings," by Philip Barry, and "Behold the Bridegroom," by George Kelly, are well worth a place in the library. Two new volumes of drama criticism—"But—Is It Art?" by Percy Hammond, and "Going to Pieces," by Alexander Woollcott—are valuable both for their critical insight and as a mirror of the New York stage.

And, now that I have recommended so many new books, let me make one final suggestion. Those who are going to spend the entire summer in one place would do well if they read the complete works of William Shakespeare. This is what I did myself last summer. In addition to the human interest and charm of expression, I found a marvellously *refreshing* quality. Virgil knew the healing power of great poetry:

"Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum
Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo."

Forty-six years ago, when I was in school, I heard our Latin teacher, Mr. Winfred R. Martin, translate this passage. He was a good man and is now with God. I never made any note of his translation, but I distinctly remember every word and the impressive manner in which he spoke.

O divine poet, your song is to us as deep sleep upon the grass to the weary, as in summer's heat to slake one's thirst from a rivulet of clear water.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

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A Review of the Season of 1927-1928

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

As the summer draws on and the activities in the art galleries die down it is interesting to look back over the exhibitions from October to May, seeing them in a certain perspective and noting the episodes that have detached themselves from the ruck. One circumstance particularly emerges. It is the sheer profusion of picture shows in New York. My belief is that neither Paris nor London knows anything quite like it. Our own school is incessantly represented, and foreigners come over in such numbers that there are not galleries enough with open dates for them and they hold some of their exhibitions in hotel rooms. There are frequent loan exhibitions of old and modern masterpieces, organized for the benefit of this or that worthy cause. There have been this season some uncommonly important auction sales. In a word, the city has been a veritable cosmos of art this year, one rich in opportunity for those who go in pursuit of critical adventures.

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Paintings, as may be inferred from the foregoing remarks, have been visible in heroic abundance, but amongst the exhibitions of American art that I recall with appreciation perhaps the first is that which was made by the Architectural League. Two aspects of it especially struck me. In the first place it was obvious that the pressing problem of the architects remains the skyscraper. Office-buildings and apartment-houses steadily increase in height. The specific effort made to give them character is one wreaking itself on the recession of successive stages, beginning far up. It is undeniably effective, fusing picturesqueness with dignity, and in some instances a soaring mass, terminating in these effects, takes on a curious investiture of power and beauty. It is not yet clear, however, that the last secret of the skyscraper has been found. The architect oscillates between the vertical and the horizontal emphasis and apparently our school, as a school, has not yet made up its mind. Meanwhile design struggles under a fearful handicap. We hear a lot about the sky-line of New York, an indubitably thrilling thing, but it is only from one of the rivers or from the bay that you get its full value. The wayfarer in the street sees façade and sky-line from a sorry point of view. The architecture about is so near as positively to crush him. The really revealing vista is hard to come at. The second point that impressed me at the League was the persistence of traditional ideas in matters of style outside the realm of the skyscraper and even, on occasion, where that type itself is concerned. The historic periods still maintain their influence. That of the Tudor manor, by the way, seemed to me to be rather remarkably to the fore.

The other big organized affirmation of representative American art is that made by the Academy of Design. I have already reported in these pages the

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The Harvest Waggon.

From the painting by Gainsborough in the Gary sale.

The Man with the Wine Glass.

From the painting by Velasquez shown at the Metropolitan Museum.

Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI.

From the painting by Holbein shown at the Knoedler Gallery.

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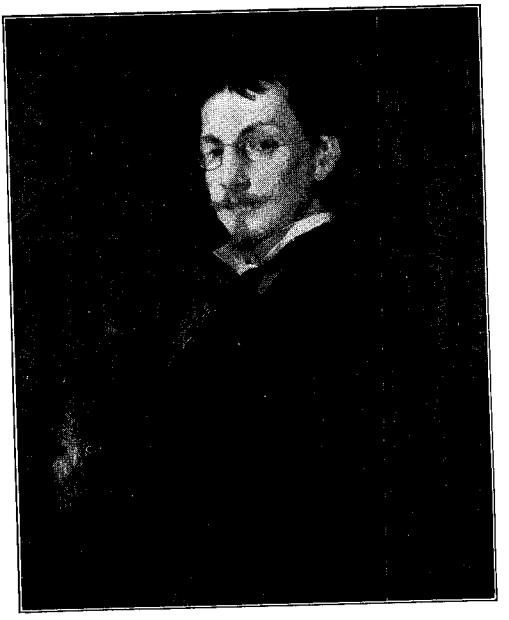
Russian Singer.

From the painting by Savely Sorine shown at the Wildenstein Gallery.



Hugo von Haberman.

From the painting by William M. Chase shown at the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Madame W.

From the bronze by Charles Despiau shown at the Brummer Gallery.

Sabine Houdon.

From the marble by Houdon in the Gary sale.

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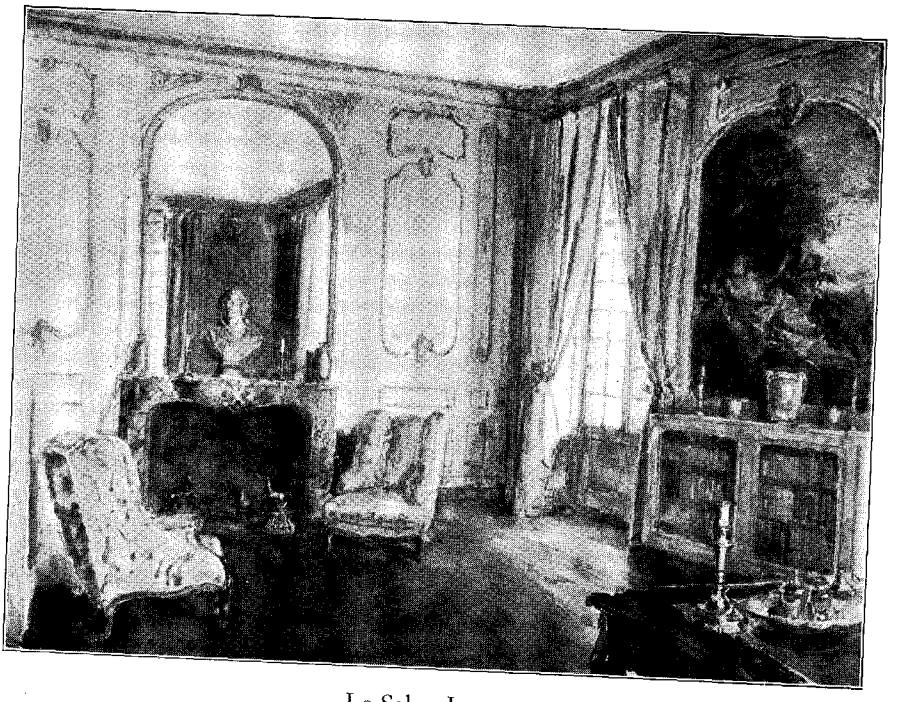
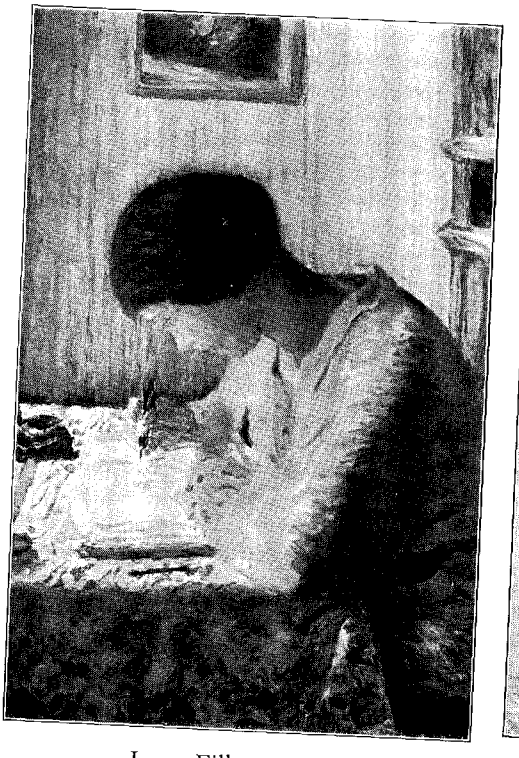


Le Salon Jaune.

From the painting by Walter Gay shown at the Wildenstein Gallery.



Jeune Fille en Rose.

From the painting by Pierre Bonnard shown at the Seligmann Gallery.

Porteuse de Poissons.

From the bronze by Mahonri Young shown at the Rehn Gallery.

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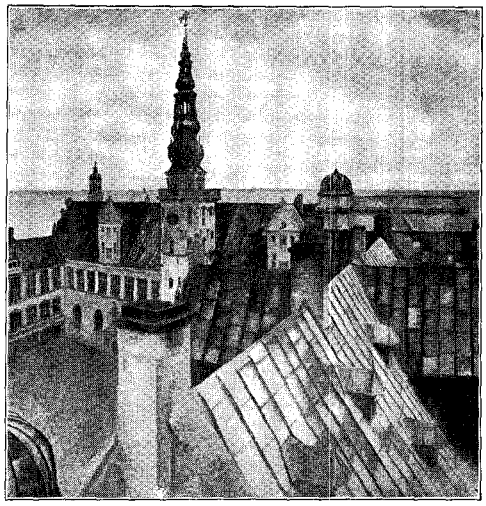
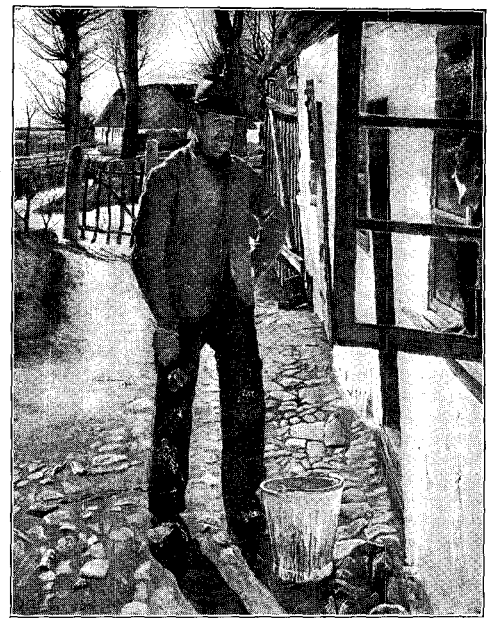


Kronberg—Hamlet's Castle.

From the painting by V. Hammershoi shown at the Brooklyn Museum.



Whitewashing the Old Homestead.

From the painting by L. A. Ring shown at the Brooklyn Museum.

The French Art Committee at Copenhagen in 1888.

From the painting by P. S. Kroyer shown at the Brooklyn Museum.

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excellent impression left by the winter show. That arranged in the spring was not so persuasive. It maintained the Academy's standard of honest workmanship, it is true, but the exhibition seemed to me to be "marking time," and there were too few things on the walls that disclosed individual distinction. It was, on the whole, a somewhat discouraging affair. There is a disposition in some quarters to attribute a condition like this to something deleterious in the Academic hypothesis, as though the Academy provided a harborage for mediocrity and was deliberately inimical to "independent" talent. I think this is a short and even stupid view of the matter. It is not the fault of the Academy. It is the misfortune of our generation, which is poor, not only in the United States but all over the world, in rising artists of first-rate ability. When modernism let down the bars of technical discipline in favor of so-called "self-expression" it did terrible injury to the "new crop," but art has suffered also from a dearth of really inspiring leaders of an earlier origin. The great artist, the one who comes, as Whistler put it, "with the mark of the gods upon him," is a phenomenon that simply happens; but even your great artist, in his youth, requires to be taught, and, even more, to be inspired. The greatest lack from which our school suffers is that of artists to provide a stirring rallying-ground for the new idea. Imagination winces again at the thought of George Bellows's early death. He expressed himself if ever an artist did, and he was just the man to develop into a standard-bearer.

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Two American painters accustomed to that rôle have recently been honored by exhibitions at the American Academy of Arts and Letters. One, Edwin Howland Blashfield, has through a long lifetime splendidly asserted the importance of sound draftsmanship and thoughtful, classically-minded tradition in design. The other, the late William Merritt Chase, was a brilliant exemplar of painter's painting. The memorial exhibition of his works, scheduled to remain on view until the middle of July, has vividly revived the atmosphere in which he and Frank Duveneck introduced the invigorating tincture of their experience in Munich to American painting in the late seventies. Chase was magnificently dexterous and he had an omnivorous appreciation of good painting wherever he found it. His taste ran all the way from Hals, Rembrandt, and Velasquez to Fortuny and Vollon, and wherever his spirit paused it was expressed through flashing brush-work. His is one type of the leadership I have in mind when I speak of our present need. He was not a great artist. He never achieved an intensely personal and sharply defined style. But, besides knowing his craft, he had an infectious enthusiasm for it and was as a tower of strength to his juniors. There was no careless "self-expression" permitted in his classes. His approval could not be won save by good drawing, good handling, good workmanship generally—and he had a way of making young painters feel that these things were better worth gaining than anything else in the world.

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There have been some other American craftsmen of Chase's point of view making exhibitions in New York this winter. One of them was Gari Melchers, a charming type of rectitude in painting. Another was Maurice Sterne,

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whose strong draftsmanship was especially well illustrated in the little collection of his things shown at the Reinhardt Gallery. I must note also the posthumous exhibition of pictures by William Baxter Closson. He made a fine reputation years ago as a wood-engraver. One might fairly have expected him to be at a little loss in respect to color when he took up the brush. But it was plain from the pictures brought together at the Grand Central Galleries that he had caught in his tints, as well as in his drawing of light, graceful figures, something of the bright, gay sentiment of Watteau's France. The exhibition woke deep regret over his death. I must speak also of the beautiful achievement of Walter Gay, a veteran whose pictures began to appear in the Paris Salon many years ago. For some time he has been painting delightful studies of château interiors, oils which have repeatedly been received here with warm sympathy when he has sent them over to Wildenstein's. This winter, besides the oils, he included a quantity of water-colors in his exhibition. They proved among the most successful pieces he has ever painted, swift but firm in touch, most judicious in tonality, altogether glittering and charming. Two more "one-man" shows made by Americans come to mind, both organized at the Grand Central Galleries. Julius Rolshoven displayed admirable souvenirs of his entire career, figure studies allied with those of Chase in their thoroughgoing workmanship; and George Elmer Browne held attention through the colorful, romantic character of his pictures painted in Spain and elsewhere in Europe.

A salient incident in the field of sculpture was an exhibition of about forty bronzes by Jacob Epstein, at the Ferargil Gallery. It was of mixed significance. This much-talked-about artist has developed something akin to mannerism in the granulated modelling of his surfaces, and the sense of beauty which some of his earlier work has very clearly revealed would seem to have been smothered by a strangely archaic stylistic habit. On the other hand, his busts were impressive through their vividness and particularly through the energy enlivening them. He is one of those sculptors who do not know how to be commonplace and dull. I was amusedly aware of the disparity between the actual impression that he leaves and the portentous legend that has arisen around him, but I could not resist the pure force in his work. Neither could I resist the vital, interesting character of the little bronzes that Mahonri Young showed at the Rehn Gallery in February, realistic studies of types in humble French life. I loved the feeling for composition in them, the powerful modelling, and the sympathetic, incisive stroke he showed in the matter of characterization. I would designate Young's exhibition as one of the best of the season.

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The foreign contingent was numerically strong in the period I am traversing and contained figures of decidedly varying merit, to say nothing of several visitors who had no merit at all. They appeared in one or two miscellaneous arrays. At the Brooklyn Museum Denmark was represented in November by a collection of paintings and sculptures illustrating a half-century of the country's art. This developed the fact that the most fructifying element in Danish tradition has been the element of sound but rather conventional technique char-

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acteristic of the French Ecole des Beaux Arts. The leading exemplar of it turned out to be Peter S. Kroyer, a craftsman of a high order, with a streak of original quality in him. The school as a unit gave a very ordinary account of itself and certain pictures of recent years, only too numerous, indicated that in Denmark, too, modernism and the cult of ugliness have made wretched inroads. Thanks to the generosity and organizing ability of Mr. Goodyear, of Buffalo, there was visible, at the Wildenstein Gallery, an interesting group of contemporary European sculpture, bringing forward eight or nine types. The Swedish artist Carl Milles was to be seen in some appealing things, and there were good pieces by the French Bourdelle, Maillol, and Despiau. The last-mentioned was the hero of the occasion, and, in fact, I am glad to turn from this exhibition, which was welcome enough but not wholly exciting, to the one that Despiau had to himself at the Brummer Gallery in the fall.

I find it a little difficult to speak with moderation about this distinguished Frenchman. They say that Rodin "discovered him" some twenty-five years ago, but he has remained hitherto in something like obscurity, enjoying nothing like the *réclame* assigned to, say, Bourdelle. Yet he deserves every honor, for his nudes and busts are of extraordinary beauty. You would call them Greek in spirit if it were not that Despiau has in his modest way a faculty for being quite original in what he does. His style is very pure. He sees his subjects largely, even grandly. Instead of the naturalistic fervor of the Renaissance he cultivates the simplicity and the serenity of antique art. His work has great dignity and it has, what I find most beguiling of all, a delicate loveliness. There is a subtle personal note in him, a distinctive power elevating him immeasurably above the conventions of modern French sculpture. He seems to me one of the most potential figures in that school since Paul Dubois.

The only other living artistic ambassador from France to whom I have to refer was Pierre Bonnard, interesting partly because he proved a good painter and partly because his work had never been shown at full length in America before. He, like Epstein, has been the subject of a lot of eulogistic talk and, again like the sculptor, he does not quite come up to the expectations roused by the talk. He has an odd history. Back in the eighties he began as a student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. From that sanctuary of discipline, where he competed unsuccessfully for the Prix de Rome, he travelled forth upon incongruous paths. Gauguin was one of his enthusiasms, and he was touched by the influence of Montmartre, by that of Toulouse-Lautrec, and the like. He settled down finally into a mode of his own, the value of which consists in its not being in any stereotyped sense fixed. He is a broad, free, impressionistic figure, doing excellently with both the figure and with landscape. The exhibition of his works made at the Seligmann Gallery justified itself. There was another Frenchman, long since deceased, whose art made a charming interlude at the Kraushaar Gallery. This was Fantin-Latour, represented by a rich collection of his drawings. I mention it because it was of importance as making manifest what would hardly be divined from his paintings and lithographs, that he was as scientifically minded as he was romantic and had a wonderful grasp upon form.

Some superb draftsmanship was put

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before us by the Russian, Savely Sorine. His portraits at the Wildenstein Gallery had exceptional linear felicity. The Continental artists otherwise to be recalled were chiefly two Venetians, Emma Ciardi, at the Young Gallery, a facile and charming painter of villa scenes peopled by eighteenth-century figures, and a fellow townsman of hers, Gennaro Favai, who paints Venice with a touch of his own, registering extremely artistic and interesting impressions. His exhibition was at the Anderson Galleries. Two English painters appeared. Oswald Birley, at the Duveen Gallery, well upheld his standard, and Augustus John, at the Anderson Galleries, seemed in the main a bit below himself. An English painter who has been living for some time in this country, Miss Maud Earl, had a notable exhibition at the Seligmann Gallery. It was notable because in screens and decorative panels she handled birds, trees, and such motives with a feeling for Oriental tradition, but left upon them an accent of uncommon individuality. Besides being a graceful designer she is a markedly polished craftsman.

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I have only too little space left in which to allude to the old masters recently seen in New York. A few months ago I noted the inauguration of the season with the memorable group of French Primitives at the Kleinberger Gallery and the Venetian pictures shown by the Agnews. These episodes were followed by a striking exhibition of Spanish art at the Metropolitan Museum—strongest in the works of El Greco and Goya, but with several fine pieces by Velasquez, such as The Man with the Wine Glass, from the Toledo Museum—and then came a good loan collection of Tintoretto, Holbein, and others at the Reinhardt Gallery, and "Twelve Masterpieces" presented at the Knoedler Gallery for the benefit of the Museum of the City of New York, which is raising money for a new building. I wish I could discuss this last group of pictures at length, especially the famous Virgin and Child Enthroned, by Pisanello, formerly in the Holford collection, the Vermeer Woman in a Red Hat, belonging to Secretary Mellon, and the same collector's glorious little Holbein, the Prince Edward, which is one of the master's purest gems. But I can do no more than record these exhibitions, merely emphasizing the unique contribution they make to that marvellous resourcefulness of New York, annually, in art education. On the auction sales, too, I must be brief. The prices fetched by the Salomon collection in January reflected the vogue of eighteenth-century French art. A little later both the Senff and Gary sales underlined the vitality of the Barbizon school. Corot, Rousseau, Millet, and the rest went to high figures on both occasions. At the dispersal of the Gary treasures two works sold sensationally. Sir Joseph Duveen paid $360,000 for Gainsborough's Harvest Waggon, and Mrs. Harkness gave $245,000 for Houdon's bust of his little daughter Sabine. This auction of the Gary collection at the American Art Galleries fetched, all told, $2,297,763. It made a fitting climax to a New York winter of singular interest in artistic annals.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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"Seven Days Whipping"

(Continued from page 30 of this number.)

neck, he knew, was moving back, his head with it. Was it possible that he was going to sleep? Indistinctly above him he heard the tread of feet, a murmur of voices. Margaret was silent. How could he know whether she would live or die? A phrase of the Greek of his youth returned to him, but he could not place it: "The augurs are silent when the Godhead speaks." He was aware that he was not awaiting an augury, but for the speech of a destiny in all respects comparable to his own. Perhaps, however, this was not true. Perhaps all was a dream, a phantasy taken from the Persian, not tragedy from the Greek. In the sight of the gods he must be a clown required to make laughter more poignant. A clown did he say? He would make but a fold in the blanket of earth. "Judge La Place waits, waits endlessly."

A car was now coming up the drive. Let it come. It might be Millbury; it might be the world and all that there was in it. He did not care. It was sufficient for him to sit still and bake the weariness out of his body. An hour before he had been isolated, alone upon his land, forced to resort to primeval law. Now civilization was rushing in upon him. He would have to answer its laws, answer with his own spirit, his career, with all that civilization deposited in his lap. That was very little, however. He did not even count it. Millbury had arrived, was standing at the door of the library. He had known this cub since he had been a child in knickers. He could be scarcely more than thirty now. The boy's mother was a distant cousin of his own. "Go on up, Millbury." The sound of the feet above his head was redoubled. They ran like rats around a floor. He knew that this boy was staring at him. "Go on up, Millbury." Well, why not? His appearance must be strange enough. "Judge La Place waits, waits endlessly."

The pressure within this house was enormous. Pressure was everywhere, upon his ears, upon his shoulders, upon his heart. He could not rid himself of it. Some one was going toward the kitchen. He heard a voice say: "Make some tea. It should be hot." The lights became dimmer as the electric range was turned on. "An electric range will cost only about two dollars a month more, Stawell, and will last our lifetime." That was Margaret's voice. No word from her now. No word from up-stairs. By God! a husband had a part in such an affair as this! One could prove it. How? Arithmetically, geometrically, of course. "Does monsieur desire his Evian?" That damned French table-water. A maître d'hôtel had said that upon their wedding-trip. "Monsieur waits, waits endlessly."

"And a God-damned good thing it was, too——"

Cassie had come in from the kitchen. She had on the uniform that Margaret made her wear when she was waiting on the table—probably had not taken it off at all. The dress was black. She carried a tray with a cup of tea upon it and some toast. Not for Margaret, certainly. It must be meant for himself. "Thank you, Cassie."

She set the tray upon the small table at his elbow. He must make some attempt to pull himself together. It was with an effort that he got his head down. Cassie seemed honestly concerned with him. She was calm, entirely motherly toward him, but she possessed a dignity which he had never seen her display before. Her body was very tall. She had a reddened angularity, the strength of mind that were characteristic of her sturdy Merioneth.

"How is your mistress, Cassie?"

He had not gotten that off just right. It was probably the first time that he had ever referred to Margaret as Cassie's mistress. This creature was her own man. He thought: "I must try again—though what can I say? The simplest way is the best."

"How is Margaret now?"

He was sure that her face clouded. She seemed to weigh her words as she spoke.

"She's doing right. Drink your tea, sir."

Time and night would never come to an end! "Drink your tea now, sir." It seemed to him that the woman increased in stature.

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Her eyes seemed pitying. He could not endure that. Very nearly he shouted to her as he might to a prisoner in the dock: "Stand up!" A prisoner in the dock! "La Place. Judge La Place to the dock!"

The tea was hot, so hot that it scorched his tongue as if it were cold. He could not eat the toast, however nicely it was buttered. He was cold again, though that meant nothing. The noise of the feet upon the floor above continued. A man came down to the kitchen. La Place heard this person cough and clear his throat. The maid spoke again, strangely.

"She said that she wanted to go to a spool factory. She said it was beautiful—the regular way they put thread on spools."

He was not sure that he had heard this speech correctly, yet he was afraid to ask her to speak again.

He said finally: "What did she mean by that?"

It was just a thought she must have had.

He must not hesitate. He must get on with the matter before him. He put down the cup of tea. He was having difficulty with his hands; he was always having difficulty with his hands.

"I killed a man in the garden."

He could perceive no hint of surprise upon the maid's face.

"He was an Indian and he carried a deer."

Cassie said simply:

"I know, sir. I saw him. We all saw."

"Did Margaret see?"

"No, Cissie started to run to her, but I stopped her on the stairs."

La Place said, scarcely able to hear his own voice: "That was the man I shot. He's down there now." He thought: "How did *they* know about him, how did the police know? Some one must have found him. Mary-Ann may have come back."

There was silence up-stairs. For an instant he thought he heard Margaret, could not bear to listen again. He said: "I'm going out!" The maid replied: "I'll go with you. We'll take a light."

He got to his feet with difficulty. Cassie said to him: "You must have a coat. I'll get a lantern." He did not, he felt, possess sufficient strength to interrupt her. Every muscle in his body ached. He said to himself: "I can't leave Margaret now." There was speech replying: "You must learn. You must see what happened to *him*. His body, you fool!"

In the hall his weakness increased. The muscles of his neck seemed increasingly tired. It was with difficulty that he held his head up. The light upon the upper landing flickered as he looked at it. He thought: "The bulb is bad. I should put in a new one." He could not bring himself to go up, however. It was as if some physical barrier thrust itself between his body and the stairs. The sounds from Margaret's room were distant in his ears. All that he heard, all that he saw, passed beyond the borders of the real, beyond the confines of the imaginable.

Cassie reappeared almost at once. In her hand she carried a lighted oil-lantern. The wick had been carefully trimmed. The flame was steady beneath her fingers. Her appearance was different. Thought La Place suddenly: "She has changed her boots." This triviality seemed strange. Her expression was as normal as if she were waiting upon the table. "I suppose," La Place said to himself, "that they really want to get me out of the house."

He had difficulty in leaving it. An attraction plain to him, solid, leaden, held him to the door. The light upon the upper landing flickered steadily. It was like the beating of a heart. He said out loud suddenly, shockingly: "God damn all these things. God damn all these things!"

The air outside was very fresh. The wind seemed cold down the length of the hills; the river sullen rather than angry.

"He scuffed up the gravel here——"

The maid said suddenly: "You needn't have shot him. It was a brute's trick."

La Place noticed that she held her skirts high. To keep them out of the mud, he supposed. She flapped across the turf ahead of him like a tall scarecrow, bound that she would set things right. Her unfaltering obtuseness was like a shield to him. Her big body was a gray shoulder in the fog.

The earth was very soft. His heels sank into it as he walked. Here the Indian had gotten to his feet again before he had spun across the garden. The garden, did he say? It had been an incredible incident to occur between the rose-bushes and the mulberry-trees. The Indian was there, lay there, lay

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over the wall, heaped in the darkness. "A brute's trick. A brute's bullet. *Over the wall, now! Over the wall!*"

The marks upon the ground were ugly. There were his heels. The man had spun like a top. Cassie said: "He went straight across. Didn't he?" He had heard himself answer, or thought that he said: "Yes. I tell you I shot him in the throat!"

There was the wall—the line of the broken bushes fronting it. Where was Margaret now? In her bed, suffering an anguish more intolerable than this? Cassie was before him. She was a figure upon the wall.

He perceived the lantern move as she lowered it, searching the ground. He heard her say: "He didn't stay here long. He moved off toward the river." Her voice was less excited than he had heard it when the hunt had moved over their hill: "There's the fox now. He's gone down to the river." The lantern was like a yellow moth before him. It would not have amazed him to have seen a brown hand rise from the wet earth. What was it he had thought?—"Lie fallow for a time, to rise again into life." Brown hand to brown earth. Heel to heel upon the ground. The man had turned toward the river, had crawled toward it, perhaps. The marks upon the ground were those of hands. "La Place—La Place follows now!"

Said Cassie: "He was upon his hands and knees. See where he dug his fingers into the turf."

He answered: "I think so."

The way led down-hill, through the light wood toward the river. The lantern shone through the lacing of the thickets. The sound of the stream was lessened by the angle of the slope. It was almost silent here. Cassie preceded him by several feet. Her red hand held the lantern close. Her back, her shoulders, expressed a rigidity that he had not seen her display before. They came to a hollow. Plainly the man had been here. There lay upon the ground a torn strip of his shirt. "A bandage," he thought. "He was still alive. He could not have done that otherwise."

Cassie turned upon him suddenly, cried: "What have you done! Oh, judge, what have you done!"

The quickness of her movement, her sudden display of fright, terrified him more than all that had gone before. In her cry had been fear for himself, for Margaret, for their very home. It was as if she had cried to him: "You have torn the world apart. Put it together again. You must! The trees are thrown down. The land is destroyed. The hills are levelled. *We perish!*"

In some fashion never clear to him, this cry recalled him to reality. He saw plainly the position in which he was placed, perceived, so he thought, the extremities to which he was bound to come. His madness, his fever, seemed to clear from his mind. Even the quality of his fear changed. Whereas before he had been subject to a never-ending frenzy, now he was possessed of a cold and desperate fright which gave stimulus to his mind, permitted him to think clearly, to be a man again.

He said: "Give me the lantern."

Cassie handed it to him without a word. The way led down straight toward the river. The race, curving with the stream, intervened. Across it, he knew, was a bridge consisting of a single log with a hand-rail spanning the water. It was inconceivable that the Indian had been able to cross that. There his body would be found if he had not fallen into the race. He hurried as if he were going to a feast, to a wedding. There was no path—only the dim line of the broken underbrush before him. The brambles tore at his throat, at his knees. Cassie moved like a ghost behind him. Though the slope was always downward, he noticed that she was panting heavily and that she made a continuous motion as if she were wringing her hands. He thought to himself: "I must know. I must know with certainty, now."

He was startled by the maid making some sound behind him. "Pssst," she was saying. "Pssst—Pssst." This sibilancy was distracting. He then saw what she had perceived before him—that there was visible upon the edge of the stream a number of moving lights; they were some distance below Cassie and himself.

For an instant he paused to look at them, wondered what this new diversion meant. The lights were swung, were raised and lowered, as if signals were being given, were blotted out in the darkness and mist like moving fireflies, only to reappear again. They advanced steadily down the bank. He then saw upon the hill other lights moving

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toward the house. Apparently there was communication between the groups. He would be caught in their convergence. For an instant he struggled with an overwhelming desire to turn and flee. It was for him, *for him,* that these lights were searching! Ultimately they would find him. "For you, La Place. For you!" No matter where he went, they would search him out.

It was not, he realized, the contemplation of the deed which he had done but the spectacle which he was bound to make of himself before these men that tormented him most. He was, he knew, consumed by that strange, exasperating dignity which he had found so ludicrous in the Indian when the latter had stood before him. The savage had set himself squarely in the way of the brute force that had been meted out to him, and now he, La Place, by his own savage act was caught in the same trap. That which would be done to him must be done.

He heard Cassie say: "I'm afraid now. I can't go down there."

He heard himself answer: "Go back to the house. I don't want you here." He moved down the bank. He was aware that Cassie remained at his heels, though she said nothing, made no sound.

He heard some one shout, "Oh, Biff, that you? Find anything?" realized that he was being taken for one of the searching-party, kept steadily on. He stopped at the edge of the race, saw upon the opposite bank a party of five men. Two were in the uniform of the State police—a lieutenant whom he knew was usually upon highway duty and a private. To the right was old Damiano, a tarpaulin hood thrust up over his head, in his hand a gnarled stick. The other two men he did not know. The group turned to look at him, paused for an instant as though in surprise. The lieutenant shouted to him, "Stay there. Don't move!" and immediately ran toward the log bridge. The others followed helter-skelter. They stopped within a few feet of him.

He heard himself say: "I'm Judge La Place." Cassie, he realized, was standing at his back. Nothing, he felt, could move her. She stood like a rock, her arms folded.

The two of them presented, he was aware, a grotesque picture. He himself was drenched to the skin, hatless, collarless, the bosom of his stiff white shirt covered with mud. The studs had fallen out and the shirt was open, disclosing his underclothes, his thin chest beneath them. His trousers from the knees down were soaked with water, caked with earth. His shoes, he realized, were blobs of mud. Cassie was in an almost similar state. Panting, distrait, none the less the big Englishwoman retained her air of obtuseness, determination that nothing might shake.

On the other hand, the party of men seemed embarrassed, held in check by some singular reserve. He felt this plainly, waited, however, for them to make the first move. Certainly they were aware who he was, had been coming on his land for a purpose known to them all. They could not conceal this. Incredibly, he found himself waiting. He thought: "For me, by God! They're waiting for me! Will this endure forever?" A fatigue, so complete as to leave him almost exhausted, was coming over him. He retained scarcely sufficient energy to keep himself erect, with difficulty restrained a wish to sit down upon the bank. He said to himself: "What a fool I am! What a dried-up quivering fool I've become! Why don't I speak? I'll have to now or later." None the less there seemed to him a certain petty advantage in keeping the situation at arm's length, some gain to be had in pushing time from him. The circumstances which hemmed him in must be answered, but he could not bring himself to do so. "La Place, they're waiting for you. They're waiting for you."

None the less the situation bound them all. Old Damiano, he saw, had not moved since he had spoken. The two strangers looked beyond him toward Cassie. The elder of the two turned and spat into the stream.

With no conscious volition upon his part, he found himself searching his memory for the last time that this lieutenant of police had stood before him. In court, he thought. He strove to place the man in the court-room. He had sat in all probability back of the dock, upon the line of benches generally occupied by the witnesses. The man's body was short, stocky, very muscular. He could not see his eyes. Probably he had never paid particular attention to him before. There was a revolver at his hip, clipped, of course, to his belt. The

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flap of the holster was open. The gun was ready for use. The thought brought a tremor to his nerves. This was not of fear for himself, but repugnance, disgust at the thought of a gun being discharged. What a chicken-livered fool he was! He had fired a gun that night with less provocation than this officer would have were he to draw this revolver and shoot him now.

The lieutenant spoke: "A man was shot here, judge. We're trying to find out something about it."

There could be no doubt that these words had been spoken. He heard them indistinctly, however. His own speech was distinct, plain; the plainest thing, he felt, that he had ever said in all his life.

"I shot him." He repeated it again. "I shot him. *Is he dead?"*

A space intervened in which literally nothing happened. The world seemed empty, a vacuum into which his thoughts swept like swooping birds.

"Sheriff, take the prisoner!" He could have sworn that that was his own voice. A pronouncement of the court after sentence had been imposed and a prisoner was to be removed from the dock. And Margaret? The thought of her brought him utter misery. Where was she now? Alive or dead? At least, he must get back to the house. That was his place—not here among these men. The darkness was like a cloud upon the earth. Surely it would persist forever. He had known nothing else for so many eternal years that he might hope that he would never see the sun again.

Cassie said: "It's true. He did shoot him. I saw him fall." The statement was made in simple corroboration of his own.

A number of men added themselves to the group about. These were, he supposed, the other searchers descended from the hill. The faces of some were familiar. He recognized Wheeling, the tenant upon the Talley farm; Stephens, who kept the store at Price's Corner. Stephens had sat before him on many a jury. The man spoke respectfully to him, now.

"Evenin', judge."

He nodded in return. The pause continued. The situation contained some sort of ludicrous magic which held him and the men before him powerless. This was almost more than he could endure. He longed to shout at the top of his voice: "I shot him! I killed him! I shot him at the angle of his throat. He fell, then got to his feet. I'd do it all the same way again. Keep your eyes down! *Keep your eyes to yourself!"*

Cassie said softly to him: "Come up to the house. Come on up to the house, now. There's no good to be done here."

He heard himself say: "In a minute, Cassie."

The lieutenant answered him: "He's not dead, sir. They think he won't die. There's been no recent report from the hospital."

He asked: "Where did they take him?"

The lieutenant spoke again: "Misericordia. It was the nearest. He'd lost a good deal of blood."

There returned to his mind the figure of the man as he had stood in the garden. He had crossed the wall like a wounded bird, had fallen into the darkness as a duck might fall into the black water of a marsh. "La Place shot. La Place shot him! Answer for La Place. Answer now."

The lieutenant turned.

"Damiano, take your men back to the village. You're done for the night. Take 'em back now. Clear out and get to bed. Don't spend the night up talking. Parker"—this to the private of police—"bring the car up to Judge La Place's house."

Said Cassie: "How do you feel? Put an arm on my shoulder."

He answered: "I'm all right. Go on ahead."

The maid turned, proceeded up the path toward the house. The lantern was still in her hand. He followed with the lieutenant of police.

Cassie looked back abruptly, said: "Mrs. La Place is in labor. Bear that in mind." This speech, he knew, was not directed to himself, but to the lieutenant.

The man's answer did not seem relevant: "Parker will be up with the car."

He presumed that the officer was embarrassed, had been able to think of nothing else to say. The path up the hill seemed intolerably steep. The lanterns below faded into the distance and the fog, hesitated and hung about the farther bank of the stream.

He asked abruptly: "What time is it?"

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The officer flashed his light upon the watch strapped to his wrist: "It's a little after three."

Three hours, four hours, five hours! At least that since he had sat in the yellow room with Margaret, had poured out her coffee, had stood at her feet. Four hours at least had passed since he had shot the Indian. Three hours to daylight. Not more. The sun would rise over the hill; the river would be a mud-colored ribbon under the light. Judge La Place's Rivervale. How could he think of it again? He said to himself: "That's past. I shall never get back to it."

He had reached the level ground to the rear of the garage. Here the lights of the house were visible. Every room was illuminated. The building seemed bursting with light.

He asked again: "What time is it?" This, for some reason, seemed to him to be important.

The lieutenant answered: "It's still three o'clock, sir."

They stood now in the angle between the house and the garage. The stone flagging before the door was, he noticed, becoming loose. The cement was giving way. It would have to be attended to at once if it was to be saved. The lieutenant said suddenly:

"You go in first."

The door was open. Cassie had preceded him. He had not seen her go in. He followed with the feeling that he was treading upon glass. That, of course, was nothing more than the smoothness of the floor. The police officer took off his hat, wiped his hands upon a handkerchief which he drew from his pocket. He heard himself say: "Go into the library, lieutenant. I'll be there in a minute."

The stairs seemed to be without steps. None the less he was called upon to ascend them. His feet labored at the task. At the first landing he paused for breath, listened. The up-stairs hall was brightly lighted, but there was no sound and he saw no one in the corridors. Margaret's door was closed. He could not bring himself to knock; still, he must know. He stood against the wall.

He thought: "I must not look in." In a few minutes the nurse came out into the hall. She went to the window at the end of the corridor and flung it open.

"It's hot in here," the nurse said. Then added: "She hasn't made a sound."

He heard himself ask: "Is she all right?"

"Yes," said the nurse. "But she hasn't made a sound. You don't know how extraordinary it is. It's as if she were playing some game. She'll have to cry out soon."

He said: "Could I see the doctor?"

The nurse answered: "I guess not." She went back into the room and closed the door.

He found that he was again descending the stairs. Instead of going directly to the library, he went through the yellow room. There was not, he realized, much point in this procedure, but he found a certain relief in the sheer physical exercise of walking. The lieutenant of police stood with his back to the fireplace in the library. He was, thought La Place, inconspicuous. It might be possible to avoid him. Strange how much time had passed. It could not be long now till dawn. He suddenly realized that the nurse had been right. Margaret was screaming now. He could not breathe. "That will be all right. She will be all right. Stop and think, man! That's normal. That's natural." There was a flurry of feet in the hall above. He seemed suspended in sound while the minutes passed. He said to the lieutenant: "You want to ask me about this. Shall I tell you now?"

The sound had died away. He was thankful for this. It gave him time to think. He found that he was marshalling his facts as carefully as if he were charging a jury.

"He came here about five o'clock carrying a deer on his shoulders. I followed him up to the house and asked him what he wanted. He wouldn't tell me. It was raining hard. Mrs. La Place seemed to be all right then, but I was beginning to get worried about her. I couldn't be sure of the fellow's race but I took him to be an Indian——"

The lieutenant interrupted him: "He was an Indian. His name was Joe Ironquois. He was the son of the old fellow you sentenced this morning. I haven't talked to him myself. I was called from the hill station. But Parker did——"

La Place said: "You don't mean *that!*"

Somehow he was unable to get into his mind that the man no longer lay behind the garden wall. He had spun like a top—like a top. The reason had been his father. "Your father is not here." That had been unbelievably long ago.

"Why did he bring the deer?"

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The lieutenant got up. There was the sound of a car coming up the drive. "That's Parker now. What did you do with the gun, judge? Did you drop it outside?"

Of course he had dropped it outside. Did this fool think that he would keep such a thing in his pocket? How tired he was. If Margaret could only be made to live, to survive, it would be enough.

He said: "I threw it down on the ground. I can't remember where."

He heard the officer say: "He says he threw the revolver down outside. Take a light and look for it."

His whole body seemed to absorb the sounds from up-stairs. He was, he realized, intently listening, but he could not decipher the meaning of what he heard. Some one was calling, but the voice was not Margaret's. The lieutenant went on: "The deer came up earlier in the afternoon. He got it from the Aitken's place just outside of Yorklynn. One of their men telephoned that a man—he thought he was a negro—had killed a deer with a knife and had gotten away with it. We looked for him on the roads."

Seventeen miles. The Indian had carried that dead weight upon his shoulders for such a distance as that. Across the fields, down the hills, through the streams, a steady, relentless progress. He had brought the deer to Rivervale and had put it down at his door-step. "Take the deer. Take the deer, *now*." The man had been a savage, a brute, but what a strange immutable purpose had driven him.

"Why did he bring it here?"

The voice up-stairs was renewed. The call was urgent. "Get—get—" The final words were lost.

The private of police reappeared in the door.

"You couldn't find it. Look again."

The revolver, he supposed. They were still searching for it. It was odd that he had no conscious recollection of what he had done with it. Many men who killed other men must have been similarly affected. Death brought with it its own nepenthe, wiped out its own recollection.

"The deer! Why did he bring it here?"

"He made a statement to Parker. He was bringing the deer as a sort of peace-offering. He thought that if he could make you take it, you would let his father out of jail. He explained it to Damiano, too, when the old man found him. Some other Italian who had been up here ran down to Damiano's and tried to tell him that you were being held up. The old fellow was asleep, had been attending a wedding in town, and they were afraid to wake him. This other fellow—they call him Mary-Ann—came back two or three times to the house before he could get through to Damiano. When the old fellow got it into his head, he came up with a roar, a couple of his young men with him. They found the Indian bleeding to death down by the bridge and took him in. They telephoned from some place near here and got one of the city ambulances. The sergeant on the desk phoned me.

"We couldn't get the hang of it at first—thought it was an ordinary Italian stabbing. Damiano didn't help any. He had one of his young men picked for the goat, said he did it, and was going to stick it on him. The young fellow couldn't lie fast enough, and Damiano came through at last. 'He said he bring the deer to the judge for peace, to get his father out of jail, and the judge shot him.'

"Why did you shoot him?"

From where he sat he could look through the eastern windows. There was, he thought, some faint trace of dawn upon the horizon. He had no desire for the light. The time when he would have welcomed it was long since past. Let the darkness remain, himself in it. At least while it endured, he might sit quiet.

"Why did you shoot him?"

The question was direct, unanswerable. Superficially he had shot because this savage had kept him out of the garage. But was not the answer for his action deeply lost within his own personality? Had he not borrowed barbarism from the man himself? His finger had not closed upon the trigger through fear. He had known that he would shoot this savage before he had left his room. He had gone out for that purpose. "By God!" he thought. *"There was pleasure in it. I was as savage as he was."*

He knew that this lieutenant of police had to ask these questions. It was part of the steady, inexorable pressure of society, pulling him back into line. One was pulled and squeezed until the face of the world presented

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a steady, unwavering profile. To maintain that face, all else, if necessary, was lost.

He said irrelevantly: "He told me his name was 'Seven Days Whipping.'"

"These Indians have queer names. The father and he lived down near the Middleborough Marsh. People down there called them both 'Joe.' So this fellow said. He said he was an Iroquois Indian. Everybody else called it Ironquois."

He said: "That seems strange."

The lieutenant answered him briefly: "There's lots of strange things."

Certainly the light in the eastern sky was increasing. The gray of the fog was becoming opaque. This must be dawn—or a false dawn? The night at least was close to an end. He said quite suddenly: "Lieutenant, I'll go in with you, of course, but I must know how things turn out here." He added, without meaning to: "Do you mind waiting outside?"

The request was, he realized, irregular. The police officer might well refuse it. He was presuming upon his status as a judge. There was no reason why he should be treated differently from any other man who had committed homicide. But the lieutenant left the room. Going to the window, he saw the two officers get into their car. He perceived that almost immediately the private went to sleep. He slept bolt upright none the less, against the cushions of the car. The single word "perpendicular" came into his mind, rested for an instant, and was gone.

The light was gradually increasing. In a short time one would be able to discern the actual tendrils of the fog. *The Indian lay in the darkness!* That was not true. It was a torment to him to contemplate the night, horrible to think of the day. What would be done with him? What should he do? Go in town, of course. The two police would see to that. "Make way for La Place. Make way for Judge La Place!"

He was, he found, sitting down in a chair. It seemed hot in the room now, though he was aware that he was shivering. Margaret made no sound, no further sound. There was still the noise of feet upon the floor above. He tried to listen carefully. He had put out the light. Why had he done that? The room swam with mist. He found that he had placed a coat across his knees, though where he had found it he could not imagine. He had felt it drop across his knees. A senseless horror seized him. Was it possible that some unseen creature was handing things to him in the dark? There could be no doubt that the nurse was standing before him. She spoke at once and without the least touch of the dramatic: "You have a son." He heard himself ask senselessly: "Where?" The nurse replied very carefully: "He's in his mother's bathroom." He said: "I can't believe that." The nurse said: "Believe it or not, as you choose, but come and see him."

He got to his feet and followed her to the stairs. Her back, he thought, was as straight as a board. At the head of the flight he met Cassie. "Judge," she said, "you have a son, a fine son." He heard himself reply, shortly, as if he were vexed: "I know that." The question then forced itself from his lips: *"How is Margaret?"* Both women answered him at once with an air of surprise, as if it were something concerning which he was thoroughly informed. "She's asleep." "Why, she's asleep."

To this he found no answer, nothing more to say. The three went down the hall together. The nurse opened the door. The room was brightly lighted. Nothing in it, so far as he could see, had been disturbed. The counterpane, a red-and-black patchwork, was still upon the bed. To his surprise he perceived upon the middle of it a baby which he took to be his own. It was with difficulty that he restrained himself from asking: "Whose child is that?" The palpable absurdity of his thought caused him to laugh hysterically. Of course it was his child. Of course! Whose else could it be! There could be but one baby in the house. None the less there was a baby. He inspected it without the least apparent feeling, though the contemplation of it shook him to the foundations of his spirit. It was as if this child were the rock of his body. That was all.

He heard himself say stupidly: "I must go in now. I've business in town that will have to be attended to."

Clark appeared, smoking a cigarette. The doctor showed no sign of weariness. He said: "I know you will. But you must change your clothes first. Do you realize what you have on? Everything is over here. I don't wish you to see Mrs. La Place before she wakes up."

He could perceive his head and shoulders

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in the standing mirror upon the bureau across the room, thought suddenly: "I am not the same as I was. I'm not the same as I was. Everything is changed!"

Clark said: "Would you like to have me help you change your clothes? You can't go in looking like that, you know."

He answered shortly, stiffly: "I can look out for myself." Thereupon he turned upon his heels as upon some slow-moving fulcrum and left the room. He thought: "My feet are heavy. I should take a bath, but if I do so, can I keep awake? *This must be gotten through with.*" He was aware that their pity was following him out of the room. He could not endure the thought of this, endeavored to put it from his mind. The hall was long, long. It was with difficulty that he got down it. The door of his own room fortunately was open.

It was easier, he found, to rip the shirt from his shoulders than to attempt to undo the buttons of the shirt-front. The drawer of his bureau was open. The handkerchief from which he had drawn the revolver lay across it. He looked at it from the distance that stretched between it and the bed. This distance seemed immeasurable, to be upon some other plane than that upon which he stood. "The man's in the garden—below the wall." He heard himself say distinctly: *"That's not true."* Was it not possible for him to put that from his mind? In a short time he would be forced to deal with facts as in a case at law. Fancy could not enter into that. He could not keep his mind upon the subject. The red-and-black counterpane obtruded itself into his mind. So that was Margaret's child. His child and Margaret's. She had been delivered and upon this very night. There was iron; there was steel; there was Margaret. He himself, of course, was a great deal less.

He selected his clothing, he found, with the same care that he usually displayed. His shirt was buttoned. His cravat was tied. He was ready. Had it been possible to have put down this readiness, to have protracted his dressing indefinitely, he would have done so. The physical efficiency of his fingers had betrayed him. "I am ready. I must go in."

He put out all the lights. The grayness of the dawn sprang into the room. It was, he felt, precisely as if he had opened a flood-gate and had let the night rush back. He closed the door of his room and descended the stairs. He was, he knew, attempting to think of additional things to do. Every motion, the twisting of his hand upon the door-knob, his steps down the hall, gave him a feeling which he infinitely prized, a protraction of this interlude in which all was silent, in which time seemingly had no connection with place or event.

The hall was just as he had left it. The door of the library was half open. He regarded it now as a sanctuary which he could scarcely bear to leave. He got his coat and a hat. As he put them on he thought singularly: "Court meets to-day. I shall be present at it." His watch showed that it was a few minutes past five. He thought: "I'm calmer now."

As he left the house he perceived that the fog had increased. The areaway was a deep pool of mist; the police car was a shadow against the darkness of the wall. He said to himself: "I must go straight to it. It wouldn't do to walk away." This impulse, he felt, was more than he deserved. He walked to the car, said briefly: "Lieutenant, I'm ready now."

The private was still asleep. He slept like a child, his years, the grossness of his features hidden in slumber. The lieutenant woke him by rubbing his shoulder, said: "Parker, get in behind. Let the judge in here."

The car turned down the drive. There was the bridge, but he could catch no glimpse of the stream beneath. Now to go up the road—the river road. The way was a tunnel of darkness and of mist. There was the hill. To his surprise he saw that Thompson's wheat was actually down. The stalks lay upon the ground in a sullen, twisted sea. The sun, if there was a sun, might dry it out, might cause the grain to stand again.

The lieutenant said suddenly: "We'll stop at the hospital, sir."

He heard himself reply: "I think it would be well."

The prospect terrified him. Was he to look again in the Indian's eyes, see that savage body prostrate upon a hospital bed? The comparative tranquillity which he had gained was hard won. What if the man spoke? "My father. My father is here." *The Indian lay dead in the darkness.* He was caught upon some plane where the grotesque and the natural had impinged and become one.

The car turned into the pike side. The old windmill on the corner whirred in the semi-

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darkness. It was, he felt, like a man of huge proportions stepping down the sky. "Whir—whir—whir." He could not bring the past night into reality. "Whir—whir—whir"—down the sky in gusts like a tempest. The countryside was beaten and wet.

The grip upon his nerves increased. He looked at the lieutenant of police beside him. He heard himself say: "Lieutenant, it can't be long now until sunrise." The man made no reply. He said again: "It can't be long now until sunrise." To his surprise the private of police answered him: "The lieutenant's half asleep. He hasn't been to bed for thirty-six hours."

For some reason which he could not discern this fact troubled him. It was not its relation to himself, though it increased his own weariness, but the thought of the torture of fatigue to which he was subjecting these men. The lieutenant said suddenly: "I'll sleep later. We're all tired."

That was it. It could not be helped. These two men and himself were intent upon the task before them. He thought: "It will soon be over now."

The concrete of the pike was like metal before them. The road would end soon, however, in the borders of the city. There were the first lights now, solitary globes swinging down the length of the road. The mist was thinner here. Now down the long hill. The gasoline stations were still lighted. Was it possible that the clock had been set back—that it was still yesterday evening? He would be content to swing here infinitely while the earth turned.

The car turned. He thought: "He's going through the park." Into his mind was coming a new fear. When this was over this morning, it would be necessary for him to drive through the city on his way home. He would be held by some magistrate in bail, and, having furnished it, would be released to await trial. The city would know the circumstances long before that had been done. Was he to go home at noon through the people upon the streets? Was he to drive out the avenue where all could see him? He could not bear it. The avenue with its trees—the very land which he had been over so many times in his life.

No one was visible now. The park seemed only a continuation of the country road. There lay the bridge, however. The span was broad here, as the broader stream required. He could not disassociate himself from this river. All that had taken place had taken place along its banks. The hospital was on the elevation above. The car turned up the rise, stopped in the courtyard. He got out and went to the door of the hospital, stood waiting. Thereafter he followed the lieutenant in. Again events seem unrelated. There was no reason apparent to him why he should wait here. There was no reason why he should not walk out of the door. Would his absence be noticed? Would events apparently unconnected click together again? The current of thought within his mind had ceased. He was, he realized, waiting.

A young nurse was in the room. The lieutenant said: "We've come to see Joe Ironquois."

The nurse said: "You can go right on up. He's in Ward Four."

The corridor, he found, was immensely silent, dimly lighted. The stairs were long, narrow. At the top was the ward.

He heard himself say suddenly: "Where is he?" Some one answered: "Here."

He saw at once that this was the man. He was held in the bed as in a box—some arrangement of straps about his breast to keep him from moving. The fellow's face was turned away. He perceived only the line of his head, the shadow of his features in the semi-darkness; could not tell whether he was conscious or awake. Some one—he thought it was the lieutenant—said: "Go around to the other side, judge. You can see him from there." He moved obediently, stopped. The man was awake and was looking steadily at him. He could plainly perceive his eyes. The Indian's glance was undeviating, untroubled as had been his father's in the court-room when sentence had been passed upon him. He could not face it, was swung away as if propelled by some physical force. He heard the lieutenant say—the voice was the merest shadow in his consciousness: "Joe, was this the man that shot you?" He did not catch the answer, but received the whispered sibilancy of the Indian's words as if they were as concussive as stones: "Yes . . . yes."

The man turned back to immobility. His body was entirely still. There was not even a movement of his hands. He knew that he walked back toward the corridor. The lieu-

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tenant followed him. In the doorway they met an interne. He heard himself ask: "Will he recover?"

"Who?"

"The Indian—Ironquois."

"Yes. He's in no danger now. The internal bleeding has stopped. Are you going my way?" The final words were addressed to the lieutenant.

He heard the officer answer: "No. We're going down to the station." He asked: "You're sure?"

The interne answered: "There's nothing to worry about. Is the fellow a man of yours?"

He said: "No. That is—not exactly." The speech did not seem incoherent in view of what was pounding at his mind. *That is he. That is he.* What shall I do? What can I do?

He found his way with difficulty down the stairs. The light was at his back. In the receiving-room below the same nurse asked: "Did you see him?" He replied in an ordinary tone of voice, "Yes, thank you," went out the door and waited.

It was, he judged, about six o'clock. The land was beginning to emerge plainly from the smoking haze of the river. The arc-lights, he noticed, at the beginning of the Boulevard had been turned off. The lieutenant had not appeared, had not, he remembered now, followed him down the stairs. Was it possible that the officer was still talking to the Indian? He could afford to wait, wait endlessly if need be.

The lieutenant appeared.

"He says he wants his father let out."

He heard himself reply: "No man can do that."

They walked toward the car. The officer said: "This is a serious matter. We'll have to commit you. Hadn't you better get some one to act for you? Some attorney, I mean."

The thought slipped into his mind and he was not able to control it. "There's Henshaw. There's Henshaw now. He would act for me. There's time. There's still time!" He realized bitterly that the thought was unworthy of him. He could not do that, could not bring Henshaw into such an affair as this. There must be an end to his weakness and vacillation. He must put himself in the way of justice, not attempt to avoid it. But could he trust to his own judgment in the matter? The advice which the lieutenant had given him, he, in turn, had given to many a litigant, to many a defendant, both in his practice and in court. "Get a lawyer. Get counsel to defend you." He was aware that deliberately he was thinking beside the point. What was it that the lieutenant had said? "He says that he wants his father let out." Was there not a tacit suggestion in the words? If his father is let out—suppose his father is let out . . . There returned to him his own speech—*"No man can do that."* Was that precise, accurate? Was he, in fact, justified in deciding that issue for himself? Shadows were forming in his mind. None the less he should be able to distinguish between honor and cowardice.

To his surprise, he said: "Judge Henshaw is at the American House?" There was, he noticed, a rising inflection to his voice. It was as if he had asked a question, timidly made a suggestion which was bound to be rejected. He was aware that he was waiting with every nerve in his body tensed.

The lieutenant said: "Shall we take you there?"

He listened to the speech with the utmost care. Wasn't there discernible in the officer's voice the least shadow of contempt? He repeated in his mind the words, the tone in which they had been spoken as exactly as he could remember it—could not tell. The issue, however, had been returned to him. He had attempted to push it from him, to put it upon the responsibility of the lieutenant. That had not been fair. He must face the question of his own conduct himself. Strange how one could find a small virtue in such an act as this.

He heard himself say: "Yes . . . yes!"

It was necessary to cross the bridge. It was light now. The river, he saw, was a raging torrent, a surging mass of reddened water. Such a torrent as that could not be stemmed. He found the symbolism brief, grew tired of thinking of it. The lieutenant drove steadily on. The private remained in the back of the car.

He heard the lieutenant say: "This is it." The floor of the hotel was bare as a barn. It was with difficulty that he succeeded in placing the bare gray walls, the leather divans against them, the slightly fetid odor of the lobby. A clerk was behind the desk. He heard his own voice: "Judge Henshaw is in?" The question was absurd. Of course he was in, still asleep, in all probability. The clerk

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looked up in surprise. "Telephone him that Judge La Place and an officer wish to come up to his room." The clerk said: "Yes, sir. At once."

The elevator was not yet running. It was necessary to climb three flights of stairs. Henshaw's room was at the end of the next corridor. The door was open. Henshaw, he saw, was standing beside his bed, a dressing-gown thrown over his pajamas. He could not remember the salutations which passed between them. He was not sure that he himself had said a word.

His first speech astonished him. He said: "I've just shot a man. The son of the man that I sentenced in court yesterday morning. He came to Rivervale with a deer. The deer was a peace-offering of some sort to get his father off."

Henshaw said: "A deer? What was that?"

The lieutenant explained: "The man's an Indian, the son of the old fellow that Judge La Place sentenced yesterday. He killed a deer on the Aitken place and brought it down with him. He wanted the judge to take it. Some sort of trouble took place and the judge shot him. He's in the Misericordia Hospital now."

Said Henshaw: "It's incredible. I didn't know there was an Indian in the State."

The lieutenant said: "The old fellow came here from some place in the upper part of New York about twenty years ago and brought his boy with him. The son called himself 'Seven Days Whipping' to Judge La Place. I guess they're really Indians. The two of them lived down at the edge of the Big Middleborough Marsh."

"Is he badly hurt?"

Said La Place: "I shot him in the neck and in the lung. They say he's in no danger now."

He knew that he was putting the issue from him, that he should have said: "The danger is mine now. I'm in danger now! *What shall I do? What am I going to do?"*

The positions of the figures in the room had changed. The lieutenant had gone back to the door, stood waiting. Henshaw had turned to the small table beside the bed, was pouring out a glass of water. La Place noticed that his hands shook. A singular silence fell upon the room.

He was able to anticipate the next question, knew what it would be long before the words formed themselves upon Henshaw's lips. He prepared himself to meet it as best he could.

"Why did you shoot him?"

The question, he found, was sufficiently direct to permit an answer. It was strange that he had not been able to answer it before. He felt a sort of iron vigor rise within him, a kind of madness which he could not keep down. His voice, he realized, possessed a quality of horror but also exemplary steadiness.

"At first it was because he wouldn't let me into the garage. I had to get a car to get a doctor for Margaret. I have a son now. Later—at the end—*good God, Henshaw! There was a pleasure in it. I was as much a savage as he was!"*

He looked away. The lieutenant was still at the door. Henshaw, he could not notice, was unable to keep his eyes upon him. The silence continued, augmenting itself out of the intensity within the room. There was, he felt, nothing that could ever break it. In that stillness continued his life.

The lieutenant said suddenly: "He says that he wants his father let off."

The speech dropped into the consciousness of all of them, clung there, augmented itself. Its meaning was plain. Henshaw was visibly pondering upon it.

"He says that he wants his father let off."

He heard himself say: "Henshaw, we can't do that!"

The silence continued. A voice from somewhere—he was sure that it was not his own or Henshaw's—spoke with the greatest urgency: "Why not? Why not?"

He said in an ordinary tone of voice: "I should be *committed,* I think."

Henshaw said suddenly: "Lieutenant, turn over your prisoner to me now. Come back later when I've had a chance to look into this."

He perceived that the officer had opened the door and had gone out, that the door was closed.

Henshaw said briefly: "Margaret, of course, was your excuse. I hope that she is doing as well as can be expected?"

He answered: "She was asleep when we left. She's quite all right. So's the baby."

Henshaw said: "I'm going into the next

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room to dress. I suppose you've had no sleep. Suppose you lie down on my bed and try to rest."

He said: "I'm quite all right, thank you. What are you going to do?" None the less he did lie down on the bed.

Henshaw answered him from the next room: "I'm going out. You go to sleep. This thing has gone far enough. You can't stand trial. . . ."

He heard the last sentence quite plainly, was aware of nothing more that Henshaw said. The bed he found was very soft, and, after a moment or two of uneasy twisting, he slept.

He knew that he was having a dream of unusual clarity and vividness, knew that he rarely dreamed. A party of huntsmen were galloping through a forest. The ground was soft and wet. Wet leaves slapped at the faces of the riders as they bent low to escape the branches. The leader of the huntsmen—whose features were vaguely familiar to him—set his horn to his lips and blew musically a tally-ho. The notes of the horn, infinitely repeated, dropped down into his consciousness, lingered there, finally awoke him. He perceived that Henshaw had come back into the room, that the light at the windows had shifted, that the glancing rays of the late afternoon sun fell upon the walls. Henshaw said suddenly: "That's all now. I'll ring when it's to be taken away." He saw that a waiter had just brought a small table into the room with lunch upon it.

His gathering consciousness brought back fear. He got to his feet.

Henshaw said: "I've telephoned your house and everything is all right out there. Take your time. There'll be no court to-day." The latter part of his speech he apparently thought to be unfortunate, for he added immediately: "I mean that you will not have to go to court to-day. I think we'd better get this thing out of the way at once. I've seen your Indian. In fact, I've had him moved to Mrs. Malmsbury's private hospital. He'll have less chance of—of— He'll be more comfortable there. He'll not prosecute you or make any trouble. After all, the facts are the facts. I feel that you have had difficulty enough. It's a lucky thing that the youngster in charge of the hospital ward is well disposed toward you. Young men seem to run everything these days. You've got no enemies. Still, under the circumstances—but you're more familiar with them than I am. The old man, Ironquois, will be out of jail in a few days, and no one who knows anything will say a word.

"Stawell, you were certainly lucky that you didn't kill the man. . . ."

He said: "I meant to kill him. I really meant to kill him."

Henshaw said: "There's no need of going into that now. Eat your lunch. It's nearly three o'clock."

He found the food palatable, ate it ravenously, without any clear idea of where he was or what was taking place. Was he, he wondered, the same person, the same identical personality which had come into this room? The question engrossed him while he ate. So much had happened, he had done so much, had suffered so much since he had left his chambers in the court-house yesterday morning, since he had driven out to Rivervale in the afternoon. Was his body the same? Did it clothe an identical spirit? He thought: "Who can really know what caused all this? Who can really tell what happened to me?"

His meal was finished. Henshaw said: "I won't drive you out myself. You will probably want to go to your own home in your own way."

The speech, he felt, was enigmatic. However, what was there for him to do or say? He retained the recollection of Henshaw helping him to put on his coat, of being taken to the outer door of the hotel lobby. He was, he knew, dazed, in a condition of lethargy which persisted and increased. He could not recall saying "Good-by, Henshaw," or any other word.

He found a taxicab at the stand before the hotel, gave the driver specific instructions. "Drive straight out the pike," he said, "and turn down what is called the river road. Do you know where that is?"

The driver had no doubt of it, but wanted to know where he should go after that.

"I'll give you further orders as you'll need them."

He got into the back of the cab. The space was small, dark. To look out of the windows, it would be necessary for him to lean forward.

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He did not care to do that. He was content to sit quietly, to see nothing, to hear as little as possible. His lassitude persisted. He felt no great interest, no curiosity, at going home.

The cab moved swiftly. He was surprised when the driver stopped and turned to him. They had reached, he saw, the second turn, the point just above the bridge. Rivervale was plainly in sight. His house was a yellow rectangle upon the nearest hill.

He said to the driver: "You may leave me here. What is your charge?"

The driver protested, would be glad, he said, to take him wherever he wished to go.

La Place reiterated his desire: "This is where I wish to go," he said. "I'll walk home from here." He paid the driver and walked down the road.

The surface of the earth, he noticed, was just as he had left it, just as it had been upon yesterday afternoon. Nothing, so far as he could see, was changed. Yet, he felt a change, transubstantiation of this land into his own flesh and blood.

He crossed the bridge. There lay the Four-acre house, the hill, the woods through which the Indian had descended. There was his own house. Margaret and his son were doubtless within it. The young man who worked about the place in the afternoons was not in sight. Probably he had come earlier in the day and gone. The door of his workshop was open. *Of course.* He had neglected to close it yesterday afternoon. He went to it, pushed it to and shot the bolt. The meadow was below. There was hardly any point in looking in it for his bees. They would have been dispersed, killed by the storm.

He began to climb the road leading toward his own house. The way was steep. He had probably been stupid to dismiss his cab. Sentiment, he supposed, had caused him to do that —sentiment of returning to his own home again. Nothing had been changed, yet everything had suffered a change. All was the same, but nothing was the same. An element, intangible, imponderable, had been taken out of his life. In its stead was something which he could not place, could not quite discern. His tranquillity, his strength, was flowing back into him, but even these seemed different. *Judge La Place returns. Judge La Place comes home.* Was he, in fact, Judge La Place, the same man who had descended into the meadow yesterday afternoon, the same person who had shot the Indian last night for some reason which really was unknown to him now? He thought: "I am not the same. I shall never be the same again."

He opened the door and entered his house. It would be well to see Margaret again at once. He would go straight to her room.

He said to himself: "Who knows what that man had done? Who can tell? Who can tell what any man will do? Who knows . . . who knows . . ."

THE END.

Again we are faced by the challenge of finding a serial to follow John Biggs's remarkable story "Seven Days Whipping" and its predecessor, "The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. We are pleased to announce that the next is

ZONA GALE'S NEW NOVEL

BORGIA

The author of "Miss Lulu Bett" has in this new work written a remarkable story of a girl who dramatizes her emotions and who seems to work evil upon those with whom she comes in contact. "Borgia" will begin in the August number and be concluded in November.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The Course of a Great Stock-Exchange Speculation

Financial and Psychological Phases of the Outburst of 1928—The Public in Wall Street—Stock-Market and the Federal Reserve

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

HALF a dozen weeks ago it grew evident that, throughout the country, discussion of the business situation was being superseded by discussion of the extraordinary stock-market. Until the opening of spring, the rise on the Stock Exchange had cut no greater figure in the public mind than at any other period of financial activity; unless, indeed, for expression of wonderment over the unremitting advance in stocks at a moment when trade recovery was disappointingly slow. But the scene changed in April with great suddenness, when the excitement of speculation spread from Wall Street to the general public. By May, it appeared to have become nation-wide. Buying orders, telegraphed to New York from practically every section of the United States, reached in the aggregate a magnitude never previously witnessed in the history of any market. Habitual dabblers in stocks, who had been following for a series of months the persistent rise of prices, remarked with a kind of bewilderment that "the public had taken the bit in its teeth."

On the New York Stock Exchange, where a single day's business had never but twice exceeded 3,000,000 shares until 1925 and only six times between then and 1928, transactions reached or exceeded that figure on thirty-three practically successive days of March and April, ran above 4,000,000 on twelve days of April, and rose to 4,800,000 on one day in May. Wall Street commission houses found it impossible, with the increasing multitude of new clients pressing for instant participation in the market, even to keep their books posted up to date, and the Stock Exchange seven times voted suspension of business for a day to help its members out. Physical exhaustion of brokers executing orders on the floor of the Exchange became so general that in May the hours of daily trading were by a similar decree, and for the first time in the institution's history, shortened from five to four.

PRICES IN A GREAT SPECULATION

During that month, shares of companies which had caught the public's imagination, and which were already selling at good prices, advanced 200 or 300 per cent in a fortnight. The uprush of prices no longer centred on stocks of enterprises in whose actual earnings and dividends there had been a spectacular increase. Shares of a radio company and of two airplane manu-

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factories, which were paying 1 or 2 per cent annual dividends or none at all and which had sold between 50 and 80 cents on the dollar a few months before, reached prices ranging from 192 to 245. Reports of huge speculative winnings by individuals in every class of society, broadcast as they always are on such occasions, spread the contagion with great rapidity.

Tangible evidence appeared, in striking form, that the craze for speculation was pervading even the humbler part of the community, evidently because of the knowledge of large speculative profits gained by acquaintances wholly ignorant of finance. The president of a New York savings-bank testified that, in April, withdrawals by depositors from all New York City institutions of the kind had been $8,300,000 greater than a year before and that, instead of showing the normal yearly increase, the total savings-deposit fund had actually been reduced since 1927. Personal inquiry, he testified, proved that "depositors who, until a few weeks ago, knew Wall Street only as a name, are withdrawing the savings of years to buy securities 'on margin.' " The stock-market came to be the central topic of financial interest, even among serious business men. Weekly reviews of the business situation by the mercantile agencies gave up the greater part of their reports to describing the week's events on Wall Street. They discussed them, not as an indication of the future trend of trade and industry but as a phenomenon of the day peculiar to itself.

THE PUBLIC AND THE MARKET

Now there was nothing absolutely new in this capture of the public mind by a spectacular rise in stocks. Much the same concentration of interest on a "runaway market" in the hands of an uncontrollable outside public occurred at the end of 1925 and in the autumn of 1919. The plunge of the whole community into speculation when it came to be believed, in 1901, that nothing could restrain the spread of American prosperity or the rise of railway and industrial shares, had been a well-remembered tradition of the Stock Exchange for more than a quarter of a century. Even the sober encyclopædias have their headings under which celebrated episodes of the kind in the longer past are examined.

The reason for the particular interest exhibited even by serious business men in the market of 1928 was not merely or primarily the sight of unusual speculative profits. That had its influence; but the idea that the course of Stock-Exchange prices must somehow indicate the future of trade and industry was never wholly relinquished, and in any case evidence of the financial resources in the hands of the general public, which the market's action seemed to provide, had its bearing on calculations by business men of their own trade prospects. Apart from these practical considerations a theory began to be adopted, even among serious bankers, that in some way a new economic era had arrived, under whose auspices constant enhancement of values would be the order of the day and in which, precisely as "trade reaction" had been declared in 1926 to be abolished, it was now asserted that no downward reaction in stocks was to be anticipated. When, at the height of this year's stock speculation in New York, prices advanced with similar violence on the Stock Exchanges of London, Paris, and other European markets, reversal of

(Financial Situation continued on page 36)

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Behind the Scenes

INTRODUCING MORLEY CALLAGHAN, NED ADAMS, AND OTHERS—ANNOUNCING ZONA GALE'S NEW NOVEL AND A BIG FICTION NUMBER

F. J. Stimson is the author of the piece in the March number which set Boston astir. There was a wistful note in the Boston *Herald* editorial about it: "We wish somebody would print something constructive about Boston, that some of our old friends . . . would desist from denouncing us for our foolishness and our incompetence long enough to offer us a few suggestions as to how they would have us retrieve the greatness they allege to have departed from us."

So Mr. Stimson has written "Boston of the Future," with a few words about New York. Mr. Stimson knows his Boston as do few, for he was born there and has been engaged in important phases of her affairs for many years.

The beautiful murals reproduced with Mr. Stimson's article are painted by another native son of Massachusetts. N. C. Wyeth was born in Needham in 1882 and received much of his early art training in Boston. He is most widely known to the general public, perhaps, for his illustrations for children's classics, but in addition to his murals in the First National Bank and the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, Mr. Wyeth's wall-paintings are to be seen in the Franklin Savings Bank and the Roosevelt Hotel, New York City, the Missouri State Capitol, Kansas City, Mo., Traymore Hotel, Atlantic City, the National Geographic Society, Washington, and in several panels in private houses.

Morley Callaghan.

Morley Callaghan, whose stories in this number we present with enthusiasm, has been a newspaper man, a magazine salesman, a department-store clerk, a lumber slugger. George Holt, in an article in *The Goblin,* a Toronto magazine, says of him:

> By next fall Callaghan will be talked about from Florida to Alaska as the discovery of the year. Like Ernest Hemingway and "The Sun Also Rises."
>
> Callaghan went to Varsity, through St. Michael's. He finished four years ago and got a job as reporter on one of the four best newspapers in Toronto at twenty dollars a week. He did well at it and was raised to thirty. Then he thought he would be a lawyer and made an arrangement by which he worked three afternoons a week for fifteen dollars and went to Osgoode the rest of the time. In the summer he worked full time.
>
> This was very pleasant until the third summer when the city editor told him he could write, maybe, but he was no good. He didn't fit to harness. He was fired five times in one week, and the fifth time it took.
>
> He had a year to finish at Osgoode and bed and meals to buy. So he opened a lending library. . . .
>
> He ran the library, took lectures, did his time in a law office, and was known to be fiddling with writing stories in his spare moments.

It seems that these spare moments were the most important, for he is now looming on the horizon as one of the coming literary men. He has contributed to the little magazines—*This Quarter, Transition,* Ezra Pound's *The Exile*—and to *The American Caravan.* Another story of his will appear in the August Fiction Number, and a novel entitled "Strange Fugitive" will be published this fall.

When "Congaree Sketches" appeared, those who know said at once that here was the authentic story of the negro. They began to try to find out something about Ned Adams. He proved to be a physician of Columbia, S. C., who has made a study of the negro one of his diversions. Doctor Adams has written some new sketches from the Congaree and we are glad to be able to be the

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first magazine to publish his work. He has succeeded in portraying the negro without the condescension or the amused tolerance usual with the white man writing of the blacks. He presents them without romantics or sentimentality. More Congaree sketches will appear in the August Fiction Number.

Vernon Kellogg's article is especially timely in view of the recent pronouncement of Sir Arthur Keith, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, that science could see no evidences of immortality. Doctor Kellogg gives another scientist's answer to the ever-present question "What lies beyond death?" Doctor Kellogg is permanent secretary of the National Research Council, the most important of the country's scientific organizations. He is author of a number of books on scientific subjects, travel, and the late war. He has been decorated by France, Belgium, and Poland for his relief work during and after the war.

John J. Niles was a lieutenant in the American air service with the A. E. F. He is a Kentuckian, author of "Singing Soldiers" and of the interesting piece "In Defense of the Backwoods" in the last number. "The Sixth Hangar" is the seventh of the series of high lights of the war by fighting writers.

Doctor George Ellery Hale is honorary director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington in charge of policy. He is one of the most distinguished of our astronomers and has been awarded many medals for his work in solar and stellar spectroscopy. He organized both the Yerkes Observatory at the University of Chicago and Mount Wilson.

W. O. McGeehan is one of the best of the sports writers, and his column "Down the Line" in the New York *Herald Tribune* is famous. He was born in San Francisco, and after fourteen years as reporter and editor of San Francisco papers he emigrated to New York. He was sports editor first of *The Tribune* and then of *The Herald* and then of both.

The Reverend John Richelson is a well-known minister of Buffalo. His radio hours are followed by many people of the State. His comments on the course of Protestantism toward fewer and bigger churches are to the point and an interesting interpretation of recent statistics.

Cecilia Hendricks is a native of Indiana. She was a member of the faculty of the University of Indiana from 1907 until her marriage in 1913. Her husband is an apiarist, producer of Hendricks Mountain Honey. They live on Honeyhill Farm, Powell, Wyo. Mrs. Hendricks has twice been candidate for State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Wyoming.

"The Three-Bottle Story" is the first published story of Muriel Moore. Mrs. Moore is a resident of New York, well known in social circles and for her interest in arts and letters.

Franklin Holt has had a varied and colorful career. Born in Cornwall, N. Y., he entered Harvard in 1910, but left after one year to go to California. There he held many jobs, which varied from assistant trainer of Freddie Welsh to society editor of a Santa Barbara paper. He was in Italy for six years, including the war period. He taught English and then became manager of a branch office at Fiume for a ship-chandling firm, while D'Annunzio was gesturing thereabouts. He was quarantined there during the bubonic plague, and later escaped with wife and son when the city was bombarded. He spent a year in Paris and then returned to the United States. He has been writing fiction for many breeds of magazines. "On the Dark Trail" is an unusual story of the mind of a child in the face of danger.

John Biggs's "Seven Days Whipping" ends in this number. The unusual quality of the story has attracted wide-spread attention. People find themselves carried away by the mood created by Mr. Biggs's writing. It is a remarkable tale, showing how thin a veneer civilization is.

Eleanor Evans Wing's "Mosaic in Oxford Blue" is the result of an unusual experience for an American girl. She was a member of Lady Margaret College in Oxford. Miss Wing was born in Neenah, Wis., in 1903, and graduated from Vassar in 1925.

Conrad Aiken's poetry became known before his prose. His novel "Blue Voyage" then centred the attention of the critics. Since then many of his short stories have appeared in SCRIBNER'S. Another appears in the August Fiction Number.

Katherine Garrison Chapin is the wife of

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Francis Biddle, of Philadelphia, and the author of that fine poem "Nancy Hanks" published in the February SCRIBNER'S.

Both Mr. Phelps and Mr. Cortissoz render important services this month in reviewing the season in books and art. Mr. Phelps looks at recent literature from the standpoint of summer reading, and Mr. Cortissoz comments on the high lights of the art season.

The First August Fiction Number of the New Scribner's

Beginning

"BORGIA"

BY ZONA GALE

A new phase of the work of one of America's most distinguished writers. Complete novel in four numbers.

SOLDIER HARMON—The story of a prize-fighter—By Morley Callaghan

THE MAKING OF A LIAR—More truth than fiction—By Don Marquis

ESPRIT DE CORPS—A true story of the war—By Laurence Stallings

BEATUS REX—The tale of a mad Southerner—By Stark Young

FAREWELL, FAREWELL, FAREWELL—An adventure on shipboard—By Conrad Aiken

BELOVED WIFE—A modern girl shields a Victorian reputation—By Valma Clark

NIGGER TO NIGGER—More sketches from the Congaree—By Ned Adams

GAS AND THE GAMES—A heretical view of sport—By George S. Brooks

"GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN"—Advice to movie magnates—By Struthers Burt

SPECIAL FEATURE

ETCHINGS AND DRAWINGS OF NEW YORK IN COLOR
BY LUIGI KASIMIR
A leader in the development of color etching

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What You Think About It

Letter to Aunt Jess on Religion—William Lyon Phelps, Mrs. Phelps, and the D. A. R.—Protest against Doodads—How to Reject Manuscripts

BILL WRITES ON RELIGION

SCRIBNER'S *has been publishing a number of articles on the religious ferment of the day. Doctor Richelson's "What's Happening in Protestantism" appears in this number. You hear much talk about the wild and irreverent younger generation, although we are glad to say that we have not contributed fuel to flaming youth. It has been the Observer's good fortune to come upon the letter reprinted below. It seems to us one of the sincerest expressions of the attitude of a great many young people. The writer is a senior in college. As any one can tell from reading it, it was not intended for publication. Its lack of self-consciousness and its simplicity are a large part of its value and its charm.*

Dear Aunt Jess,

I have been reading the book you sent me. It is awfully interesting and I thank you ever so much. I can't tell you just what I think of it because I haven't finished it yet. But already I think I can say that no other book I have ever read makes it so easy to understand the power of the most influential and beneficial Book ever written. I'm glad you saw it was something I would like to read, and I know I will get a lot of good out of it.

It has seemed to me lately that I have been rather thoughtless in letting you get some impressions that were not true. If that is so I am very sorry. I mean about some of those religious discussions we had. You remember we didn't seem to agree on some things, and I suppose it would be only natural for you to feel that I thought I knew you were all wrong. Well, I never knew anything of the sort and I didn't want you to think I did. You see, there are a few of us who just have to be questioning things somehow, whether we want to or not. We just seem to be built that way, and I guess I am one of them. But when we question things we don't mean to imply that they are not true. Maybe I can show you by illustration that the last thing we want to do is to destroy things.

Suppose that it meant ever so much to me to know what my grandmother, your mother, looked like. It is beyond my power to call on her and see for myself, so I come to you and ask you for her picture, and you show me one. I am awfully grateful to you for the picture and maybe I am satisfied with it. It may be a picture that shows her as you liked her best, and that comforts you and makes you feel near her when you cannot see her because she is away. But maybe something keeps me unsatisfied and I say, "Are you sure this picture shows her as she really was? How do you know that the focus wasn't wrong and the light wasn't poor, and Time hasn't dimmed the image?" And so I criticize the picture so that you will tell me all you can about what the picture hasn't brought out, and maybe I go to my mother and ask her for a picture and go to many other people and ask for their pictures and I keep comparing them and going on, hoping that I may find a picture that will be perfect for me.

And in the same way we both know and every one knows that there is Priceless Truth. And I come to you and say, "What is this Priceless Truth which no one can show me? Have you a picture of it?" And in this case you have never seen it, but you have a good picture and you say, "Yes, I can show you what this Priceless Truth looks like. There is a God, and He has created the world, and the whole universe and everything in it, and you and me.

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And He loves all people, and watches over them, and when they die He takes them to His home where everything is perfect and every one is content for always." And I see that you have a wonderfully beautiful picture, and that millions of other people have the same picture and they value it above everything else. But I am one of these restless curious ones and so I ask you many questions that are hard to answer. I tell you I see other people with different pictures and some of them seem to be happy and living full, rich lives just like the people who have pictures like yours. So I become a pest and forget all about you and your picture and how much you care for it, and I try to poke holes in it, which is always easy to do to anything. And I ask you how you know the focus was right and the light was right, and some of those questions you find very hard to answer because even the wisest men in the world couldn't answer them so that every one would be satisfied. But that doesn't mean that your picture is a fake even though a million people say they can't see how it could be true; and this is all you need to remember. For you have a picture of the Priceless Truth, and how can any of us, who have never seen this Truth face to face, how can we say that your picture is false? We might even say that we have seen pictures which we like better, but you can point to your picture and say, "You all know that the Priceless Truth is the greatest thing for mankind and can serve humanity better than anything else. My picture of the Priceless Truth has been the life of millions of people for two thousand years, and it must be a very good picture and a very true one to have done that. Can you show me another picture that has represented the Reality as well as that?" And we would have to admit that there are few pictures that have stood as severe a test as that test of two thousand years.

Aunt Jess, in some ways you are far wiser than we who choose to question things. For one who questions leaves all his guides behind him and wanders alone, making his own trail, and sometimes he gets lost and feels that everything is Chaos and has no meaning, and the woods seem to stretch on forever. He is searching for the sunrise ahead, but the trees make everything dark and he cannot see the light as well as those he left behind even though he may be nearer than they. There are many such wanderers these days, and some of them are in the woods so long that they come to feel that there is no light ahead. But some press on until they come at last to a clearing where the light is brighter than it ever was before. And that is what we questioners and wanderers are ever searching for and what we are sure to find if we keep on.

When I was home I felt that I had reached a few of these clearings and then come back to the rest to tell what I had found. I guess when I was talking with you I was trying to get you to come into the woods and see if I had found real clearings. But I just coaxed you a little ways from your light into the woods and then ran away and left you there! So you made your way back to your big clearing where there is lots of light and people, and forgetting and forgiving my desertion you sent ahead to me a path of light from behind in the form of a book. That was fine of you, Aunt Jess, and I want to thank you again.

Lots of love,

BILL.

SOPS TO THE LADIES?

I am sending you the important sum of £1, not knowing how better I can use it. I offer also, at no cost to me, my comfort in your new format. Type, paper, and all are a great improvement, *but* (you must not be too vain) why, why, all those dinky headpieces, and tail pieces, which do not go with the augmented virility. Were they sops to the ladies? Well, I am remarkably a lady, and *I* hate them. There aren't so many ladies who would admit that they had been your ardent admirer since 1888, so *of course,* you will eliminate them, to please me. Not the old ladies but the poseyish décor. Another thing, why are all you brilliant magazine people so grasping of the primary colors? Blatant, I call it. I have to hide most of you under a bit of old velvet for you scream so in any room more than two years old. The restrained *Atlantic* is the only one I can allow myself to be caught reading,—for the rest of you never go with my clothes, and I happen never to think about it when selecting a wardrobe,—not that I find the *Atlantic* cover becoming. It is very trying of you all!

ALICE FENN COFFIN.

Hotel Gray & D'Albion, Cannes.

PRAISE FROM FRED HOWE

The author of "Confessions of a Reformer" and the organizer of the famed School of Opinion at 'Sconset applauds:

I want to tell you how *very* much I like the New SCRIBNER'S. I like its content, its make-up and spirit of geniality. It is not often that I read a magazine from cover to cover and like it all, but did so with the January number which reached me abroad and I am now

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reaching out for No. 2 and looking forward to No. 3 to add still more to my content.

FREDERIC C. HOWE.

TONIC FOR WRITERS

Dear Sir: I feel compelled to write and thank you for a most delightful half-hour I have spent reading your article "As I Like It" in SCRIBNER'S. I happened to buy the Magazine in Chicago knowing the contents only by hearsay. As soon as I return to England I shall arrange for regular delivery of the magazine and shall most eagerly look forward to more contributions from your pen.

May I venture to say that I have never read such charming literary criticism as that contained in your article, and although I am not a writer myself I cannot help thinking your remarks must act as a tonic and an inspiration to all whose books you review.

I enclose my card.

T. R. WILLIAMSON.

P. S. Please excuse a complete stranger writing to you on this subject, but I really do wish you to know one Englishman, at least, in a strange country has enjoyed your writing.

Prince Edward Hotel, Toronto.

THE PHELPSES AND THE D. A. R.

There is no need to inform this audience of the visit of one Gene Tunney to New Haven and of his lecture on Shakespeare before William Lyon Phelps's class at Yale. The news has been well covered by the daily press.

But the story in *Time* on the much-discussed blacklisting activities of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of the resignation of several members of the organization in protest gives an interesting side-light upon Doctor Phelps and his family:

Perhaps what started the New Haven Daughters off to join, and surpass, Mrs. Bailie in protest, was the discovery that Prof. Irving Fisher, famed Yale economist, had been blacklisted. Mrs. Fisher was among the Daughters who resigned. Also Mrs. Henry H. Townsend, a one-time Representative in Connecticut's legislature and Mrs. Josepha Whitney, first woman ever elected to New Haven's board of aldermen. Mrs. Winchester Bennett, a daughter-in-law of the Winchester Repeating Arms family, was another resigner.

That none of these Daughters were easily agitable or discontented ladies was clearer to outsiders than in the earlier case of Mrs. Bailie, though the latter's anti-blacklist utterances were at all times good-humored and restrained. But what seemed to clinch the "revolution's" seriousness and modesty was another name, a name which the U. S. public would surely have heard often before were its bearer not one of the most retiring persons imaginable—Mrs. William Lyon Phelps.

As everyone literate knows, William Lyon Phelps is a name to conjure with, not only at Yale University, where Dr. Phelps lectures in the English Department, but also in national literature, where his enthusiastic ejaculations, printed on the trade jackets of books, are usually sufficient to transform the obscurest "first novel" into a best-seller. In his page for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, which he calls "As I Like It," Dr. Phelps has talked about such personal things as his tobacco, pets, religion, sleeping habits, food, golf game, favorite novels, favorite poems, state of health, fears, hopes, joys, sorrows. But never, that his closest readers can recall, has Dr. Phelps mentioned his wife, and this has been taken by many as revealing, not only a shielding affection on his part, but resolute self-effacement upon hers.

Discovering, through the chance medium of the "revolution" within the Revolution, that there *is* a Mrs. William Lyon Phelps, the tremendous public to whom William Lyon Phelps is as familiar as Williams shaving cream or Lyons' tooth-powder, wondered what she was like. Only a few persons could tell that she is grey-haired, short, almost plump; that her amiability is not exceeded by her famed husband's, nor her tact; that if he excels as a host, so does she as a hostess, reigning supreme at her tea-table or near another's, playing a quiet lioness to the Lyon. Mrs. Phelps has her favorites, eager ones, among the Yale undergraduates. There was a time, when her niece and namesake, Annabelle Hubbard, went to visit in New Haven, that Mrs. Phelps was the most popular chaperone for miles around the Old Yale Fence. Annabelle Hubbard Phelps was born and brought up in small Huron City, Mich., and it is there, upon her inherited estate, that William Lyon Phelps has his private golf course, Yale banner and U. S. flag. Like the estate to the golf course, Annabelle Hubbard Phelps is the unobtrusive background to profound but sometimes playful William Lyon Phelps.

Resigning from the D. A. R., Mrs. Phelps did not essay the epigrammatic sort of thing which her husband would doubtless have struck off spontaneously. Instead, she joined Mrs. Whitney in a longish, formal statement of history and principles, including these two points:

"The D. A. R. should not try to suppress free speech when such is within the bounds set by the law of our country.

"The D. A. R. should encourage its membership to study the social problems of the day, especially the efforts of our Government to aid in establishing justice and goodwill among nations, and the relation of arms as means of national defense to the progress made in arbitration and the legal methods of settling disputes."

THE IDEAL REJECTION SLIP

We have suggested to the editor that he make an adaptation of the following rejection as related in an Associated Press despatch from London:

John K. Williamson, of Detroit, who is stopping in London, has received the prize rejection slip of his writing career from a firm of Chinese publishers.

"We read your manuscript with boundless delight," wrote the Chinese firm. "By the sacred ashes of our ancestors we swear that we have never dipped into a book of such overwhelming mastery. If we were to publish this book it would be impossible in the future to issue any book of a lower standard.

"As it is unthinkable that within the next 10,000 years we shall find its equal, we are, to our great regret, compelled to return this too divine work and beg you a thousand times to forgive our action."

THE OBSERVER.

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* The Club Corner *

LOANING MONEY TO AMERICAN STUDENTS ON FACE VALUE

BY ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI
State Chairman, Student Loan Fund, Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs

For seven years I have loaned money to university students on face value. And the method has fulfilled its highest expectations, for during my chairmanship of the Student Loan Fund of the Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs, over four hundred loans were made and not a cent was lost.

The Loan Fund has been and is one of my pet hobbies, and the way I made loans to students attending the University of Arkansas was, I believe, on an entirely original plan.

Of course there was a note to sign, two indorsers to secure, and the verifying and sending of the note to the State treasurer before securing the desired fifty-dollar check so as to satisfy the committee and to fulfil rules; but those were all formalities. What counted with me as collateral were the eyes that focussed into mine at the time the student sat before me. His name meant nothing, and the stammered information about himself meant less.

Some cases were battles fought between the instinct to which I trusted myself and the fear that this instinct might lead me to a regrettable, unjust decision. Take the case of Mr. X.

One afternoon I heard a sudden knock at the door. Then the door opened and a voice rang out:

"Mrs. Marinoni! Are you in?"

Swiftly there entered the room a young man smiling broadly, who rushed at me and, taking my hand in both of his, burst forth:

"Well, well, who would have thought *this* was Mrs. Marinoni!

"Well, well, I never thought *you* was such a young and charming person!"

The words fairly rained from his lips. He admired the tapestries on the wall, the flowers on the table, and then at last he moved the chair up to mine, slanted forward in a confidential, book-agent way and whispered, his left eye winking: "Say, what are the chances for a little loan?"

It was a thunderbolt. I stared at this prospective borrower, every instinct in me cried out, *"Money Lost!"* but I asked questions, hoping to find a loophole.

The more he gave me proof of his stability, the more I was persuaded that the young man was what I called "money lost."

What could I do? Should I have deprived a boy who was in every way qualified of the needed money? After a bit more hesitation on my part, I had to give him the note to fill out. He was to secure the signatures, then return it to me.

A few days later I received from the State treasurer a check made out to this young man. My suspicions arose. Why had he not brought the note to me? I put in a long-distance call and asked the treasurer who had been the indorsers to the note. She gave me the names of two prominent business men in my town. I called the men up. They had not signed the note, and I incidentally found out later that the young man in question was not enrolled in the university.

Twice after that I gave boys whom I felt I could not trust the advantages of the doubt, but in each case saw to it that the indorsers were responsible, and in both cases the fund did not lose, but the indorsers did.

As time went on that blind confidence in the facial expression of the borrower grew, and it was very interesting to note the symptoms of a good prospect.

I find that the more restrained and bashful a student looks at the time he applies for a loan, the more he is to be trusted. The way they look at you also counts. The way they fumble with their coat-buttons, that is a point in their favor. Boldness is always a bad sign.

Again I will cite an individual case to prove this theory:

One winter night a boy timidly rang my doorbell. He was ushered into the sun-parlor. I still remember the way that boy entered the room,

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the way he glanced at the rug, the way he sat in a corner. I said:

"Well, I suppose you have come to give me the chance of loaning a bit of money out."

"I don't know," whispered the boy with what to the general observer might have seemed a guilty look. "I don't know—You see, I—" And before I even realized what was taking place, the boy had hidden his face in the curtain, and the six feet two of him was shaking with sobs.

I remained silent for a while, then asked casually:

"Are you a senior or a junior?"

Silence.

"Where are you from?" Silence.

Then suddenly the boy rose to his feet and walked toward the door.

"Sit down," I invited.

The boy turned. He looked at me with a fleeting, haunted look and said haltingly:

"I should not have come to you—I—I——"

"Tell me what is troubling you?" I asked.

"Oh, you—you would not care to hear it."

"Yes, I would."

The boy tugged at his tie, then he began in a broken voice:

"There's no use to help me. Don't know why I came here. No one can help me. No one *can* trust me—no one."

"What has happened?" I encouraged.

"You see," he went on nervously, "you see, to-day it's the 10th of the month. I thought I would get my check from home the 4th. I made several checks dated the 5th. Father could not send the money. My checks were 'hot.' They came back. They are going to be sent to the dean to-morrow. I will be put out of school." His fists clinched. "It will kill Dad, he's so honest—and Mother!"

"Well, now, perhaps we can fix matters."

"No—no, we can't," he broke in. "I need the money now—to-night. I asked my roommate and, of course, he said no. My landlady she said no. No one trusts me. I have no right to ask the Fund. You don't know me——"

I asked: "How much do you need?"

"Forty dollars—" the boy stammered.

And— "What is your name?"

"My name? Why?"

"I am making you a personal check for forty dollars. I shall leave the name blank. You can fill that in. And here is a note. Fill it in to-morrow, then bring it to me. When we get the money from it, you can pay me back."

The boy straightened, a smile broke over his face.

"You trust me! So I don't look like a crook, do I—do I?" There was hope in his voice.

"No, you don't," I answered.

Yes, he came back in four days, with the note which he did not have to use, as he had received the check from his father, and he paid me the forty dollars.

Take this case, for instance. A little girl who had a note of one hundred dollars was taken with T. B. She had to leave school. The child, in fear of leaving the world before she had paid her debt, transferred her insurance in favor of the Fund, and later nursed in the sanitarium at night and sent what little money she made on to the Fund to pay off her debt.

I loaned money to a girl a short time ago who carried herself through school by living in the country and working there, milking cows and ploughing the soil. She could not carry on her studies and her work during her senior year, and the Fund made it possible for her to find more time for her studies. I have the greatest respect for the student who works for his living. I bet on them nine times out of ten to make good. They know the value of education, and they make the most of their advantages after they go out into the world. Some of our loan students now fill responsible positions and some have even helped the Fund. That which we secure at a sacrifice is mostly prized.

In looking back over the work of the Fund since it began with the modest sum of less than one hundred dollars, till now, through the co-operation of the Arkansas clubs, it has reached the still modest but commendable sum of nearly ten thousand dollars, I think that our record (as far as I know) has not been exceeded by any loan funds in the country. The work at the State Normal School at Conway has been ably carried on by Mrs. Joe Fraunthal, the State Federation treasurer.

My experience has taught me that one hundred and ninety-nine out of two hundred of the students I came in contact with can be trusted twice. I am willing to take a chance any time, and I think that even that one out of two hundred may surprise me after a few seasoning years have supplanted his youth.

[Eighty Questions and Answers on American Art, which have been running in the Club Corner, will be printed in a pamphlet, together with an introductory essay, and will be available for clubs planning a study of American art at a nominal price to cover cost of printing.]

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NEWELL CONVERS WYETH.

A self-portrait.

"The stovepipe and the cape belonged to my paternal grandfather, who, I have every right to think, often walked down Brattle Street, Cambridge, arrayed in this apparel with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louis Agassiz, Longfellow, and others of that splendid group. At any rate, he was a near neighbor and knew them all."—The artist.

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